CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK FIVE

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CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK FIVE

BY

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FORMERLY A TEACHER IN THE INDIANAPOLIS
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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13/3/18

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
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The Riverside Press Cambridge

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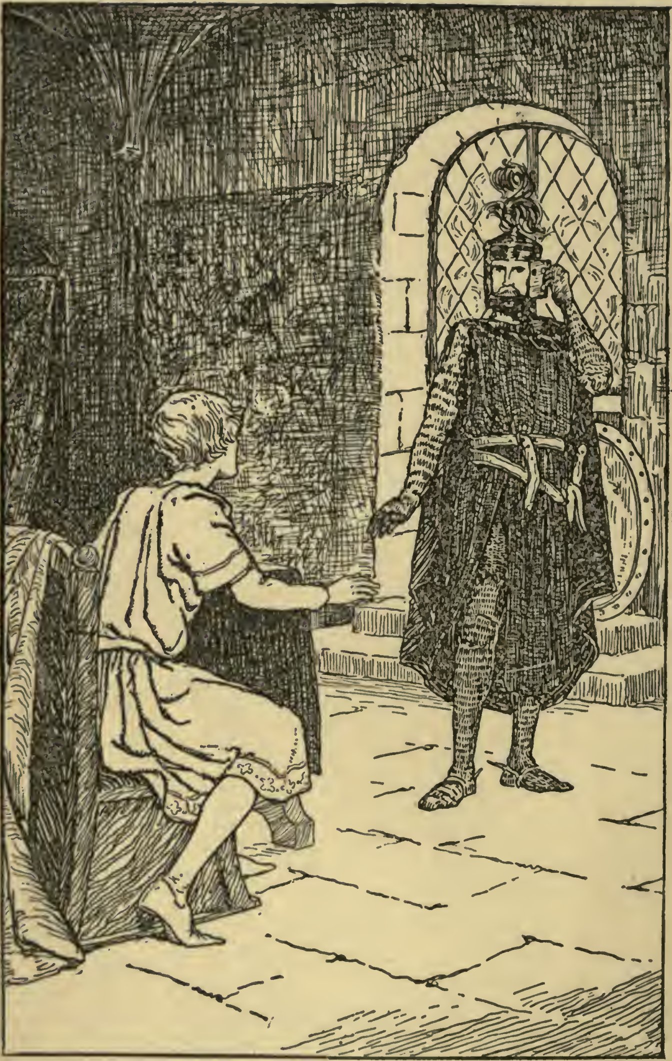

"RICHARD, THY KING"

(*Page* 189)

FOREWORD

This series of books aims to serve three distinct purposes: first, to arouse a greater interest in oral reading; second, to develop an expressive voice — sadly lacking in the case of most Americans; and third, to give freedom and grace in the bodily attitudes and movements which are involved in reading and speaking. The stories given cover a varied range of interests — dramatic incidents in the lives of famous men and women and episodes of special significance from literature predominating.

Children are dramatic by nature. They *are* for the time the kings, the fairies, and the heroes that they picture in their imaginations. They *are* these characters with such abandon and with such intense pleasure that the on-looker must believe that nature intended that they should give play to this dramatic instinct, not so much formally, with all the trappings of the man-made stage, but spontaneously and naturally, as they talk and read. If this expressive instinct can be utilized in the teaching of reading, we shall be able both to add greatly to the child's enjoyment and to improve the quality of his oral reading. In these days when so many books are hastily read in school, there is a tendency to sacrifice expression to the mechanics and interpretation of reading. Those acquainted with school work know too well the resulting monotonous, indistinct speech and the self-conscious, listless attitude which characterize so much of the reading of pupils in grades above the third. It is believed that these readers will aid in overcoming these serious faults in reading, which all teachers and parents deplore. The dramatic appeal of the stories will cause the child to lose himself in the character he is impersonating and read with a naturalness and expressiveness unknown to him before, and this improvement will be evident in all his oral reading, and even in his speech.

The use of the books permits the whole range of expression, from merely reading the stories effectively, to "acting them out" with as little, or as much, stage-setting or costuming as a parent or teacher may desire. The stories are especially designed to be read as a part of the regular reading work. Many different plans for using the books will suggest themselves to the teacher. After a preliminary reading of a story during the study period, the teacher may assign different parts to various children, she herself reading the stage directions and the other brief descriptions inclosed in brackets. The italicized explanations in parentheses are not intended to be read aloud; they will aid in giving the child the cue as to the way the part should be rendered. After the story has been read in this way, if thought advisable it can be played informally and simply, with no attempt at costuming or theatric effects. Occasionally, for the "open day," or as a special exercise, a favorite play may be given by the children with the simplest kind of costuming and stage-setting. These can well be made in the school as a part of the manual training and sewing work. In giving the play, it will generally be better not to have pupils memorize the exact words of the book, but to depend upon the impromptu rendering of their parts. This method will contribute more largely to the training in English.

The whole series, built up as it is from the simple dramatic elements of Book One to the completely developed forms of Book Five, makes an excellent introduction to the study of the Shakespearean plays.

The best results from this book will generally be obtained by using it in the seventh and eighth grades.

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CHILDREN'S CLASSICS IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK FIVE

NATHAN HALE

Nathan Hale
Richard Hale, Nathan's Father.
Richard, Nathan's Cousin.
First Boy.
Second Boy.
Third Boy.
Fourth Boy.
Fifth Boy.
Sixth Boy.
Seventh Boy.
First Girl.
Second Girl.
Third Girl.
Fourth Girl.
Fifth Girl.
Obidiah.
General Washington.
Colonel Knowlton.
First Officer.
Second Officer.
Third Officer.
Fourth Officer.
Major.
Captain.
Lieutenant.
Sergeant.
First British Soldier.
Second British Soldier.
Third British Soldier.
First Hessian.
Second Hessian.
Laundress.
Teamster.
First Cowboy.
Second Cowboy.
A British Soldier.
A British Aide.
Cunningham, Provost-Marshal.
Lieutenant of the Guard.
U. S. Officers, British Soldiers, Cowboys.

ACT I

TIME: *1775; an April morning.*

PLACE: *New London, Connecticut; the Union Grammar School.*

[*The schoolroom is seen with its low ceiling and rows of desks. Enter several* BOYS *between twelve and fifteen years of age. They look toward the teacher's desk.*]

FIRST BOY. Well, you see — I said the master had not come.

SECOND BOY. Perhaps he won't — the troops march away today.

THIRD BOY. He 'll come — it would n't be like him to forget us.

[*They hang their hats on pegs in the wall. Enter* OBIDIAH, *a country boy, with a great woolen muffler around his neck; he wears boots and carries a dinner pail. He looks about.*]

OBIDIAH. Where 's the master?

FOURTH BOY. He is n't here — he went to the meeting last night, and —

OBIDIAH. What meeting?

BOYS (*astonished*). What meeting!

FIFTH BOY. Don't you know?

SIXTH BOY. Have n't you heard?

SEVENTH BOY. Does n't your father know?

FIRST BOY. Did n't he go to the meeting?

SECOND BOY. Did n't your folks tell you?

Third Boy. Did n't anybody tell you?

Obidiah. Did something happen?

Boys. War!

Obidiah. War?

Boys. War!

Obidiah. Where? When? Who?

First Boy. Lexington — yesterday!

Second Boy. The British soldiers fired on our minute men!

Third Boy. And killed eight of them, Obidiah!

First Boy. And then our minute men turned on the British and drove them back to Boston!

Second Boy. And they mean to drive them to their ships and make them leave the country!

Obidiah (*excited and bewildered*). How do you know? Who told you?

Third Boy. A messenger. He rode all day, post haste, from Lexington.

Fourth Boy. And he 's riding through the country now, telling everyone!

Fifth Boy. And a town meeting was called last night, even if it was Sunday!

Sixth Boy. And Mr. Hale made a speech and urged the people to take up arms at once!

Seventh Boy. And then a company was formed, and Mr. Hale enrolled as a volunteer!

Obidiah (*growing more and more excited*). Hurrah! Hurrah for Mr. Hale! — but — is n't he coming today?

[*Enter several* GIRLS, *sad and tearful*.]

FIRST GIRL. Where is the master?

FIRST BOY. We are waiting for him.

SECOND GIRL. We came to say good-bye to him. You know we have a class with him on Saturdays.

THIRD GIRL. And we are afraid he will go to the war and we 'll never see him again.

[*She weeps silently*.]

FOURTH GIRL (*sobbing*). He has been so good to us!

FIFTH GIRL. We can't bear to see him go!

[*All the Girls hide their faces and turn away*.]

SECOND BOY (*looking out door*). He's coming! The master is coming!

[*The Boys take their seats quietly. Enter* NATHAN HALE, *a splendid young man about twenty years of age — tall, strong, and athletic. His face is kindly and very intelligent. He wears a broad brimmed hat, which he now hangs on a peg*.]

HALE. Good morning, boys!

BOYS. Good morning, master!

HALE (*seeing the weeping girls huddled together in a corner*). Why, what is this, young ladies?

FIRST GIRL. We thought you might be going —

SECOND GIRL. We came to say good-bye, sir.

HALE (*gravely*). I am going — I have come to say good-bye. Nay, do not weep! Think what you can do while the soldiers are away in the field. There 's not one of you who cannot help to make blankets and clothing for us.

THIRD GIRL. Yes — yes! We all know how to spin!

HALE. You boys will be needed on the farms; you will have to take the place of men now. And you will not shirk — I know the mettle you are made of.

FIRST BOY. I'd do anything to help my country, sir.

BOYS. And I! And I!

HALE. Then we are sure of winning. England will find there's no subjecting a country where even the boys and girls are patriots. And now we must part — we march today to Boston. Come, give me your hands.

[*The children surround Hale.*]

OBIDIAH. You'll come back, won't you, master?

HALE. I hope to, my lad. Good-bye, my pupils! Good-bye, good-bye to all of you!

[*He shakes hands with them as they pass out, showing real affection for them. Pause. Hale collects his books and papers. Enter* RICHARD HALE, *his father.*]

HALE. Father! You know?

[*He crosses hastily and grasps his father's hand.*]

FATHER. Yes, I received your letter at Coventry this morning. I came at once. So you have enlisted?

HALE. I hope you will not object —

FATHER. Object! No! I wish that I could go to the front myself!

HALE. Is mother reconciled?

FATHER. To give you up — no. But she's brave about it, Nathan. She's planning now to save all our wool for blankets for the soldiers. And we've both agreed that not a penny shall be spent for anything but necessities.

[*Enter* RICHARD, *Hale's cousin, a careless, slouchy young man.*]

RICHARD. Good day to you, Uncle Richard! The same to you, cousin Nathan!

(*The men turn, showing some displeasure.*)

I was told you had come in from Coventry, Uncle, and I thought I should find you here with Nathan.

FATHER (*coldly*). It is something special? If not—

RICHARD. It is a very pressing matter. In fact, I find I must borrow some money; so, of course, I came to you.

FATHER. And why to me? You know that I am not pleased with your manner of life, nor with your constant intimacy with Tories.

RICHARD. I mean to mend my ways—

FATHER. So you have said before, with every loan I have made you.

RICHARD. Ah, but this time I am in earnest. Now I need one hundred dollars today—

FATHER. Have you enlisted?

RICHARD. Enlisted? Ha, ha! Do you think I'd take sides in this foolish scare?

HALE. Do not call it foolish, sir. Blood has been shed at Lexington—the blood of loyal American soldiers.

RICHARD. Be that as it may, the King is the one who has the power — no use to struggle against it.

FATHER. You are satisfied to see us bowed beneath the weight of unjust taxes, are you?

HALE. And you think it no use to struggle against our oppressors — these brutal men that the King sends here?

RICHARD. No use whatever. Things are as they are, and as they were meant to be.

FATHER. Then continue to need your hundred dollars, sir, in accordance with your opinion.

RICHARD. Do you mean to refuse me a loan?

FATHER. I do refuse you. And I shall not have one cent to loan till this unhappy war is over.

RICHARD. Perhaps you could help me out, Nathan?

HALE. My money must go for a soldier's outfit, cousin.

RICHARD. Do you know that I could denounce you both as rebels to the King's officers in Boston?

HALE. I denounced myself when I enlisted.

FATHER. Go, and never presume to call me uncle again.

RICHARD (*going*). You 'll rue this day! (*To Nathan.*) You 'll rue this day, I tell you!

[*Exit angrily.*]

FATHER. I am ashamed that a Hale can be a Tory!

HALE. I'll try to make up for it, father, when I get to the front.

Father. You will, my son — I have the greatest confidence in you.

Hale. I am what you have made me, father, — a patriot.

[*They clasp hands.*]

ACT II

Time: *1776, September 14th.*

Place: *American camp on Harlem Heights — Washington's headquarters.*

[*A council of war is being held by* Washington *and his* Generals.]

Washington. Gentlemen, we have gone over every detail thoroughly, and are, as yet, no nearer the solution. We must come to some conclusion today. I consider our position perilous.

First Officer. Your Excellency, I would suggest that a spy be employed to find out the intentions of the British.

Washington. What is your opinion of that course, officers?

Second Officer. I do not see what else we can do. We have not been able to find out anything about their movements, except that there is great activity in their camp on Long Island.

Third Officer. General Washington, as everything depends upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions, I do earnestly entreat you to employ a spy.

FOURTH OFFICER. And I, your Excellency, do add my voice to that entreaty.

WASHINGTON. Do the officers agree?

OFFICERS. Aye!

WASHINGTON. I fear there is nothing else to be done. We shall need a competent person for this work — a man on whose judgment and fidelity implicit reliance can be placed. Therefore, I shall ask you, Colonel Knowlton, to find an officer for this service from your noted regiment of Connecticut Rangers.

KNOWLTON. They are all men to be trusted, your Excellency. Shall I summon my officers at once?

WASHINGTON. Immediately. The man chosen must depart tonight.

(*Colonel Knowlton salutes. Exit.*)

It is a method I do not like — this spying upon our enemy; and yet, in a great crisis like this, it seems to be unavoidable.

[*Enter* COLONEL KNOWLTON *and* OFFICERS.]

KNOWLTON (*saluting*). Your Excellency, I have summoned all my officers, excepting one whose late illness has left him too weak for this work. I refer to Captain Nathan Hale.

WASHINGTON. You did right to omit him, Colonel. The service required is arduous for a man in perfect condition. Officers, I will conceal nothing from you. You know the wretched condition of our army now. The soldiers are suffering from lack of food and clothing. Not more than one third are fit for duty in the field. Yet we are confronted with a great army of the British, whose plans we cannot even conjecture. Will they make a direct attack upon New York? Will they land above the city or below it? Will they surround us and cut us off both from the mainland above and from our troops still left in the city? The British have a large army, splendidly equipped. To meet them we must concentrate our forces. But where? That is the point we cannot decide until we know something of their intentions. And this must be effected. The special method to be employed I shall leave your Colonel to tell you privately.

(*Colonel Knowlton salutes.*)

Generals, we will withdraw.

[*Exit General Washington and Generals. Pause.*]

Knowlton. Officers, a peculiar service is required. Who of you will volunteer to be a spy?

(*The Officers show surprise and displeasure.*)

You are displeased, — I cannot blame you, — and yet you have an opportunity to serve your country supremely.

Captain. But a spy is scorned by all civilized nations!

Knowlton. True, yet he may be a man of honor and act under the inspiration of pure patriotism. I must ask you each for an answer.

Lieutenant. I do not fear to meet the enemy in the field, but to be hanged by him is a different matter.

OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

[*Enter* CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE; *he shows the effects of his recent illness. He remains back and is not seen by the others.*

KNOWLTON. But I tell you that when the spy has the lofty and unselfish desire of serving his country, the act is honorable. I ask you to reconsider the service our commander has asked of you.

SERGEANT. I will serve my country in some other way.

OFFICERS. And I! And I! And I!

HALE (*stepping forward*). I will undertake it!

[*All show surprise.*]

KNOWLTON. You, Captain Hale?

HALE (*saluting*). Yes, Colonel. An officer told me that a spy was needed. I came at once to volunteer my services.

KNOWLTON. But you have scarce recovered —

HALE. No matter — I am ready to go.

MAJOR. I entreat you, Nathan, to refuse. Your fate is almost certain. I need not remind you of what it will be.

HALE. I do not fear to meet it. I feel that I owe my country the accomplishment of an object so important, and so much desired by our commander.

SERGEANT. You will be sacrificing all your prospects in life, Nathan. Think of your father and mother and the scores of friends who love you.

NATHAN. I do not forget them, but my duty lies clear before me.

LIEUTENANT. Nathan, I beg you to refuse!

MAJOR. It will bring dishonor upon you!

HALE. Every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary.

[*Pause.*]

CAPTAIN. You have rebuked us all.

HALE. You may give my name to General Washington, Colonel, if you will.

KNOWLTON. Go to him now, Nathan. He will want you to depart at once.

HALE (*saluting Colonel Knowlton*). I go. Farewell, my friends and comrades! Farewell, Colonel!

[*Exit quickly, the Officers saluting him as he passes.*]

ACT III

TIME: *September 20th.*
PLACE: *Long Island; the British camp.*

[*Tents are seen with* BRITISH SOLDIERS *lounging in front of them. Loud laughter is heard off. Enter* FIRST BRITISH SOLDIER.]

FIRST SOLDIER. There 's some fun in store for you now!

SECOND SOLDIER. American cowboys, I suppose, with fresh news of the rebels.

FIRST SOLDIER. No — it's an American schoolmaster!

THIRD SOLDIER. Oh, a prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER. Does he hang at once?

FIRST SOLDIER. No, no, he's a good Tory and likes the rebels no more than we do. He's been reciting verses about the Whigs. Here he comes now with some Hessians!

[*Enter* NATHAN HALE *with several Hessians. He wears a citizen's suit and a broad brimmed hat.*]

FIRST HESSIAN (*slapping Hale on back*). That's a neat little poem about the Whigs! Recite it again, schoolmaster!

SOLDIERS. Aye! Aye! Recite it again!

HALE. A Whig he is a gruesome thing
That dare not raise his voice to sing,
That dare not lift his eyes to look,
For fear he'll find on every book —
Engraved and inked and printed through —
The name he now himself doth rue —
The Rebel!

SOLDIERS. Ha, ha! Go on! Go on!

HALE. The Whig at night doth seek his bed,
And thereupon doth lay his head —
Alas, his rest is not complete;
He turns him round from head to feet;
Yet still he finds on every sheet
That word he now doth fear to meet —
The Rebel!

SOLDIERS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FIRST HESSIAN. So you are looking for work, are you, schoolmaster?

HALE. Yes, I thought I might find a school somewhere on Long Island.

SECOND HESSIAN. You don't like to teach among the Whigs, eh?

HALE. Let me tell you that the Whig is a very hard man to please. Look how he grumbles about the King himself! How could I hope to please him?

FIRST SOLDIER. You're a good Tory, schoolmaster — I can see that plain enough.

HALE. I'm trying to make that plain enough.

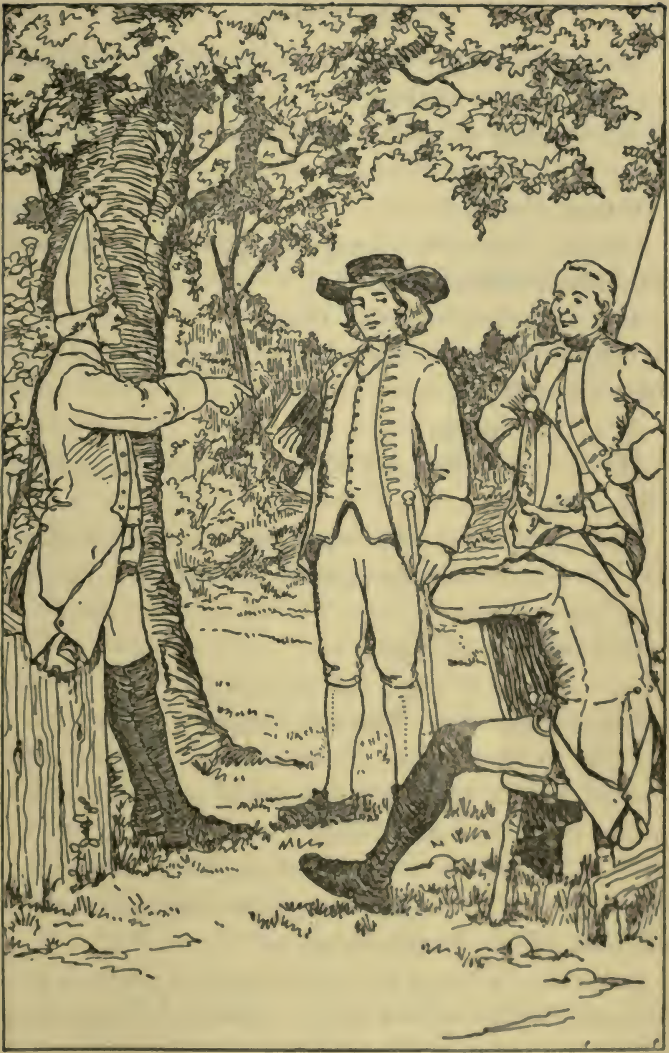
SECOND SOLDIER. If you hadn't, you'd be hung by now.

HALE. Why such haste? You're not afraid of them, are you? Can't you show as many men as the rebels?

THIRD SOLDIER. Can't we! We have thirty thousand, schoolmaster!

HALE. Then why are you here in camp idle? If I were your general, I'd lead you forth and conquer.

FIRST SOLDIER. Now that shows you don't know anything about the military life. Can't you see the preparations for action all about you? You see those cannon being moved? You see those baggage wagons? You see the aides rushing about? You see those big transport vessels?



"NOW THAT SHOWS YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MILITARY LIFE"

HALE (*looking*). Well, well, you have certainly opened my eyes to things!

FIRST SOLDIER. School teachers never know anything but Latin.

HALE. Ha, ha!

SECOND SOLDIER. I suppose you have n't even seen our fortifications there?

HALE (*looking about*). Where?

THIRD SOLDIER. Why, you 're looking straight at them this minute.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

HALE. I see that my only value here is reciting little poems.

FIRST SOLDIER. You never could make a soldier, sir, but you 're a jolly good fellow, and we like to have you with us.

OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

[*A bugle call is heard.*]

SECOND HESSIAN. The call to drill! Come!

[*The Soldiers get muskets, form in line, and march away. Hale quickly takes notebook from pocket and tears out a leaf.*]

HALE (*writing*). Thirty thousand men — cannon (six-pounders) — baggage wagons — transports; and this plan of the fortifications —

[*A noise is heard off. Hale quickly conceals papers and hides behind a tree. Enter a* TEAMSTER *cracking his long whip. He passes through lazily. Enter* AIDE.]

Aide. Teamster! I've an order for you —

(*Showing order; Teamster looks at it.*)

You're to take charge of the baggage train tonight. Provide wagons for each regiment as noted in the order. Report within the hour.

Teamster. Aye, sir!

[*Exit Aide. Exit Teamster. Hale steps forward.*]

Hale. That means a night attack. But where will they cross? Where will the attack be made? I must find out their plans! But how — how —?

(*He walks back and forth perplexed. He looks off; smiles, showing relief.*)

Aha! Here is some one I can question!

(*Enter* Laundress *with linen.*)

Good morning, good woman!

Laundress. Oh! Are you the funny schoolmaster?

Hale. I am a schoolmaster. Do they call me funny?

Laundress. That they do, sir; and I'd like to be hearing one of your poems, sir.

Hale. You're too busy with your work, I fear. You're a laundress for the officers, are you not?

Laundress. Yes — for General Howe himself, sir!

Hale. Ah, indeed! You must be well schooled in army life. I daresay you know what is going on in every part of this great camp.

LAUNDRESS (*whispering*). Sh! I know many things, sir.

HALE (*softly*). Things that even some of the officers don't know?

LAUNDRESS (*proudly*). Indeed I do! I know a big secret now, schoolmaster.

HALE (*nodding*). I 'm not surprised. I fancy you know even where the troops will cross tonight.

LAUNDRESS. Yes — I know. (*Whispering.*) They mean to cross at East River.

HALE. And attack New York?

LAUNDRESS. Yes — they will crush the rebels completely. I heard them say so. And now the poem, sir — the poem!

(*Loud talking and laughter heard off. The Laundress looks off and shows alarm.*)

It 's cowboys! They came to camp this morning with forage. They 're a rough lot, schoolmaster. They think it fun to tumble my clean clothes into a ditch — that 's what they 've done, sir. So I 'll be going — I 'll hear your poem another time.

[*Exit hastily.*]

HALE. 'T will be safer to keep out of their way.

[*He conceals his papers in his shoes and goes Enter the* COWBOYS, *Nathan Hale's cousin, Richard, being one of them. He sees Hale.*]

RICHARD (*quickly*). Who is that man?

FIRST COWBOY. He must be that schoolmaster the soldiers were talking about.

SECOND COWBOY. Let's make him recite his verses for us. I'll call him —

RICHARD. Wait! I think I know him — wait till he turns — Ah, I was right — I do!

(*Enter* AIDE. *Enter several* SOLDIERS *from drill.*)

Officer, I must have a word with you!

AIDE. Quick, then! Have n't you been paid for the forage you brought?

RICHARD. It is n't that. Do you see that man walking down to the shore?

AIDE. I see the Tory schoolmaster.

RICHARD. He's no Tory — he's an officer in General Washington's army!

AIDE. You are certain?

RICHARD. I have known him all my life. He's a rebel; he's here to spy upon you!

AIDE (*to Soldiers*). Capture that man — the schoolmaster there! If he attempts to run, shoot him!

(*Soldiers go quickly. Aide turns to* SOLDIER *who enters.*)

Ask the Provost-Marshal to come!

[*Exit Soldier. Exit Aide.*]

FIRST COWBOY (*looking off*). They command him to halt!

RICHARD. He runs!

SECOND COWBOY. Again they command him to halt!

FIRST COWBOY. See! they are raising their guns to fire!

RICHARD. He yields — they are bringing him hither!

[*Enter* AIDE.]

AIDE. Begone! Begone! This is a matter for the military!

[*Exit Cowboys. Enter* SOLDIERS *with* NATHAN HALE. *Enter* PROVOST-MARSHAL CUNNINGHAM, *a coarse, brutal man.*]

CUNNINGHAM. What is this?

AIDE. This man is suspected of being a spy.

CUNNINGHAM. Search him!

[*Soldiers begin to search Hale's clothing; finally take off his shoes.*]

A SOLDIER (*drawing papers from Hale's shoe*). Here are papers!

[*Hands the papers to Cunningham, who goes through them quickly.*]

CUNNINGHAM. Drawings of our fortifications and batteries — and very accurate ones, at that. And here are notes in Latin. What have you written, sir? Speak!

HALE. Descriptions of your lines of defense, of your entrenchments and batteries.

CUNNINGHAM. And so you skulked into our camp as a spy for your rebel generals?

HALE. I regret that I have not been able to serve my country better.

CUNNINGHAM. Away with him to General Howe! You won't have long to regret, sir!

ACT IV

TIME: *the next morning, before sunrise.*

PLACE: *room where Captain Hale is confined.*

[CAPTAIN HALE *is seen, calm and composed. Three* BRITISH SOLDIERS *are on guard in the room. Pause. Enter* LIEUTENANT OF THE GUARD.]

LIEUTENANT (*kindly*). Prepare yourself for the worst, Captain Hale.

HALE. I am prepared.

LIEUTENANT. You know the fate of a spy?

HALE. Yes — I do not shrink from it.

LIEUTENANT. You should have had a trial at least!

HALE. A useless formality — a spy is condemned when he is caught.

LIEUTENANT. I would I could do something for you.

HALE. You are giving me your companionship, and that is everything when a man faces death.

[*Enter* CUNNINGHAM.]

CUNNINGHAM. Well, you rebel, your end is near. You 'll soon have a look at your gallows.

HALE. Will you not permit me to write my parents and sisters?

CUNNINGHAM. No! We grant no favors to rebels!

LIEUTENANT. He should be permitted to write his friends.

Cunningham. No, I say — no!

Lieutenant. Then I shall go to General Howe and report your inhumanity.

Cunningham (*scoffingly*). Oh, very well then — if you insist, Lieutenant. (*To Hale.*) You 'll have time for only a line or two — we can't keep the gallows waiting.

[*Exit. The Lieutenant gets ink and paper from a room off. Captain Hale sits at the table and writes hurriedly. Long pause.* Cunningham *enters as Hale is folding letters.*]

Cunningham. Well, your time has come!

Hale (*rising*). I am ready.

(*He gives letters to Lieutenant.*)

Will you have them forwarded, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant. I will, Captain Hale — I will — I promise you.

[*Cunningham snatches letters from Lieutenant.*]

Cunningham. It 's my business to forward prisoners' letters. And I make it my business to read them, too.

[*He opens letters. Hale turns away with scorn.*]

Lieutenant (*indignantly*). How dare you!

Cunningham. Silence! I am your superior officer.

(*He reads phrases from letters aloud.*)

"I 've done my duty — I regret that I have failed — our cause is just and will triumph —"

(*Turning on Captain Hale angrily and tearing letters to shreds.*)

So you keep up that rebel spirit to the last, do you?

HALE. To the last. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS[1]

ACT I

TIME: *1429.*
PLACE: *Domremy,*[2] *France; Jeanne's home.*

JEANNE D'ARC,[3] THE MAID
ISABEAU,[4] HER MOTHER
JACQUES,[5] HER FATHER
DURAND LAXART,[6] HER UNCLE
A NEIGHBOR
A SOLDIER.
FIRST GIRL.
SECOND GIRL.
THIRD GIRL.
FOURTH GIRL.
THE VOICE

[*The living room of the cottage is seen with its simple furniture.* ISABEAU D'ARC *is spinning. Enter* JACQUES D'ARC. *Both are peasants of the best type.*]

JACQUES. Isabeau, Durand is here!

ISABEAU. Oh, I am glad to hear that! When did he come? Where is he?

JACQUES. He came up from his farm this morning — he came to sell his sheep. He will be here presently.

ISABEAU (*rising*). I must tell Jeanne. She will be glad — she is so fond of her uncle.

JACQUES. Where is Jeanne?

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[1] ôr′ lê ănz (*French*, Orléans, ôr′ lā äɴ′).
[2] dôɴ′ rẽ mē′.
[3] zhän därk′.
[4] iz′ ȧ bō′.
[5] zhäk.
[6] dū räɴ′ lȧ zär′.

Isabeau. In the garden, sewing.

Jacques (*looking out window*). Isabeau, can Jeanne be well?

Isabeau. Well? Why do you ask that?

Jacques. She is so quiet — and sometimes seems so troubled —

Isabeau. I have noticed that for a long time, Jacques; I have questioned her about it. She always says she is well —

[*Knocking heard at door. Jacques opens it. Enter* Durand Laxart, *a middle-aged peasant.*]

Jacques. Welcome, Durand!

Isabeau. Welcome, Durand! Welcome!

[*They shake hands.*]

Durand. Where are the children?

Jacques. The boys are taking care of the sheep.

Isabeau. I will call Jeanne!

(*She calls from window.*)

Jeanne! Jeanne! Your uncle Durand is here!

[*Short pause. Enter* Jeanne, *a strong and handsome girl of seventeen. She wears the red dress of a peasant girl.*]

Jeanne. Uncle Durand! Oh, how glad I am to see you!

Durand. And how is my good Jeanne? Do you still go to church every day?

Jeanne (*bashfully*). Yes, uncle.

Isabeau. Now do not tease her about that, Durand.

They laugh at her in the village because of her faithfulness to the services.

JACQUES. The priest is sure of seeing Jeanne, no matter how cold the morning.

JEANNE. It makes me very happy to go. The priest speaks good words, and then the beautiful saints in the windows seem to smile down upon us and bless the services.

JACQUES. Ha, ha! Now how could painted saints show any care for prayers?

JEANNE. I know not how — but I must think they do. Their faces are so radiant; their smiles so bright and dazzling.

ISABEAU. 'T is but the sunlight streaming through the windows, Jeanne.

JEANNE. I know, but it makes the saints seem real to me.

DURAND. And to me also, Jeanne.

JEANNE (*gratefully*). Ah, is it so, uncle? You have noticed it, too?

DURAND. Many times. They need not laugh at you for that.

(*Voices are heard chanting in the distance.*)

What is that?

ISABEAU. The priest goes to the Fairy Tree today. It must be the procession — I will see.

(*She opens the door and looks off.*)

Yes — they are crossing to the wood.

DURAND. Why do they go to the Fairy Tree?

And what is this Fairy Tree? Remember, I am not of Domremy.

JACQUES. 'T is a great beech that stands alone at the edge of the wood.

JEANNE. And 'tis said that some of this village have seen fairies beneath its boughs, and have heard them sing wondrous songs from its branches.

ISABEAU. Aye, and to prevent these fairies from doing us harm, the priest goes once every year to this tree, accompanied by all the village folk in procession.

JACQUES. And the procession winds around the tree with chanting and incantations.

DURAND. Now that is something I must see! Come, Jeanne, you shall take me.

ISABEAU (*getting shawl*). We will all go, Durand. We join the procession every year.

JACQUES (*getting cap*). Come, Jeanne, are you ready?

JEANNE. May I not remain at home?

JACQUES. What is this? You will not join the procession?

JEANNE. I cannot — my heart is too heavy with the sorrows of France.

JACQUES. Is that what has troubled you so long?

JEANNE. Yes. France lies bleeding today and wounded sore. Her sons fight in vain to expel the English.

DURAND. Ah, but you are too young to worry over it, and you are but a girl, besides. Come with us, Jeanne — come with us!

JEANNE. No — no! Would you have them laugh at the tears in my eyes?

ISABEAU. But, Jeanne, Jeanne, why should you take it so to heart? Let the King and his ministers settle it.

JEANNE. France will not be saved by one of the court. Of that I am most certain.

ISABEAU. Jeanne, you talk nonsense. You know nothing of wars and courts. You have never even seen the King.

JACQUES. That reminds me of a dream I had — 't was just last night, too. I saw Jeanne riding away to war accompanied by many armed soldiers.

JEANNE. You saw that?

JACQUES. Yes, clearly.

ISABEAU. Well, that is nonsense, too. How could our Jeanne ride away to the war? The women of France do not fight in the field. Besides, Jeanne does not know how to ride — she could not even mount a war horse. But dreams are made of just such foolish things.

JEANNE (*eagerly*). But what if it were not foolish? What if it were true, father?

JACQUES. I would drown you with my own hands first!

JEANNE. Even if you knew I could save France by going?

JACQUES. Save France! you — a simple village girl! Ha, ha! You romance too much, my daughter.

ISABEAU. Oh, girls will build castles in the air! I did the same when I was young.

JACQUES. Yes, but you dreamed of dresses and jewels and balls, while Jeanne sees herself a soldier. Ha, ha! Well, come, Durand, we'll to the procession.

ISABEAU. Yes, come. And Jeanne shall stay at home if she will.

JEANNE. I'll finish your spinning, mother.

[*Chanting is heard off, nearer.*]

DURAND (*looking off*). 'T is the procession; it comes this way.

JACQUES. Come, then, come!

[*Exit Jacques, Durand, and Isabeau, leaving the door open.*]

JEANNE. Ah — how good it is to be alone! Now I can speak with my angels. Perhaps they will come to me as I spin — perhaps I may hear their voices!

[*She sits at the wheel and spins. Pause. Enter hastily, from without, a young man, a* NEIGHBOR.]

NEIGHBOR. Your father — is he not here, Jeanne?

JEANNE. No, neighbor, he has gone to the Fairy Tree.

NEIGHBOR. Alas, everyone has gone there!

JEANNE. Has aught happened?

NEIGHBOR. A wounded soldier is passing through — he is faint — he can scarcely stand —

JEANNE. Bring him here, neighbor! Bring him here! I will help you tend him.

[*Exit Neighbor. Jeanne places cushions in an armchair. The Neighbor re-enters with the* SOLDIER, *who leans heavily upon him. Jeanne helps to seat the Soldier in the armchair.*]

JEANNE. You suffer, sir?

SOLDIER. Yes — but I must go on — I must go on —

JEANNE. And so you shall when you are strong enough.

SOLDIER. I must go to Orleans —

JEANNE (*starting*). Orleans?

NEIGHBOR. Has Orleans been attacked?

SOLDIER. Orleans is besieged by the English.

JEANNE. Orleans — the last stronghold left to France.

SOLDIER. Aye — the last —

NEIGHBOR. She holds out?

SOLDIER. Bravely; but her destruction is certain, unless — [*He pauses.*]

JEANNE. Unless — unless — ?

SOLDIER. Unless a miracle comes to pass.

NEIGHBOR. And the days for miracles are over.

JEANNE. No, no! The days for miracles are here! Orleans will be saved — France will be freed from the English!

SOLDIER. Too late — too late —

[*He coughs painfully.*]

JEANNE (*to Neighbor*). Lead him to that room within — he must have rest.

NEIGHBOR. Aye — I will care for him as well as I may.

JEANNE. I will be here to help you.

[*Neighbor assists Soldier into adjoining room. Laughing and talking are heard off. Enter several* GIRLS *dressed in white and carrying wreaths and garlands.*]

FIRST GIRL. Come with us, Jeanne!

SECOND GIRL. We go to the Fairy Tree!

THIRD GIRL. Our wreaths will be hung on its branches!

FOURTH GIRL. Our garlands we'll twine around it!

SECOND GIRL. So come with us, Jeanne!

THIRD GIRL. Aye, come with us!

JEANNE. I cannot — next year, perhaps.

FOURTH GIRL (*laughing*). You cannot go to the church today. The priest himself has gone to the tree.

JEANNE. There is a wounded soldier here. Our neighbor tends him now, but I must be near to help him. And, hark you — Orleans is besieged!

[*The Girls show no emotion.*]

FIRST GIRL. Oh, well, let the King attend to that.

JEANNE. Why — 't is a matter for every one of us!

SECOND GIRL. Oh, think not of such things, Jeanne! Come with us! We are to sing the song you love so well — the song of the Fairy Tree.

FOURTH GIRL. How can you stay, Jeanne?

[*Begins to hum the song.*]

GIRLS (*singing*).

Now what has kept your leaves so green,
  Fairy Tree, Fairy Tree?
The children's tears! They brought each grief,
  And you did comfort them and cheer
  Their bruiséd hearts, and steal a tear
  That, healéd, rose a leaf.

And what has built you up so strong,
  Fairy Tree, Fairy Tree?
The children's love! They 've loved you long;
  Ten hundred years, in sooth,
They 've nourished you with praise and song,
And warmed your heart and kept it young —
  A thousand years of youth!

Bide always green in our young hearts,
  Fairy Tree! Fairy Tree!
And we shall always youthful be,
  Not heeding Time his flight;
And when, in exile wand'ring, we
Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
  Oh, rise upon our sight!

JEANNE. Oh, it is beautiful! I love it! But no, I cannot go — nay, I will not!

THIRD GIRL (*to others*). Then come — we must not miss it ourselves!

GIRLS (*going*). Good-bye, Jeanne! Good-bye! Good-bye!

[*They go. Jeanne closes the door — then turns with a sob.*]

JEANNE. Orleans — Orleans — my poor unhappy country!

(*She looks upward.*)

My saints — my saints — you have told me to be good and pure and go often to the church. This have I done. You have told me that some day I shall save France. This would I do, for France is now in sore distress. Come, dear saints, and show me the way! Come, Saint Catharine and Saint Margaret — Ladies of Heaven, white and shining! Come, Saint Michael on thy dazzling wings! Come! Jeanne the peasant girl prays to thee! Come, bestow upon her thy presence!

(*A bright light streams into the room. Jeanne kneels and stretches out her arms to it, crying with joy.*)

Ah, thou hast come! Saint Michael, it is thou!

VOICE (*sweet and low*). Jeanne, arise —

JEANNE (*rising*). What wouldst thou of me, dear saint?

VOICE. I have told thee that thou shouldst save France.

JEANNE. Aye, and I have heard with wonder.

VOICE. The time has come for thee to act. Thou must relieve Orleans.

JEANNE. I — relieve Orleans?

VOICE. Thou, Jeanne.

JEANNE. Will it happen by a miracle and without the loss of blood?

VOICE. No, 't will be done by arms. Thou thyself shalt lead the soldiers.

JEANNE. Ah, Saint Michael, I am but a poor girl — I cannot manage the war steed, nor can I lead armed men.

VOICE. Thou wilt have my aid, and Saints Catharine and Margaret will guide thee at every step. Prepare to depart at once.

JEANNE (*faltering*). I would obey thee, but my father — my mother —

VOICE. Henceforth thou hast no parent but France. Go, therefore, and seek the King. Tell him thou wilt deliver France.

JEANNE. Will he believe in me?

VOICE. Fear nothing — thy mission lies clear before thee. Wilt thou go?

JEANNE. I am terrified — I know nothing but to spin, and care for the house — of books I am most ignorant.

VOICE. Is not thy heart filled with pity for France?

JEANNE. Ah, yes, yes! Such pity as a mother feels for a dying child!

VOICE. And France is dying — France, thy child. And thou alone canst save her, for thou hast been chosen by Heaven, Jeanne, to be thy country's deliverer. And now behold the Lady Saints who have come to receive thy promise!

[*A soft rushing noise is heard; a dazzling white light streams into the room. Jeanne stretches out her arms to it.*]

JEANNE. Saint Catharine! Saint Margaret! Beautiful Ladies of Heaven! Yes, yes, I will go to deliver France! I will do whate'er you bid me! If it means my life, I will yield it up — I promise — I promise!

[*Jeanne stands with uplifted arms, great joy upon her face.*]

ACT II

TIME: *one month later.*
PLACE: *Chinon;*[1] *the Court.*

JEANNE D'ARC.
CHARLES VII, KING OF FRANCE.
QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF CHARLES.
YOLANDE[2] (DUCHESS OF ANJOU[3]), MOTHER OF QUEEN MARY.
METZ, A SOLDIER.
DURAND LAXART.
PRIME MINISTER.
A BISHOP.
A PROFESSOR.
CHAMBERLAIN.
A NOBLE.
A MESSENGER.
LADIES OF HONOR, NOBLES, PRIESTS, MONKS, PROFESSORS.

[*The audience room is seen filled with* NOBLES *of France in splendid costumes; with great*

[1] shē nôɴ'. [2] ē' ō lănd'. [3] ăɴ zhōō'.

Churchmen, Monks, *and learned* Professors. Queen Mary *and her mother, the* Duchess Yolande, *are seated on the dais, attended by their* Ladies of Honor. King Charles *sits on his throne.* Metz, *a young soldier, stands before him.*]

King. You say you accompanied her hither, Metz?

Metz. Yes, your Majesty, with my squires, the Maid's uncle, and six armed men.

King. Do you yourself believe in her?

Metz. Yes, your Majesty; her sincerity has impressed me from the first.

King. You met her at the castle near Domremy?

Metz. Yes, Sire. The maid had persuaded her uncle to take her there. She pleaded with us to bring her to you. At first we laughed, then we listened; at last we believed.

King. Who is this uncle?

Metz. Durand Laxart—he believes in her implicitly.

King (*to Chamberlain*). Admit this Durand Laxart.

(*Pause. Enter* Durand *in his peasant's dress. He kneels before the King.*)

Arise, Durand Laxart, and tell me something of this maid, and of her life in Domremy.

Durand. Jeanne was ever a good girl, Sire. If she had a fault, 't was going too often to the church.

King. Ah, then she is a dreamer — a timid, pale enthusiast.

Durand. No, your Majesty, Jeanne is strong and brave. She ofttimes guarded her father's sheep on lonely and wild hillsides.

King. Have you seen these visions of angels and saints? Have you heard these heavenly Voices?

Durand. That is permitted to Jeanne alone. They have sent her to you, Sire. I beg you to receive her!

King (*to Councillors*). What say you to this?

Minister. Sire, I advise you to send her back to her home. She is naught but a visionary.

Bishop. Aye, and she offends the church in her absurd claim of visions.

Yolande. In what way, Bishop, does she offend?

Bishop. If Saint Michael had a message to deliver to France, would he not appear rather to an ordained and sanctified churchman? Would not the blesséd Saints Catharine and Margaret speak in the cloister rather than in a cottage?

Queen Mary. Nay, but it has been prophesied that a Maiden shall deliver France.

Yolande. 'T was foretold by Merlin[1] himself, and who knows but this is the Maid!

Metz. The people believe in her absolutely. She was received with reverence in every town we passed on our journey hither.

---

[1] The wizard celebrated in all the legends of King Arthur's court.

Durand. Aye, the peasants became patriots again and renewed their loyalty to your Majesty.

Minister. That, Sire, is an argument in her favor. Our recent defeats have cooled the ardor of your subjects and have made it difficult to get recruits.

King. So, whether miraculous or not, you think the Maid might be useful?

Minister. I do, Sire. She can rouse the ignorant with hopes of a special blessing from Heaven. Thus will your forces be increased.

Professor. And that, Sire, is most necessary if your Majesty is to be the real monarch of France.[1] Orleans is our last stronghold. If Orleans yields, your crown goes to the English.

King. 'T is, alas, true; and 't is an extremity that makes me glad to seize at a straw. I will see this Maid. Chamberlain, admit her.

(*Chamberlain crosses to door.*)

Wait! I will give her a test to prove whether the Saints have sent her. Now, the Maid has never seen me; but if, indeed, she be Heaven-sent, her Voices should lead her to me.

(*Turning to the Prime Minister.*)

So, we will exchange places and robes. I will wear your minister's gown of black — you, my royal mantle.

---

[1] Already a number of towns in the north of France, including Paris, were acknowledging Henry VI of England as their King.

Minister. 'T will be a splendid test, Sire.

[*They exchange robes.*]

King. Now seat yourself upon the throne — I 'll mingle with the court. Chamberlain, admit the Maid.

[*Pause. Enter* Jeanne. *She wears her peasant dress of red, but is dignified and unabashed. Intense silence. Jeanne looks about calmly. She glances at the Minister on the throne, then turns away and signals out the King from the midst of the Nobles. She goes to him and kneels.*]

Jeanne. God give you good life, Sire.

King (*pointing to throne*). You mistake — there sits the King.

Jeanne. The King is none other than yourself, Sire.

King. Maiden, you are right. Arise and speak.

Jeanne. I am Jeanne, the Maid. I am sent you by the King of Heaven to tell you that you shall be crowned King of France.[1]

King. You bring me good news, but how shall I know it to be true?

Jeanne. I tell you that God has pity upon you, upon your kingdom, and upon your people, and has sent me to save you from the English.

---

[1] Charles had not yet been formally crowned. It was an established custom that the coronation should take place at the cathedral at Rheims (rēmz ; or, *French*, răɴs) but Rheims was now in the hands of the English. Jeanne felt that her next mission, after relieving Orleans, would be to expel the English from Rheims and see the king crowned and consecrated there.

King. It is evident that you are sincere; but my minister and churchmen must question you, Jeanne.

Jeanne. I am ready.

Minister. Have your Voices told you what plan to pursue?

Jeanne. They have bidden me to raise the siege of Orleans — they have promised complete victory for the arms of France.

King. In what way is this siege to be raised?

Jeanne. I am bidden to march to Orleans with an army of reinforcement.

Bishop. If God wills to release Orleans, there is no need to employ armed men.

Jeanne. The armed men shall fight, and God will give them the victory.

A Noble. Do you know aught of the science of war?

Jeanne. Nothing — but I am commanded by my Voices to lead the attack.

Queen Mary. And will you, a maid, carry a sword and cut and hew like the soldiers?

Jeanne. I seek not to slay men. I am commanded to carry a banner — to bear it aloft in the midst of the fight.

Yolande. What do your parents say to this?

Jeanne. They are most bitter against it.

Yolande. And you would disobey them?

Jeanne. I love them — it almost broke my heart to leave my home; but I must follow my Voices, though they lead me to the battlefield.

QUEEN MARY. And will you go in your peasant's dress?

JEANNE. I am to wear armor like a knight.

KING. Have your Voices told you all these things?

JEANNE. Yes, your Majesty.

PROFESSOR.[1] In what language do these Heavenly Voices address you?

JEANNE. In better French than yours, sir.

[*Laughter and murmurs of approval.*]

MINISTER. We shall not believe in you unless you show us a sign.

JEANNE. I have not come here to show signs or to work miracles. To raise the siege of Orleans shall be my sign. Give me troops, — many or few, — and I will depart at once.

KING. Nobles of France, what say you?

A NOBLE. I, for one, believe in the Maid. I will follow her banner.

OTHER NOBLES. And I!

KING. And what say you, good Bishop?

BISHOP (*reluctantly*). The maid is good and pious — and 't is faith, not learning, that works the miracles of God.

[*Commotion at the doors.*]

CHAMBERLAIN. Sire, there is a messenger without, come from Orleans. He would speak with you forthwith.

---

[1] The Professor was from a province far to the south and spoke a dialect.

King. Bid him enter.

(*Enter* Messenger.)

Has Orleans yielded? Speak!

Messenger. Your Majesty, Orleans must fall unless an army is sent at once to her relief — an army equal to that of the English.

King. That cannot be — we have no such force at our command.

Messenger. Then, Sire, the people demand that the Maid be sent.

King. They have heard of her?

Messenger. Aye, and they are wild with joy. They believe that she will save them. 'T is this hope alone that stays them from even now flinging open their gates to the English.

Jeanne. I pray you send me, Sire! I pray you! I pray you!

[*Pause. The King reflects.*]

King. Jeanne d'Arc, I herewith commission you the commander-in-chief of our army. You shall march at once to the relief of Orleans, for I do perceive great goodness in you.

Jeanne (*clasping her hands and looking upward*). My Saints, my Saints, I thank you!

ACT III

Time: *three months later.*
Place: *Orleans, France; within the city gates.*

An old Woman.
A Youth.
A Maiden.
First Soldier.
Second Soldier.
Third Soldier.
Fourth Soldier.
First Citizen.
Second Citizen.
Third Citizen.
Fourth Citizen.
Governor of Orleans.
A Herald.
First General.
Second General.
Third General.
A Countess.
A Seamstress.
A Laundress.
A Lady.
A Housekeeper.
A Flower Girl.
La Hire,[1] a Bold Captain.
Dunois,[2] a French Nobleman.
Gamache,[3] a Captain at Orleans.
Jeanne d'Arc.
Chaplain to Jeanne.
Page, Squire, Citizens, Soldiers, Officers, Women, Girls.

[Soldiers *and* Citizens *are seen looking off and upward. In the background are the gates, closed and barred.*]

Old Woman. Has he given the signal? Tell me — I cannot see.

First Soldier. Silence — silence!

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[1] la ēr′.

[2] dū nwä′.

[3] gȧ másh′.

Old Woman (*to a Youth*). Can you see the soldier who went up into the church tower?

Youth. I see him, madam. I 'll tell you when he gives the signal.

Old Woman. What sign will he make?

Maiden. He 's to wave his cap. I heard the Governor tell him.

Youth. Aye, when he sees the army he 's to wave.

Old Woman. But suppose the army does n't come!

Maiden. And suppose the Maid should desert our cause!

First Citizen (*overhearing*). Then we are lost. Nothing else can save us from the English.

Second Soldier. You are right, good man. The English only wait for reinforcements to surround Orleans completely.

Second Citizen. I fear me they 'll attack the Maid. They certainly know she is moving near with troops.

Third Soldier. They will attack — they will cut off the Maid and the army.

Fourth Soldier. Not if our soldiers outnumber theirs.

Youth. Look! The signal! The signal! He waves his cap!

All. Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*Enter the* Governor, *with* Dunois, Gamache, *and other* Officers.]

GOVERNOR (*to Soldiers*). Open the gates! The Maid approaches. The English have not stirred from their camp. Open the gates — open wide to the Maid and her army!

[*He gives a great key to an officer, who unlocks the gates. Soldiers let down the bars and force back the heavy doors. All press forward to look out.*]

All. She comes! She comes!

FOURTH SOLDIER. She rides at the head of the army!

FIRST SOLDIER. She wears her armor like a knight!

THIRD SOLDIER. Look how well she sits her horse! A general could not do better!

SECOND SOLDIER. I believe she was sent to save us.

ALL. Aye! Aye!

OLD WOMAN. Is she not a witch?

MAIDEN. She is a messenger from Heaven!

OTHERS. Aye!

FIRST CITIZEN. See her banner!

SECOND CITIZEN. How white and beautiful it is!

YOUTH. And her armor — how it gleams in the sunlight!

THIRD CITIZEN. The rays from it dazzle mine eyes!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Aye, there 's a light like the light of angels hovering 'round her head!

MAIDEN. She looks like Saint Michael himself!

FIRST SOLDIER. She dismounts — she will enter the city on foot!

SECOND SOLDIER. 'T is to show that she has no pride in her heart!

[*Enter a* HERALD *from the open.*]

HERALD. Make way! Make way! The Maid! The Maid!

[*All fall back. Enter* JEANNE, *accompanied by* LA HIRE *and other* OFFICERS. *Jeanne is preceded by her* STANDARD BEARER *holding aloft the banner; she is followed by her* CHAPLAIN, *her* PAGE, *and her* SQUIRE. *Following these come a guard of* SOLDIERS.]

ALL. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

[*Jeanne waves her hand in salutation and smiles upon them.*]

JEANNE. Be of good courage — you shall be saved.

MAIDEN. Ah, beautiful Maid, you come from Heaven — I know it!

JEANNE. I am sent by Heaven to save you.

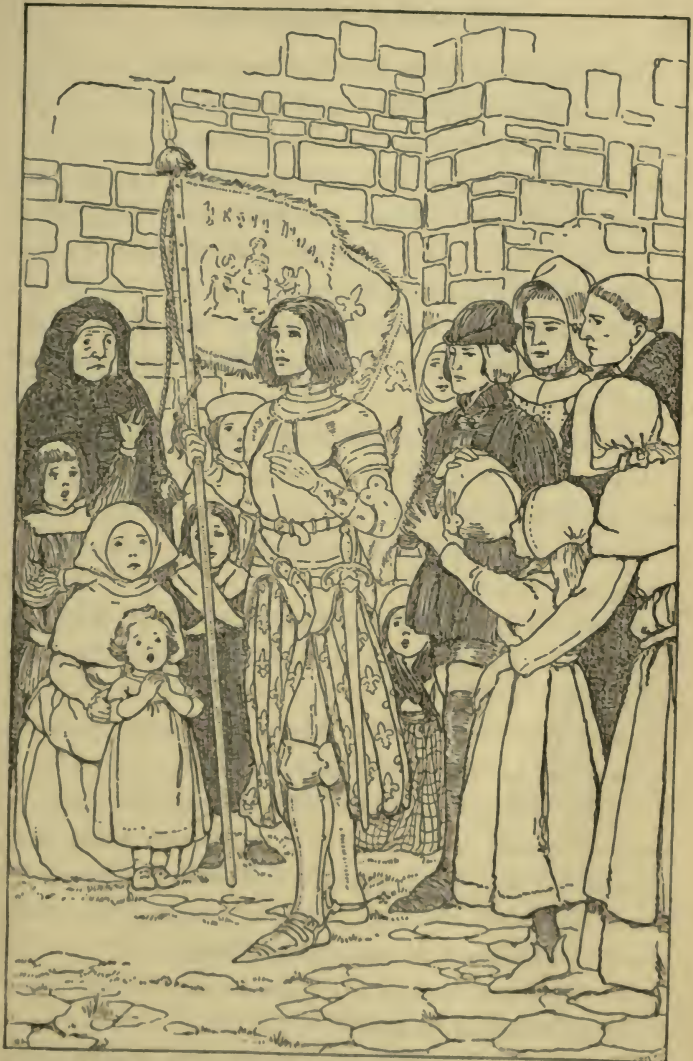
YOUTH. I would follow you to the end of the earth!

JEANNE. Then prepare to attack the English at once.

LA HIRE. At once? Today?

JEANNE. Today.

SOLDIERS. Aye! Today! Today!



"MAKE WAY! MAKE WAY! THE MAID! THE MAID!"

Dunois. Tomorrow will be soon enough. You have had a hard march — you should rest.

Jeanne. My Voices have told me to attack at once. But first to the church to worship! Come, you people of Orleans! Come, you soldiers of France!

[*Exit Jeanne with Attendants, followed by La Hire, Citizens, and Soldiers.*]

Gamache (*indignantly*). Attack the English at once — indeed! Have we not been fighting them for seven months?

Dunois. Yes, and with naught but failure.

Gamache. And do you think that country girl will mend matters?

Dunois. It may be. You saw how she inspired the soldiers.

First General. 'T was but momentary. They 'll soon be the cowards they have been in every recent skirmish.

Second General. We dare not lead them from these gates to face the enemy.

Third General. The English have too great a vantage point in this tower they have built just without. What with missile and arrow, they can shoot us down close to our very walls. Our men know this; they will not venture out.

Dunois. But things are different now — the Maid will inspire them to fight.

Gamache. What! Is the advice of a country girl to be taken against that of a knight and captain?

FIRST GENERAL. Do you expect us to follow her? What knows she of the science of war?

SECOND GENERAL. Do you think that we, who have been seasoned by a hundred battles, will consent to hear the order for assault from a girl still in her teens — and a nobody?

DUNOIS. Gentlemen, if there is aught in this of personal feeling against the Maid, I beg you to reconsider. Remember she is our commander-in-chief, by order of his Majesty.

GAMACHE. No matter — I will not consent to the attack!

OTHERS. Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

DUNOIS. Then I must apprise the Maid of your design.

[*Enter* JEANNE, *accompanied by* PAGE, CHAPLAIN, *and* SQUIRE. *She looks at the Generals severely.*]

JEANNE. Gentlemen, you have been in council against me. Nay, do not attempt to deny — my Voices warned me in the church.

DUNOIS. The officers feel that an immediate attack is unnecessary.

GAMACHE. Your troops brought large supply of provisions. Let us rest in comfort for a time. We are weary of fighting.

OFFICERS. Aye! Aye!

JEANNE. Our army barely equals that of the enemy now. Would you wait till they are joined by reinforcements?

GAMACHE. I will not consent to the attack.

OFFICERS. Nor I! Nor I!

JEANNE (*indignantly*). You have been to your counsel, and I have been to mine. Be assured that the words of my Saints shall be fulfilled, but the words of your counsellors shall perish. Dunois, we shall attack at once! Page, bid the trumpets sound the call to arms! Squire, have my horse without the gates!

(*Page and Squire salute and go. Jeanne turns to Chaplain.*)

Father, will you accompany me to the field? I shall need your prayers, for I shall be wounded in the shoulder and shall be near death for a moment.

CHAPLAIN. I shall be by your side, Jeanne. But why think you will be wounded?

JEANNE. My Voices have told me, father.

CHAPLAIN. And still you go?

JEANNE. Though it meant my life, I would go!

DUNOIS. And I will go with you, brave Maid!

[*Trumpets are sounded off.* SOLDIERS *and armed* CITIZENS *rush in.*]

JEANNE. To the attack! To the attack! You shall win the day! You of Orleans shall conquer!

SOLDIERS *and* CITIZENS. To the attack! To the attack!

[*They rush to the gates, which have been closed and barred during the excitement.*]

JEANNE. Who closed these gates?

GOVERNOR. I, the Governor of Orleans.

JEANNE. By whose order?

GOVERNOR. By order of the generals.

JEANNE. I command you to open them!

GOVERNOR. I refuse.

JEANNE. Whether you will or no, we will pass! Thrust him aside, men! Break down the bars!

[*The Men press forward, shouting. They thrust the Governor aside; break down the bars; open the gates.*]

SOLDIERS *and* CITIZENS. Forward! Forward!

JEANNE. La Hire, send out reinforcements! Dunois, see that cannon be posted to bear upon the English tower to the right. The assault must be made there. Soldiers, throw planks across the moat! Bring forth axes and scaling ladders! Forward, men, forward!

[*Exit all but the insurgent Officers. Pause.*]

GAMACHE. It shall not be said that I failed in my duty to France! I shall follow the Maid!

[*He rushes out.*]

OTHERS (*going*). And I! And I! And I!

[*Exit all. Sound of battle is heard—boom of cannon, shouting, and clash of arms. Pause. Enter Orleans* WOMEN *of every rank and degree. They look out of the gates.*]

COUNTESS. The Maid is in the thick of the fight!

SEAMSTRESS. The arrows and bolts fall about her like hail!

Laundress. She minds them not! She ever carries her banner aloft!

Lady. The soldiers fight as if they were immortal!

Housekeeper. See! They are placing ladders against the tower! And now they ascend!

All. They ascend! They ascend!

Flower Girl. But now the English are beating them down! They have mallets and heavy axes!

Countess. Our men falter! Do you see? They falter —

All. Alas! Alas!

Housekeeper. Weep not — the Maid will encourage them.

Lady. Look! She flings herself into the ditch! She seizes a ladder — she plants it against the tower — look! look!

Flower Girl. And now she begins to climb!

Seamstress. The English will kill her! Every arrow is aimed at her!

Housekeeper. She falls! An arrow has struck her!

All. She falls — she falls!

Lady. Our men lift her up — they are bearing her here.

Countess. Come, we'll make a bed of our cloaks.

[*They make up a pallet on the ground with their cloaks. Enter* Soldiers *bearing the* Maid. *They* *lay her tenderly upon the bed. Enter* CHAPLAIN *and* PAGE, *the Page carrying Jeanne's banner.*]

CHAPLAIN (*kneeling by Jeanne*). You have been sorely wounded, Jeanne.

JEANNE (*weeping*). Pray for me, father — pray for me —

[*Enter* GAMACHE.]

GAMACHE. I would confess to you, brave Maid, I was in the wrong — I regret it. I hope you will bear no malice against me.

JEANNE. If I did, I should be in the wrong, for never was a knight more courteous. And now tell me how goes the fight? It seems to me there is a lull. Is it so? Conceal nothing from me, Captain.

GAMACHE. Our men have fallen back — they need you to inspire them.

JEANNE. Do they retreat?

GAMACHE. The generals are about to order it.

JEANNE (*rising*). No — no — it shall not be!

[*She staggers to her feet.*]

COUNTESS. Jeanne — Jeanne — you must lie down!

JEANNE. No — I go to the field! My banner, Page — my banner!

GAMACHE. You are not strong enough to bear it, Jeanne.

JEANNE. I must — it will inspire the men to fight!

(*She takes the banner; staggers beneath its weight; then holds it aloft and calls clearly.*)

Push forward, men, and the victory shall be yours! Push forward, men — push forward!

[*Exit Jeanne, followed by Gamache, Chaplain, Page, and Soldiers.*]

COUNTESS. Saw you ever such bravery?

SEAMSTRESS. Look how they rally to her side!

LAUNDRESS. They rush forward like madmen!

LADY. They are scaling the walls now! The English do not resist!

HOUSEKEEPER. Look! They are breaking down the gates! They are entering the tower!

FLOWER GIRL. See! See! They are tearing down the English flag!

LAUNDRESS. Then the English have surrendered!

FLOWER GIRL. Aye, they have surrendered — they have surrendered!

COUNTESS. 'Tis due to the Maid alone.

LADY. How can we ever thank her enough?

HOUSEKEEPER. How can we show our gratitude?

SEAMSTRESS. Let us sing that song she loves so much — the song of the Fairy Tree at Domremy. Let us sing it when she enters.

OTHERS. Aye! Aye!

[*Enter* SOLDIERS *and* CITIZENS *from the field.*]

SOLDIERS *and* CITIZENS (*shouting*). The Maid! The Maid of Orleans!

[*Enter* JEANNE *and* OFFICERS.]

SOLDIERS *and* CITIZENS. The Maid of Orleans! The Maid of Orleans!

[*There is confusion for a moment. Jeanne lifts her hand. There is silence.*]

JEANNE. People of Orleans, the siege has been raised — the power of the English has been broken at last. The army of France is victorious!

DUNOIS. The honor is yours, Maid. To you alone we owe our victory.

JEANNE. No — I have but followed my Voices. (*She lifts her banner and looks upward, radiant with happiness.*)

Dear Saints — dear Saints — your counsel has been fulfilled! You have saved France in this hour!

WOMEN (*singing*).

Bide alway green in our young hearts,
   Fairy Tree! Fairy Tree!
And we shall always youthful be,
   Not heeding Time his flight;
And when in exile wand'ring we
Shall fainting yearn for glimpse of thee,
   O rise upon our sight!

[*Jeanne listens with delight, then bows her head and weeps.*]

JEANNE. Mother — father — home!

THE NECKLACE

MATHILDE LOISEL.	COSETTE.
PIERRE, HER BROTHER.	CLAUDINE.
JEANNE FORESTER.	MINETTE.
TERESA.	MAID.
MARIE.	NEIGHBOR.

ACT I

TIME: *an afternoon in January.*
PLACE: *Paris; sitting-room in the Loisels' apartment.*

[*The room is shabby and small.* MATHILDE *is seen embroidering. She is young, pretty, and daintily dressed. The door bell rings. The little* MAID *enters.*]

MATHILDE. Who is it?

MAID. The young ladies from the school, Madam.

MATHILDE. Is Jeanne Forester with them?

MAID. No, she does not come this time.

MATHILDE. Then I will see them.

(*Exit Maid. Mathilde hastily rearranges the chairs. Enter* TERESA, MINETTE, CLAUDINE, COSETTE, *and* MARIE.)

Oh! Oh! How glad I am to see you! Come, sit down! Here is a chair, Cosette! Take this rocker, Claudine! Teresa, you try this stool! The sofa for the rest of you!

[*All sit down.*]

Teresa. We have but a minute to stay, Mathilde.

Claudine. We are on our way to see Jeanne Forester.

Marie. We thought you would like to go with us.

Mathilde. I'm sorry, but I can't go with you today. I — I have so much to do.

Cosette. You were only embroidering.

Mathilde. Yes, to be sure, but — I have decided not to go to Jeanne's any more.

Minette. Why — I thought you were the best of friends!

Mathilde. We were — we are good friends now, but I find it makes me unhappy to visit Jeanne.

Teresa. Unhappy! How can that be? Jeanne has a beautiful home.

Mathilde. That is just it! The very magnificence makes me unhappy. I can't help but compare it with this dingy place.

Minette. None of us have homes like Jeanne's.

Marie. But Jeanne does not seem to mind that at all. Does she not invite us to see her?

Mathilde. Yes, but I, for one, will go no more. I want to forget her silken curtains and gilded chairs, and her marbles and her silver.

Claudine. Well, I love to see beautiful things, even if I can't have them.

Cosette. And so do I! Jeanne's tapestries, for instance, are a joy to behold — all kings and queens and flying birds. They make me think of a fairy play.

MATHILDE. They make me think of these cheap curtains here.

TERESA. I agree with you, Claudine and Cosette. I love Jeanne's silk-covered furniture! One sinks deep — so deep in those great armchairs. It makes me think of Heaven.

MATHILDE. It makes me think of these worn-out chairs, where one also sinks deep — so deep, in constant danger of going through.

MINETTE. Mathilde, you are foolish. Come with us!

MARIE. Yes, come with us! Grand footmen will let us in. You will think them most respectful.

MATHILDE. I will think only of my one poor little maid. No, I will not go with you.

GIRLS (*going*). Then good-bye! Good-bye, Mathilde!

MATHILDE. Good-bye! Good-bye!

[*Exit girls. Mathilde sighs as she takes up her embroidery. Pause. Enter* PIERRE, *a young man, not over twenty. He waves a large envelope.*]

PIERRE. Here, sister! Here is something for you — something that will please you!

MATHILDE (*taking the envelope*). What?

(*She opens it and reads aloud.*)

"The Minister of Public Instruction requests the honor of Mr. and Miss Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January the nineteenth."

(*She throws the letter down.*)

Why do you bring that to me?

PIERRE. I thought you would be glad! You never go out — this will be a fine chance for you. I had great trouble getting it — everyone wants to go. It is to be very select.

MATHILDE. What did you think I would wear?

PIERRE. Why, I had not thought of that — you always look neat and pretty, sister.

MATHILDE. I have nothing to wear to a ball — nothing, nothing! I shall not go, Pierre.

PIERRE. How much would a new dress cost?

MATHILDE. Not less than four hundred francs.

PIERRE (*thoughtfully*). Four hundred francs[1] — I wonder — I wonder —

MATHILDE. Do you happen to have saved that much? But no, that is impossible; your salary is so small.

PIERRE. Well, but I have [illegible] that much exactly. I had put it away for a rainy day. But you shall have it, Mathilde, you shall have it tomorrow to buy your dress. Why — bless me, you don't look one bit pleased, Mathilde!

MATHILDE. It is all very well to have a nice dress, but one should wear jewels to a ball of this kind. And what jewels have I? Nothing, not even a bracelet!

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[1] A little less than eighty dollars.

Pierre. Wear flowers, Mathilde! That is it! Wear flowers instead of jewels!

Mathilde. And be different from every other woman there! No! I'd rather stay at home forever!

[*The door-bell rings. Short pause. Enter* Maid.]

Maid. Miss Forester to see you, please.

Mathilde (*hastily*). I can't see her! Tell her —

(*Enter* Jeanne Forester, *young, gracious, and richly dressed.*)

Jeanne!

Jeanne. I thought I would n't wait — the girls said you were at home. She would n't come to see me, Pierre.

Pierre. I can't get her to go anywhere. I'm coaxing her now to go to a ball. She refuses me absolutely, Jeanne.

Jeanne. What is the matter, Mathilde dear? You used to love balls when we were in school. I fear you are not feeling well.

Mathilde. Oh, I am very well, thank you.

Pierre. It is just this, Jeanne; she —

Mathilde. No, no! You must not tell her!

Jeanne. Go on, Pierre! I insist!

Pierre. Mathilde does not want to wear flowers to the ball. I say flowers would do very well. Now what do you think about it?

Mathilde. It would be advertising our poverty! Everyone else will wear jewels!

Jeanne. And so shall you wear jewels, Mathilde. Here —

[*She takes a diamond necklace from her neck and gives it to Mathilde.*]

Mathilde. Jeanne! You will loan it to me?

Jeanne. Yes, of course.

Mathilde. Oh, how good of you! How good of you! You have made me very happy, Jeanne! (*She runs to the mirror and puts on the necklace.*)

It is beautiful — beautiful! Now I will go to the ball, Pierre!

ACT II

Scene I

Time: *before dawn, the morning after the ball.*

Place: *the Loisels' sitting room.*

[Mathilde *and* Pierre *enter, wearing wraps. Pierre turns up the lights and stirs the fire.*]

Pierre. Better keep on your cloak till the fire burns up a little.

Mathilde. Yes, the room is chilly. Oh, how beautiful it was! I shall never, never forget it!

Pierre. I am glad you enjoyed it, sister.

Mathilde. I tell you it pays to be well dressed and wear jewels! Everyone wanted to be introduced to me! Even the Minister asked to be presented!

Pierre (*nodding*). I was proud of you, Mathilde.

MATHILDE. I tell you, Pierre, I was born to be rich. I feel myself the equal of any great lady.

PIERRE. And so you are, Mathilde, so you are!

MATHILDE. Little good it does me! Here I am — buried alive among pots and pans! I, who love to wear fine clothes, to be envied, to be sought after —

PIERRE. Mathilde, you think too much about yourself. Why don't you think of those who have only rags, who are suffering and starving!

MATHILDE. I have no money to give away.

PIERRE. Everyone has sympathy to give, and that is more. You could read to the poor sick Madame upstairs, you could play with her little children; but no — you never give a thought to anyone else. But I am glad you enjoyed the ball, little sister. Good night! I must go to work at seven.

(*He starts off. Mathilde removes her cloak in front of the mirror. She cries out sharply. Pierre turns.*)

What is it? Are you ill?

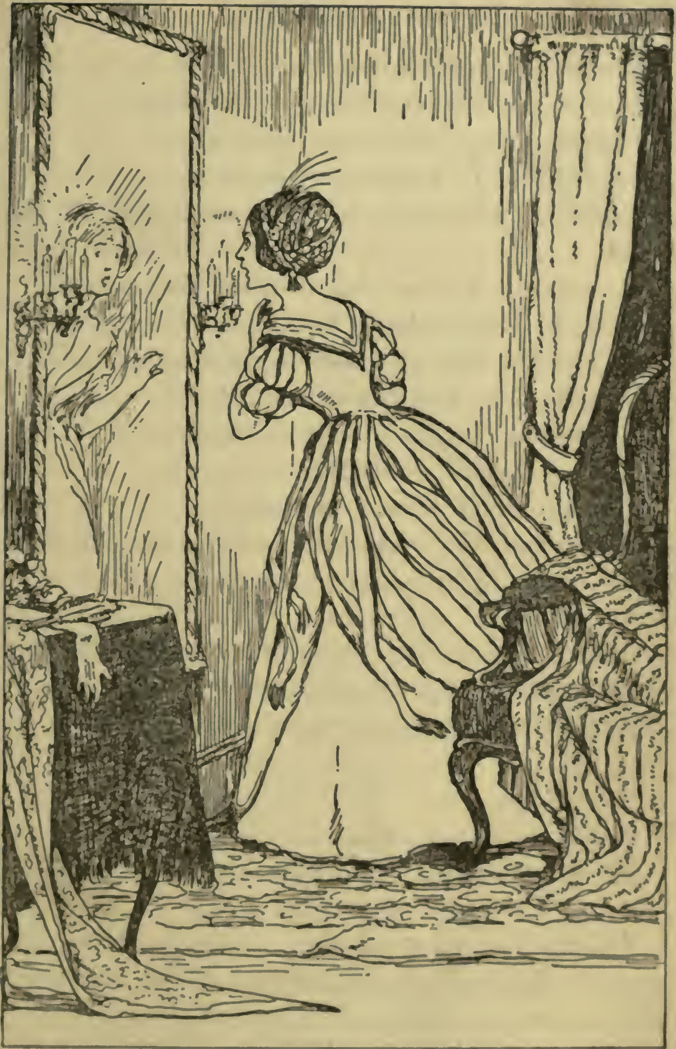
MATHILDE. The necklace! — I have lost it!

PIERRE. Lost it!

[*Mathilde searches madly through her dress, her cloak, her pockets.*]

MATHILDE. It is gone — it is gone! Look in the hall, Pierre!

[*Exit Pierre, hastily. Mathilde shakes her cloak, then looks on floor. Re-enter* PIERRE.]



"THE NECKLACE—I HAVE LOST IT!"

Pierre. It is not in the hall.

Mathilde. Did you look on the stairs?

Pierre. Yes — I searched carefully.

Mathilde. It is not in my clothes.

Pierre. Did you have it on when we left the ball?

Mathilde. Yes — I felt it as we were leaving.

Pierre. It must be in the cab.

Mathilde. Did you take the cabman's number?

Pierre. No. Did you notice it?

Mathilde. No, I did n't even look at it. Pierre, Pierre, what shall we do?

Pierre. I will offer a reward —

Mathilde. Go to the palace — to the cab company — to the pawn shops — everywhere! Go — go — Pierre!

[*Pierre takes his coat and goes quickly. Mathilde makes a frenzied search, looking under chairs, sofa, in corners, under rugs, etc.*]

Scene II

Time: *several hours later.*

Place: *the Loisels' sitting room.*

[*Mathilde, now wearing a house dress, sits staring dejectedly into the fire. Enter the* Maid *with a tray set with teapot, cup, etc.*]

Maid. Would you not like some tea, madam?

Mathilde. No, thank you — nothing.

Maid. But you ate no breakfast!

Mathilde. I cannot eat.

(*Doorbell rings. Mathilde jumps up.*)

There! That must be Pierre!

(*Exit Maid to hall. Short pause. Enter* Pierre, *looking worn and haggard.*)

Did you find it?

Pierre. No — nor any trace of it.

Mathilde. And you went everywhere?

Pierre. Everywhere! To the palace on foot, to the cab company, to the pawn-shops, to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward — I have left nothing undone.

Mathilde. Perhaps someone will return it for the reward.

Pierre. That is our only hope. In the meantime you must make some excuse to your friend.

Mathilde. I will write her that I have broken the clasp and that I am having it repaired.

Pierre. That will give us time to do something in case it is not found.

Mathilde. What can we do, Pierre?

Pierre. We must replace it.

Mathilde. Replace it? That would be impossible. The necklace was worth forty thousand francs.

Pierre. No matter, it must be replaced.

Mathilde. We have nothing, except the little that father left us.

Pierre. That will give us a thousand francs to start on. The rest I will borrow — thirty-nine thousand francs.

MATHILDE. It will take a lifetime to pay.

PIERRE. Yes, a lifetime; but it must be done.

MATHILDE. It was my fault — you shall not sacrifice your life, Pierre.

PIERRE. It must be done, Mathilde. We will buy a necklace exactly like Jeanne's.

MATHILDE. Then she need never know.

PIERRE. It will not be necessary.

MATHILDE. I will dismiss the maid — we will give up this house — we will live in a garret till this debt is paid.

PIERRE. We shall have very little to live on; my salary will be going to usurers.

MATHILDE. It is frightful! It will mean years of anguish and misery.

PIERRE. But then, after all, the necklace may be found.

MATHILDE. Let us hope for it, Pierre! To the last minute let us hope for it!

ACT III

TIME: *ten years later.*

PLACE: *Paris; a garret.*

[*The room is almost bare of furniture. There is a knock at the door. Pause. The door is opened from without, and a* NEIGHBOR *looks in. She is a* *laundress, fat and cheerful. She looks about, then calls.*]

NEIGHBOR. Mathilde! Mathilde!

[*Enter* MATHILDE *with a basket of clothes. Mathilde looks like a middle-aged woman, thin and careworn; her hands are red and rough. She wears coarse clothing.*]

MATHILDE (*cordially*). Ah, neighbor, I am glad to see you. I was taking in my wash from the line. Won't you sit down?

NEIGHBOR. I just came in to tell you that I have found another wash for you.

MATHILDE. Oh, that is so good of you!

NEIGHBOR. This wash is regular, every week.

MATHILDE. Every sou[1] counts, neighbor.

NEIGHBOR. You are working too hard, friend Mathilde. From early morn till late at night you are washing, scrubbing, ironing.

MATHILDE. We are in debt.

NEIGHBOR. But you have been working like this for years. And your brother, too, works, works, all the time.

MATHILDE. The debt was a very large one. How is that little sick girl on the top floor? I thought I heard her crying just now.

NEIGHBOR. The fever came on again last night — she cries for a doll — her folks can't afford to buy one.

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[1] About a cent.

Mathilde. I wish — but never mind — I can't. What arrangement did you make about that wash, neighbor? Will it be sent here?

Neighbor. Yes, today.

Mathilde. What is the name?

Neighbor. Forester, in the grand house in —

Mathilde. Forester! Did you say Forester?

Neighbor. Yes. What is the matter? You are so pale!

Mathilde. Did you tell her my name? Did you?

Neighbor. Yes, to be sure. Why not? "Loisel," I said — "Loisel."

Mathilde. Did you say "Mathilde"?

Neighbor. No — just "Loisel." Should I have given her your first name?

Mathilde. No, no! (*Aside.*) Loisel is common enough — she will not guess —

Neighbor. What is that you are saying?

Mathilde. Nothing — nothing — I am so glad to get another wash — that is all. You are so good to me, neighbor.

Neighbor. Not so good as I should like to be. Look how you did my washings when I was sick last winter.

[*Merry whistling is heard.*]

Mathilde. Who can that be?

Neighbor. It must be your brother, Pierre.

Mathilde. No, he never whistles — now.

NEIGHBOR. Then it is the agent for the rent. I must get ready for him.

[*Exit. The whistling is heard nearer. Enter* PIERRE, *whistling. He is thin and almost ragged. His hair is turning gray.*]

MATHILDE. Why, Pierre — I have n't heard you whistle in years.

PIERRE. It is paid — every sou!

MATHILDE. Paid, you say?

PIERRE. I have settled with the last creditor today.

[*Mathilde drops weakly into a chair.*]

MATHILDE. Paid,—after all these years,—thirty-nine thousand francs!

PIERRE. Not only that, but the interest. And I had to borrow at very high rates, you remember.

MATHILDE. How you have worked to pay that! All day doing two men's work, and then every night your copying.

PIERRE. Ah, but I was lucky to be able to borrow enough money to buy a necklace like Jeanne's.

MATHILDE. 'T is ten years this month since I took it to her.

PIERRE. I wonder if Jeanne ever knew that the necklace you returned was not her own.

MATHILDE. She did not open the box while I was there. I have never seen her since. We left no traces when we moved to this garret.

PIERRE. And now it is all over! The borrowings, the duns, the mortgages, the sleepless nights, the cruel money lenders! It is all over now, sister, all over!

MATHILDE. Yes — but it has left you old and careworn. Ten years of your life have been wasted, Pierre — ten years for my one night's pleasure.

PIERRE. And what about you, Mathilde? Ten years in a garret, without your friends, without a single pretty dress —

MATHILDE. Oh, I do not worry about those things now — I have so much to think of. Listen, Pierre! The little sick girl on the top floor back is crying her heart out for a doll. Could not our next sou go for that?

PIERRE. To be sure! And here is the sou — it was the only one left over.

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

MATHILDE. Come in, neighbor! It was Pierre who whistled! Come in!

[*Enter* JEANNE FORESTER, *still young and pretty.*]

JEANNE. I seek Mathilde Loisel. Does she live here?

MATHILDE (*faintly*). No — no —

JEANNE. I have been told that a family by the name of Loisel lives in this house. Pardon me, I have come to the wrong door. Can you not direct me?

[*Pause.*]

MATHILDE. Jeanne! Jeanne! I am Mathilde Loisel!

JEANNE. You —?

Mathilde. I! And there is Pierre!

Jeanne. Why — how you have changed! Is it really you, Mathilde? Is it really you, Pierre?

Pierre. We have had ten years of misery since we have seen you, Jeanne.

Jeanne. Why did you not tell me? I could never find a trace of you — not until today, when the laundress told me that you — but that can't be true, Mathilde?

Mathilde. Yes, it is true. Look at my hands. And Pierre has worked all day and copied every night. But at last we have paid, and now I can look you in the face and tell you everything. Do you remember that diamond necklace you loaned me to wear to the ball?

Jeanne. Yes, I remember.

Mathilde. Well, I lost it.

Jeanne. Why! What do you mean? You returned it.

Mathilde. We bought you another just like it.

Jeanne. You *bought* me a diamond necklace, you say?

Pierre. What else could we honorably do?

Jeanne. What did you pay for it? You must tell me that, Pierre.

Pierre. Forty thousand francs. I did not think yours could have cost more; but, if it did, of course we will pay you.

Jeanne. Oh, my poor Mathilde! My poor Pierre!

My necklace was not worth more than five hundred francs! It was paste!

Others. Paste!

Jeanne. Paste —

Mathilde (*throwing her arms around Pierre*). Ten years! Oh, my poor Pierre!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

ACT I

Time: *the day before Christmas — late afternoon.*
Place: *London; Scrooge's office.*

Ebenezer Scrooge.
Bob Cratchit, his Clerk.
Scrooge's Nephew.
A Portly Gentleman.
A Boy.
A Laborer.

[Scrooge *is seated at an old desk in a dingy room. He is a lean old man with a hard, sharp face. In a corner, at a high desk, sits* Bob Cratchit, *working by the light of one candle. Bob is tired and worn; his clothes are threadbare. He shivers, tiptoes to fire, which is very low, and cautiously lifts one coal from scuttle. Scrooge turns and sees him.*]

Scrooge. So you find it cold here, Cratchit?

Bob (*frightened*). Oh, no, no, sir! Oh, no, no, Mr. Scrooge!

Scrooge. It might be well for us to part, Cratchit.

Bob. Oh, no, no, sir!

(*He puts coal back in scuttle.*)

I beg your pardon, sir — I did n't mean any harm. It shan't happen again, sir.

Scrooge. You are talking on my time, Cratchit.

Bob. I beg your pardon, sir. I thank you, sir.

[*He crosses to his desk and writes. Pause. He shivers; gets his comforter secretly; wraps it about his neck, and warms his stiff fingers at his candle.*]

Scrooge (*turning*). Ah! So you find it cold here, Cratchit?

Bob (*shivering*). Oh, no, no, sir! I am comfortable, sir, very comfortable I may say, sir.

Scrooge. It might be well for us to part, Cratchit.

Bob. Oh, no, no, sir! I 'll never warm 'em again, sir! They can freeze if they like, sir — not one minute of your time shall be taken, sir! Not one minute, sir!

[*He works hurriedly. Enter from street a* Portly Gentleman. *He is pleasant to behold.*]

Gentleman. This is the firm of Scrooge and Marley, I believe?

Scrooge. It is.

Gentleman. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

Scrooge. Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night — a Christmas Eve.

Gentleman. Then, Mr. Scrooge, I will give you my credentials.

(*Hands papers to Scrooge.*)

A few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to make some Christmas cheer for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts.

SCROOGE. Are there no prisons?

GENTLEMAN. Plenty of prisons, but—

SCROOGE. Are not the workhouses still in existence?

GENTLEMAN. I wish I could say they were not.

SCROOGE. Is there not a Poor Law for the destitute?

GENTLEMAN. Yes, but—

SCROOGE. Then why should you trouble yourself?

GENTLEMAN. Why? Why, because these places you mention do not furnish Christmas cheer of mind or body to the multitude. What shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE. Nothing!

GENTLEMAN. You wish to be anonymous?

SCROOGE. I wish to be left alone.

(*He hands back credentials.*)

I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I pay taxes for the support of the poorhouses—they cost enough. Those who are badly off must go there.

GENTLEMAN. Many can't go, and many would rather die.

SCROOGE. If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

GENTLEMAN. Sir! How can you talk so!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

GENTLEMAN. But, sir —

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

(*Exit Portly Gentleman.*)

How did he dare ask me for money! How did he dare!

BOB. I don't know, sir — no one ever does.

[*Enter from street Scrooge's* NEPHEW, *a handsome young man, cheerful and happy.*]

NEPHEW. A Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.

SCROOGE. I do. "Merry Christmas!" What right have you to be merry? You 're poor enough.

NEPHEW. Come, then! What right have you to be sour? You 're rich enough.

SCROOGE. Bah! All a humbug!

NEPHEW. Don't be cross, uncle.

SCROOGE. Out upon your "Merry Christmas"! What is Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money — a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer.

NEPHEW. Oh, but—

SCROOGE. If I could have my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

NEPHEW. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

NEPHEW. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then.

NEPHEW. But it is such a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time in the whole year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of the people about them.

SCROOGE. What good has that ever done you? Have you ever made a penny by it?

NEPHEW. No, it has never put a scrap of gold in my pocket, but I believe that it has done me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

[*Bob forgets himself and applauds.*]

SCROOGE (*to Bob*). Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your job. (*To Nephew.*) You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

NEPHEW. Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE. No.

NEPHEW. Why not, uncle? Why not?

SCROOGE. Why did you get married?

NEPHEW. Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE. Because you fell in love! Bah! Good afternoon!

NEPHEW. Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before I married. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

NEPHEW. I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you. Why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

NEPHEW (*going*). I am sorry to find you so resolute. A Merry Christmas, uncle?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

NEPHEW. And A Happy New Year!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

[*Bob opens door for Nephew.*]

NEPHEW. Merry Christmas, Cratchit!

BOB (*warmly*). Merry Christmas, sir!

NEPHEW. A Merry Christmas to Mrs. Cratchit and the little Cratchits, especially to Tiny Tim!

BOB. Thank you, sir. A Happy New Year to you, sir!

[*Exit Nephew.*]

SCROOGE. Why do you talk about a merry Christmas? You earn only fifteen shillings a week, and you have a large family to support.

BOB. We are very happy when we 're together, sir.

[*He glances at clock, unconsciously.*]

SCROOGE. Are you in a hurry to go home, Cratchit?

BOB (*crossing to desk*). Oh, no, no, sir!

SCROOGE. Well, it's closing time — and it's here far too soon.

(*Bob instantly snuffs out his candle and puts on his hat and comforter. Scrooge puts on his great coat. Pause.*)

You'll be wanting all day tomorrow, I suppose.

BOB. If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE. It's not convenient, and it's not even fair. If I were to stop you half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound.

BOB. Oh, sir, you would n't do that!

SCROOGE. Why not? You don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB. But it's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE. A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning.

BOB. Oh, yes, sir! I'll be here before time, sir!

[*He opens the door. A* BOY *who is passing stops and sings.*]

BOY (*singing*).

God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!

SCROOGE (*angrily*). Be off! None of your Christmas carols here! Be off — be off, I say!

[*Boy runs, frightened. Bob starts out. A* LABORER *passes.*]

LABORER (*to Bob*). Merry Christmas, stranger!

BOB. Merry Christmas to you, my friend!

[*They disappear.*]

SCROOGE (*growling as he takes keys from pocket to lock door*). A world of fools! A world of fools!

[*Exit, closing door.*]

ACT II

EBENEZER SCROOGE.	THIRD BOY.
GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY.	MR. FEZZIWIG.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST.	MRS. FEZZIWIG.
FIRST BOY.	DICK.
SECOND BOY.	EBENEZER.

SCHOOLBOYS.

SCENE I

TIME: *one hour later.*

PLACE: *sitting room in Scrooge's lodgings.*

[*The room is poorly furnished—a table, an old sofa, two chairs. A very low fire burns in fireplace. Enter* SCROOGE *in hat and great coat. He lights a candle; locks door into hall; removes hat, coat, and shoes; puts on dressing-gown, slippers, and night-cap; sits by fire. Pause. A bell hanging in room begins to ring softly, then louder and louder. Scrooge is astonished.*]

SCROOGE. What is this? Why should that bell ring? The wires are broken — no one could ring it from without — there's no draft here to cause it.

(*The bell rings for a minute; it ceases. A clanking noise is heard below.*)

That's a curious noise! It sounds as if some one were dragging chains over the cellar floor. Now it is coming upstairs — it is coming straight toward my door! No! It's all imagination. There is no noise; and besides, my door is locked.

(*The door is thrown open. Enter* MARLEY'S GHOST, *looking exactly like Marley and dressed in Marley's usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. It drags a long chain made of keys, ledgers, deeds, etc., all made of steel. Scrooge looks at Ghost sternly; speaks coldly.*)

How now! What do you want of me?

GHOST. Much!

SCROOGE. Who are you?

GHOST. Ask me who I *was*.

SCROOGE. Who *were* you, then? You're particular for a shade.

GHOST. In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE. Can you — can you sit down?

GHOST. I can.

SCROOGE. Do it, then.

[*Ghost sits by fireplace.*]

GHOST. You don't believe in me?

SCROOGE. I don't.

GHOST. Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE. Because a little thing affects them. Do you see this toothpick?

Ghost. I do.

Scrooge. You are not looking at it.

Ghost. I see it, nevertheless.

Scrooge. I have but to swallow this, and be persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you, humbug!

(*The Ghost shakes its chains and groans. Scrooge is frightened; trembles.*)

Mercy, spirit! mercy!

Ghost. Do you believe in me or not?

Scrooge. I do, I must. But why do spirits walk the earth?

Ghost. It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide. If that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.

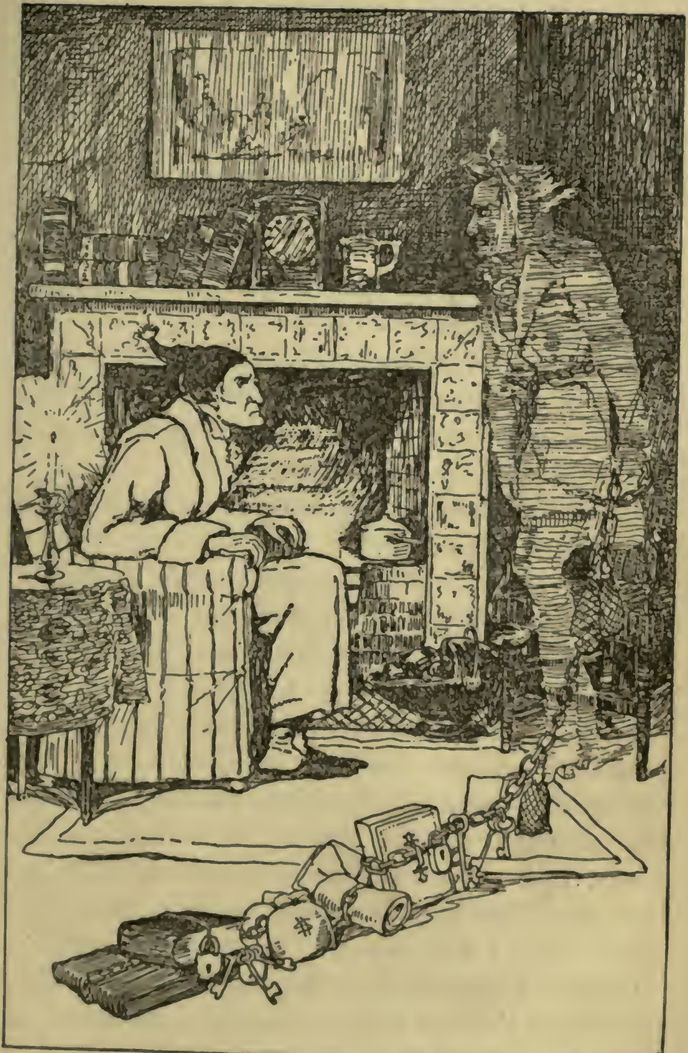
Scrooge (*thoughtfully*). You did n't go about much, Jacob.

Ghost (*not heeding*). It is doomed to wander through the world — oh, woe is me! — and witness what it cannot share.

[*Groans and shakes its chains.*]

Scrooge (*trembling*). You are fettered. Tell me why.

Ghost. I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Mark you what it is made of!



"IN LIFE I WAS YOUR PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY."

Scrooge. Cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and great purses wrought in steel. It is heavy for you, Jacob.

Ghost. Your chain will be heavier still; you have labored on it seven years longer.

Scrooge. My chain?

Ghost. Aye, your chain! And made, like this, of cash-boxes, padlocks, deeds.

Scrooge. Will I bear it about forever?

Ghost. I cannot tell you what I would. But look upon me and take heed. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere.

Scrooge. Strange! In life you were never restless.

Ghost. No — in life my spirit never walked beyond our counting-house — mark me! — in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole.

Scrooge. You did n't have time. You were a good business man, Jacob.

Ghost. Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. Hear me, my time is nearly gone!

Scrooge. I will, but don't be flowery, Jacob!

Ghost. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the ocean of my business. And now no rest, no peace — incessant tortures of remorse. And that will be your fate, Ebenezer.

Scrooge. Is there no way of escape! Speak, Jacob! Comfort me!

Ghost. Yes, you have a chance — a chance of my procuring.

Scrooge. What is it, Jacob? Speak! Tell me!

Ghost. You will be haunted by three Spirits.

Scrooge. I — I think I 'd rather not!

Ghost. Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first when I am gone.

Scrooge. Could n't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

Ghost. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us! Farewell, Ebenezer Scrooge, farewell!

[*Ghost walks backward toward window, which now opens of itself. The Ghost floats out. Scrooge closes window, locks door, returns to fireplace.*]

Scrooge. Humbug! All a dream! (*Pause.*) Well, now, was it a dream?

(*Bright light streams into room. Enter the first* Spirit. *Its face is like a child's; its hair is white with age. It wears a tunic of white trimmed with roses. It carries a bunch of green holly in its hand.*)

Who are you?

Spirit. I am the ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge. Long past?

Spirit. Your past. Your welfare brings me here. Rise and walk with me!

Scrooge. It is bleak without — I am but lightly clad — I have a wretched cold —

Spirit. It is your reclamation. Take heed!

Scrooge. Oh, I will go — of course — of course!

Spirit. Come!

[*Takes Scrooge's hand and crosses toward window, which again opens of itself.*

Scrooge. Spirit — stop! I am but mortal — I will fall!

Spirit (*laying its hand on Scrooge's heart*). Bear but a touch of my hand on your heart, and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!

Scene II

Time: *a few minutes later.*

Place: *a country road, near a village.*

[*A clear, cold winter day. The fields are covered with snow. Enter* First Spirit *and* Scrooge.]

Scrooge (*looking about*). What! Here — here in this place! Why, I was a boy here!

Spirit. Remember, then, your boyhood days.

Scrooge. I do — I do! I seem to remember everything — the hopes, the joys, the cares.

Spirit. Your lip is trembling. What is that on your cheek?

Scrooge (*brushing away a tear*). Nothing — nothing —

(*Shouting is heard in the distance.*)

Here come the very boys I knew — the boys I went to school with!

SPIRIT. These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us.

[*Enter several* SCHOOLBOYS, *laughing and shouting. They pelt one another with snowballs and finally separate, some going this way, some that, calling after one another.*]

FIRST BOY. Merry Christmas!

SECOND BOY. Merry Christmas!

THIRD BOY. A Happy New Year!

[*They disappear.*]

SCROOGE (*delighted*). That is just the way we used to do! Hear them! They are calling to each other across the fields! "Merry Christmas! — Merry Christmas!" they are saying!

SPIRIT. Out upon "Merry Christmas"! What good has it ever done them? Have they ever made a penny by it?

SCROOGE. I understand your rebuke, Spirit.

(*He wipes his eyes with his cuffs.*)

I wish — but it's too late now.

SPIRIT. What is the matter?

SCROOGE. Nothing — nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something — that's all.

SPIRIT. Ah! Let us see another Christmas!

[*The Spirit waves its hand, and the scene disappears into the darkness of the night.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *interior of a large warehouse.*

[*An old gentleman, wearing a wig, sits behind a high desk. Two clerks, both young, are at desks near by. Enter the* SPIRIT *and* SCROOGE.]

SPIRIT. Do you know this place?

SCROOGE. Know it! I was apprenticed here! Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart — it's Fezziwig! And there is Dick Wilkins at that desk to the right! And — and there is myself at the other! How strange!

SPIRIT. No, I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE. I was very fond of Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear! Look at old Fezziwig! See him look at the clock and throw down his pen! And it's before the hour of closing!

FEZZIWIG. Yo, ho, my boys! No more work tonight! Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer!

(*All leave desks. The Apprentices take up their hats and comforters.*)

No, no, my boys! Put down your hats and comforters! You are to dine with us tonight.

(*Enter* MRS. FEZZIWIG, *one vast substantial smile.*)

Mrs. Fezziwig comes now to invite you.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. And will the young gentlemen honor our table with their presence tonight? No refusals now — 't is Christmas Eve, remember.

DICK. You are very kind to us, Madam.

EBENEZER. Indeed, you are very, very kind!

SCROOGE (*poking Spirit*). Just what I said, exactly.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Come, then, my friends.

FEZZIWIG. To table now — to table!

DICK. You are always so kind, dear Mr. Fezziwig!

EBENEZER. Dear Mr. Fezziwig, you are so, so kind.

[*They go, laughing and talking.*]

SCROOGE. Marvelous! I said those very words, I did. But, really, there never was such a man as Mr. Fezziwig. Who else would invite 'prentices to dine on Christmas Eve? No one! I repeat it — no one!

SPIRIT. A small matter to make you so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE. Small!

SPIRIT. Is it not? It cost him little to dine you.

SCROOGE (*warmly*). It is n't that! He has the power to render us happy or unhappy — to make our service light or heavy, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks — what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune. I wish —

[*He pauses.*]

SPIRIT. What is it?

SCROOGE. Nothing particular.

SPIRIT. Something, I think?

SCROOGE. Well — I wish I could say a word or two to my clerk just now.

SPIRIT. Ah! Come now, I must conduct you hence. My service to you is completed. Come — come —

[*The Spirit takes Scrooge's hand. They go.*]

ACT III

EBENEZER SCROOGE.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME.
BOB CRATCHIT.
MRS. CRATCHIT, HIS WIFE.
BELINDA CRATCHIT.
PETER CRATCHIT.
MARTHA CRATCHIT.
FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT.
SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT.
TINY TIM.
SCROOGE'S NEPHEW.
NEPHEW'S WIFE.
TOPPER.
PLUMP SISTER.
THIN SISTER.
A FRIEND.
SECOND FRIEND.
THIRD FRIEND.
TWO CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

SCENE I

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *hall of Scrooge's lodgings.*

[*A door at the back, opening on the hall, is closed. Enter* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST *and* SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE. Why — my own hall again! And there is the door to my sitting-room!

SPIRIT. Another Spirit waits for you within. Go — enter. I leave you now. Farewell, farewell — I shall not come again.

[*The Spirit disappears. Scrooge hesitates, then knocks timidly at door.*]

VOICE (*within*). Come in! Come in!

[*Scrooge opens the door. The sitting-room is seen transformed. It is hung with Christmas greens; a great fire blazes on the hearth; heaped up to form a throne, are fruits, nuts, cakes, candies. Upon this throne sits the* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, *a jolly giant wearing a green robe bordered with white fur; on its head is a holly wreath. It waves a glowing torch upon* SCROOGE, *who enters timidly.*]

SPIRIT. Come in and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!

SCROOGE (*humbly*). Spirit, you are beautiful! I have never seen anything like you before!

SPIRIT. What! Why, I am the very Spirit of Christmas time! Look at my holly, and ivy, and mistletoe! Look at my fruits, my nuts, and my sweetmeats! Look at my blazing fire upon the hearth! Look at the torch I carry!

SCROOGE. It looks like the horn of plenty. Have you aught within it, Spirit?

SPIRIT. 'T is a miraculous torch and 't is full of good humor, peace, and good will. I sprinkle it freely on all who pass. (*Rising.*) Are you willing to go forth with me?

SCROOGE (*submissively*). Conduct me where you will. If you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

SPIRIT. Touch my robe. Come!

SCENE II

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *living-room of the Cratchits' home.*

[MRS. CRATCHIT *and* BELINDA *are setting the table. Both wear cheap dresses, but are brave in ribbons.* PETER, *in a great collar, is watching a saucepan on the hob. He blows the fire frequently. Enter the* SPIRIT *and* SCROOGE.]

SCROOGE (*whispering*). They will see us — hear us talk!

SPIRIT. We are invisible — neither can they hear our words. Wait — I will bless this dwelling.

[*It sprinkles the threshold with its torch.*]

SCROOGE. These people must be very poor. Why do you come here? Do you know them?

SPIRIT. They should be friends of yours. This is the home of Bob Cratchit.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Belinda, my love, is that tablecloth straight?

BELINDA. Dear, dear, I 'm afraid not!

[*She rearranges cloth instantly.*]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Are the potatoes cooking, Peter, my dear?

PETER. They are knocking against the lid, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT. They want to get out and be mashed.

PETER. Ha! ha!

BELINDA. Ha! ha!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Here 's the masher. I 'll leave it all to you, Peter.

[*Enter the two* YOUNG CRATCHITS, *running and breathless with excitement.*]

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. I smelt our goose at the baker's!

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. And so did I! I smelt it plain!

BELINDA. How did you know it was our goose?

PETER. The baker is baking dozens today.

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. I just know it was our goose.

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. And so do I! Don't you think so, mother?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Of course it was our goose, dears. Now see if your father is coming. He and Tiny Tim are late, and Martha was n't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour — that 's certain.

BELINDA. Here 's Martha, mother!

[*Enter* MARTHA, *a young girl in shawl and bonnet.*]

YOUNG CRACHITS. Here 's Martha, mother! There 's *such* a goose, Martha!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

[*She kisses Martha and removes her wraps.*]

MARTHA. We had a lot of work to finish up last night, and we had to clear away this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Never mind so long as you are come. Sit by the fire, my dear, and have a warm.

FIRST YOUNG CRATCHIT. There 's father! Hide, Martha!

SECOND YOUNG CRATCHIT. Hide, Martha, hide!

[*Martha hides. Enter* BOB *with* TINY TIM *upon his shoulder. Tim carries a little crutch.*]

BOB. Home from church, mother — safe and sound! Why, where 's our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Not coming.

BOB. Not coming!

TINY TIM. Not coming!

BOB. Not coming on Christmas Day?

[*Martha rushes out, laughing. All laugh. Martha hugs Bob; takes Tiny Tim in her arms and carries him to the fireplace.*]

MRS. CRATCHIT (*to Young Cratchits*). Fetch the goose, you two! Be careful, be most careful!

(*Exit Young Cratchits, shouting. Mrs. Cratchit and Bob talk in low voices aside.*)

How did little Tim behave in church?

BOB. As good as gold, and better. He told me coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well now, is n't that strange!

BOB. He said it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT (*wiping her eyes*). Well — well —

[*Enter the two* YOUNG CRATCHITS *with the baked goose.*]

YOUNG CRATCHITS. The goose! The goose!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Dear! dear! Is n't it beautiful!

[*She places it proudly upon the table. All cross to look at it.*]

BOB. There never was such a goose!

BELINDA. Did you ever see such a fat goose?

PETER. Did you ever see such a large goose?

MARTHA. I know it 's going to be tender.

TINY TIM. Does n't it smell beautiful?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Bring your potatoes, Peter. Belinda, sweeten the apple sauce. Put up the chairs, Young Cratchits. Martha, you pour the water.

[*Bustle and confusion. At last, glasses are filled; all sit down. Bob rises and lifts his glass.*]

BOB. A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!

TINY TIM. God bless us, every one!

[*All drink to the toast. Bob lifts his glass again.*]

BOB. Here 's to the health of Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!

Mrs. Cratchit. The Founder of the Feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon. I'd tell him to his face that he makes you work much too hard, Mr. Cratchit, and pays you far too little.

Bob. My dear — the children — Christmas Day.

Mrs. Cratchit. Well, he is a stingy, hard, unfeeling man. You know he is — nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

Bob. My dear — Christmas Day —

Mrs. Cratchit. I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his.

(*Holds up her glass.*)

Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

[*All drink, but without heart or interest. The dinner is served, and the Cratchits eat.*]

Scrooge. It is plain that I am the Ogre here, even to Tiny Tim there.

Spirit. Do you deserve anything better?

Scrooge. No, not even that my name be mentioned. I wish I could do something for Tiny Tim — he is so delicate. Tell me, Spirit, if he will live.

Spirit. What difference does it make? If he be like to die, he had better do it and decrease the surplus population.

Scrooge. I regret I ever spoke such words — I egret them deeply, Spirit.

Spirit. Is it for you to say what the surplus is and where it is? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than this poor man's child.

(*Scrooge hangs his head, overcome with penitence and grief. Pause.*)

Come, another scene awaits you.

[*The scene fades into darkness.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *home of Scrooge's Nephew; the cheerful living room.*

[*Scrooge's* NEPHEW, *the Nephew's* WIFE, *the Wife's two* SISTERS, TOPPER, *and several* FRIENDS *are gathered around the fireplace. Enter the* SPIRIT of CHRISTMAS PRESENT *with* SCROOGE.]

NEPHEW. Ha, ha, ha! He said Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it, too!

WIFE. More shame for him!

TOPPER. They say he is very rich.

NEPHEW. His wealth is of no use to him. He does n't do any good with it. He does n't even make himself comfortable.

WIFE. I have no patience with him!

PLUMP SISTER. No, nor I!

THIN SISTER. Nor I!

NEPHEW. Oh, I have! I am sorry for him. I could n't be angry with him if I tried. I mean to wish him a Merry Christmas every year, whether he likes it or not. And now, my friends, I propose a game. What do you say to *Yes* and *No?*

Others. Splendid! Fine!

Nephew. I'll begin. Now then — I am thinking of something. What is it? Remember that I can only answer Yes or No.

Wife. Is it a bird?

Nephew. No.

Plump Sister. Is it a fish?

Nephew. No.

Thin Sister. Is it an animal?

Nephew. Yes.

Topper. Is it a live animal.

Nephew. Yes.

A Friend. Will it fetch or carry?

Nephew. No.

Second Friend. Is it a pet?

Nephew. Pet? Ha, ha! No one would dare to touch it! No one would care to touch it!

Wife. Does it live in London?

Nephew. Yes.

Third Friend. Is it in a menagerie?

Nephew. No.

Plump Sister. Is it led about the streets?

Nephew. No.

Topper. Is it ever killed for market?

Nephew. No. Ha, ha!

Thin Sister. Is it a horse?

NEPHEW. No.

FIRST FRIEND. Is it a tiger?

NEPHEW. No.

SECOND FRIEND. Is it a bear?

NEPHEW. No.

THIRD FRIEND. Is it a pig?

NEPHEW. It is both a bear and a pig. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Can't you guess it? Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WIFE. I know what it is! I know what it is!

OTHERS. What? What?

WIFE. It is your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!

NEPHEW (*nodding*). Uncle Scrooge.

OTHERS. Ha, ha, ha!

NEPHEW. Well, here 's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!

SPIRIT. Come. My time on earth is almost done. Come, come.

[*Darkness hides the scene.*]

SCENE IV

TIME: *a few minutes later.*
PLACE: *a miserable room in a hovel.*

[*Two starving* CHILDREN *are crouching over a single coal in grate. They are yellow, ragged, scowling, wolfish.*]

SPIRIT. To these I shall become visible.

[*He holds his torch aloft. The Children run to him and cling to his robe.*]

SCROOGE. They are starving!

SPIRIT. There are many such.

SCROOGE. Can nothing be done for them?

SPIRIT. There are prisons and the workhouse.

SCROOGE. I repent those cruel words! Remove me, Spirit! I would aid these poor children here at once. Come, let us hence! Let us hence!

SPIRIT. Nay, you must go with the Spirit that comes. My task is done — farewell.

[*It disappears with the Children. Enter slowly the* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME. *It is tall, stately — draped and hooded in black. It comes to Scrooge, but does not speak. Pause.*]

SCROOGE. Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

(*The Spirit points onward.*)

You will show me shadows of the things that will happen in the time to come, will you not?

(*The Spirit inclines its head; points onward.*)

Lead on, Spirit — lead on! I will follow.

[*The Spirit goes. Scrooge follows.*]

ACT IV

EBENEZER SCROOGE.	SECOND MERCHANT.
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME.	THIRD MERCHANT.
	FOURTH MERCHANT.
FIRST MERCHANT.	FIFTH MERCHANT.

OTHER MERCHANTS.

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *business part of London; the Merchants' Exchange.*

[*Merchants are seen talking in groups.* SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME *enters with* SCROOGE *and leads him to one of the groups.*]

FIRST MERCHANT. I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.

SECOND MERCHANT. When did he die?

FIRST MERCHANT. Last night, I believe.

THIRD MERCHANT. What was the matter with him?

FIRST MERCHANT (*yawning*). I didn't ask.

THIRD MERCHANT. It's likely to be a queer funeral. I don't know of anybody to go to it.

FOURTH MERCHANT. Nor I. He has no friends here on 'Change.

FIFTH MERCHANT. He made friends with no one. He was solitary as an oyster.

FIRST MERCHANT. I shan't miss him in the least.

SECOND MERCHANT. No, nor I!

THIRD MERCHANT. Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone — old Scrooge!

SCROOGE. Scrooge! Are they talking about me, Spirit?

FIFTH MERCHANT. Well, I must go. Cold, is n't it?

OTHERS. Yes — yes —

[*They separate and stroll away.*]

SCROOGE. Spirit, hear me! Why do you show me this if I am past all hope? Spirit, I am not the man I was. I will honor Christmas in my heart. I will try to keep it all the year. Tell me it is not too late! Speak to me, Spirit — I pray you!

(*Spirit begins to glide away.*)

Spirit, stay! Tell me it is not too late! Spirit, tell me — tell me!

(*Spirit disappears. Scrooge sobs.*)

It is too late — too late — too late —

ACT V

Ebenezer Scrooge.	A Little Girl.
A Boy.	A Portly Gentleman.
A Young Lady.	A Beggar.
A Young Gentleman.	Scrooge's Nephew.
An Old Lady.	Bob Cratchit.

Scene I

Time: *the next morning.*
Place: *Scrooge's sitting-room.*

[*Scrooge sits sleeping by the hearth; the fire is now out.*]

Scrooge (*in sleep*). Spirit — Spirit — stay! Not too late — tell me — not too late —

(*The church bells ring merrily. Scrooge wakes, rises, looks about; is astonished.*)

What! What! My own room — my chair — my table — my rug! They are here — I am here! There's the door by which Marley entered! There's the window where the Spirits went forth! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened! Ha, ha, ha! Why — I feel so different — I am as light as a feather — I am as happy as an angel — I am as merry as a schoolboy!

(*Laughs again heartily.*)

I don't know what day it is! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind, I don't care — I'd rather be a baby. Whoop! Whoop! Hurrah!

(*Runs to window and opens it.*)

Glorious day — golden sunlight — heavenly sky — sweet, fresh air — oh, glorious, glorious!

(*Leans out window and calls.*)

What's today, my lad?

Boy (*without*). Eh?

Scrooge. What's today, my fine fellow?

Boy. Why, Christmas Day!

Scrooge. Here's a shilling for you, my lad!

[*Throws money out.*]

Boy. Thank you, sir! Merry Christmas!

Scrooge. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Will you come in, my lad? I'd like to speak with you.

Boy. Coming!

[*Scrooge goes to door, unlocks and opens it. Church bells ring out merrily. Scrooge listens with delight.*]

Scrooge. Glorious — glorious! Wonderful bells!

It 's Christmas Day for a certainty. I have n't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like — of course they can. (*Enter* Boy — *a little chap in his Sunday clothes.*)

Ah, my lad, now do you know the Poulterer's in the next street?

Boy. I should hope I did.

Scrooge. You intelligent boy! Now do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey? Not the little prize turkey — the big one?

Boy. The one as big as me?

Scrooge. Yes, my lad. What a delightful boy you are! It 's a pleasure to know you.

Boy. It 's hanging there now.

Scrooge. Go and buy it. Tell 'em to send it to Mr. Bob Cratchit, Camden Town. Do you hear that? Mr. Bob Cratchit — Camden.

Boy. Yes, sir — I 'll tell 'em.

Scrooge. It 's a surprise — no names to be mentioned.

Boy. You 're a jolly one, sir!

Scrooge (*chuckling*). Am I, now? Do you think so? You 're a wonderful boy. And here 's the money for the turkey. And here 's half-a-crown for yourself, my lad.

Boy. Thank you, sir. I 'm off!

[*Exit, running.*]

Scrooge. And now to dress myself in my best! I 'll go to church this glorious day! I 'll dine with my nephew after! Oh, Jacob Marley, Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! You have saved me, Jacob — you have saved me!

SCENE II

TIME: *three hours later.*
PLACE: *street in front of a church.*

[*Scrooge in his "best," comes from the church with the other worshipers. He smiles on everyone.*]

A YOUNG LADY. Merry Christmas, sir!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Nice girl — very!

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Fine young man!

AN OLD LADY. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! (*Aside.*) Splendid old lady — splendid!

A LITTLE GIRL. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas, my dear! (*Aside.*) What a beautiful child!

(*Enter* PORTLY GENTLEMAN.)

My dear sir, how do you do? (*Shaking the Portly Gentleman by the hand.*) I hope you succeeded yesterday. Will you have the goodness to put me down for —

[*Whispers to Portly Gentleman, who shows astonishment.*]

GENTLEMAN. My dear Mr. Scrooge! Are you serious?

SCROOGE. Not a farthing less! A great many back payments are included, I assure you.

GENTLEMAN. My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such munificence.

SCROOGE. Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

GENTLEMAN. I will!

(*He shakes Scrooge's hand heartily.*)

Bless you, sir! Bless you!

[*Exit Portly Gentleman. A* BEGGAR *passes. Scrooge hastens after him.*]

SCROOGE. Why did n't you ask me for alms as you passed?

BEGGAR. Ask you? Why—you 're old Scrooge!

SCROOGE. I 'm new Scrooge, my man—new Scrooge! Here (*giving money*)—and a Merry Christmas to you!

[*Exit Scrooge. Beggar looks after him, shaking his head.*]

BEGGAR. He 's off a bit in his head—old Scrooge.

SCENE III

TIME: *the following morning.*
PLACE: *Scrooge's office.*

[SCROOGE *enters from street; removes hat and* *overcoat; mends fire, heaping on all the coal in scuttle. Enter his* NEPHEW.]

NEPHEW. Good morning, uncle!

SCROOGE. Why, good morning, my boy! Good morning!

NEPHEW. I thought I'd just look in on my way to work and see how you felt this morning.

SCROOGE. Never better, never! That was a glorious Christmas dinner, my boy. And then the games afterwards — ha, ha! Wonderful — wonderful!

NEPHEW. I am so glad you enjoyed them.

SCROOGE. Your wife is very charming, Nephew. Her sisters are charming, too. And what a fine fellow Topper is! Wonderful party, Nephew, wonderful party!

NEPHEW. We want you to come often, Uncle — as often as you would like.

SCROOGE. Thank 'ee, my boy, thank 'ee.

NEPHEW (*looking at clock*). Time for me to be on my way. By-by, Uncle!

SCROOGE. By-by!

(*Exit Nephew. Scrooge looks at clock.*)

Ha, ha! A full quarter after nine! Bob Cratchit is late — a full quarter of an hour, too. Ha, ha! This is the very thing I wanted.

(*He chuckles; goes to desk; works; chuckles again.*)

The very thing I wanted!

(*Enter* BOB, *hurriedly; glances at clock; throws* *off hat and comforter and is at work in an instant. Scrooge growls at him.*)

What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

Bob. I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time.

Scrooge. You are? Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

Bob (*crossing*). It 's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

Scrooge. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, sir. And therefore—I am about to raise your salary!

Bob (*trembling*). What, sir?

Scrooge (*clapping him on the back*). A Merry Christmas! I 'll raise your salary, I tell you! And I mean to do all I can for Tiny Tim — I 've taken a great fancy to him. Now make up the fire, Bob, and buy a larger coal-scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit!

JEAN VALJEAN[1]

PROLOGUE

TIME: *1795.*

PLACE: *France; village of Faverolles.*[2]

JEAN VALJEAN.
MARIE CLAUDE.[3]
A MAN.
SECOND MAN.
THIRD MAN.
A WOMAN.
SECOND WOMAN.
THIRD WOMAN.
BAKER.
OFFICER.
SOLDIERS AND VILLAGERS.

[*A crowd of* VILLAGERS *stand in the main street, in front of the Hall of Justice. Enter* MARIE CLAUDE, *a farmer's wife.*]

MARIE CLAUDE. Has the trial begun?

A MAN. Yes — a half hour ago.

MARIE CLAUDE. How does it go — against him?

SECOND MAN. We do not know. The doors stay closed, as you may see.

A WOMAN. The baker has been called in — he from whom the bread was stolen.

MARIE CLAUDE. Why does he accuse Jean Valjean?

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[1] zhäɴ vȧl zhäɴ′.

[2] fȧv rōl′.

[3] mȧ rē′ klōd′.

SECOND WOMAN. He saw Jean take the bread. He ran after him and caught him.

THIRD WOMAN. Did not this Jean get milk from you?

MARIE CLAUDE. Yes, and paid for every pint. This winter they have not bought their milk from me.

THIRD WOMAN. They have not bought milk from anyone this winter.

MARIE CLAUDE. Why is that?

THIRD MAN. Jean has had no work. And a hard winter it has been, too.

A MAN. Yes, yes — that it has!

THIRD MAN. I know Jean Valjean — there is no better worker anywhere, when work is to be found.

FIRST MAN. That is true — he has made a drudge of himself since he was a lad.

FIRST WOMAN. Aye, he has had to support a sister and her seven little children.

MARIE CLAUDE. 'T was for these children Jean bought milk. He would not drink a drop himself. And listen — he often gave his food to them, and he went hungry to the fields.

SECOND WOMAN. They have been half starved all winter. You have only to see them to know that.

FIRST MAN. Then it was for them he took the bread. He could not bear to see them starving.

MARIE CLAUDE. I believe that, neighbor! He was always honest with me about the milk.

Second Man. Hush — the door opens!

[*Enter the* Baker *from the Hall of Justice. All press forward.*]

Third Man. What news, baker? What news?

Baker. He has been found guilty. He is sentenced to the galleys.

Others (*horrified*). The galleys!

Baker. Aye, for five years.

Marie Claude. That is a terrible punishment for a loaf of bread.

Baker. What would you? Is he not a thief?

Third Woman. He stole for starving children.

Baker. He is a thief — he must be punished by the law.

A Man. Hush — he comes!

[*Enter an* Officer *and* Soldiers *with* Jean Valjean. *He is a young man, worn and thin, but strongly built, and intelligent. They pass through the crowd and down the street.*]

ACT I

Jean Valjean.

A Guard.
Landlord of the Inn
at D——.
A Fisherman.
A Lady.

Her Attendant.
The Bishop of D——.
Mademoiselle, His Sister.
Madame, His Housekeeper.
An Officer.

Soldiers and Villagers.

SCENE I

TIME: *nineteen years later; evening.*
PLACE: *France; village of D——.*

The town gate is seen; a GUARD *marches back and forth. On one side of the street is an inn. Opposite is a cottage.* JEAN VALJEAN *enters the gate. He is now a middle-aged man of wretched appearance — brutal and fierce. He carries a new knapsack on his back and a cudgel in his hand.*]

GUARD. Halt! Your passport, stranger!

(*Jean takes a yellow paper from his coat. The Guard shows sudden interest, as he takes it.*)

Ah — 't is yellow! You are a convict, then?

JEAN (*sullenly*). Yes.

GUARD (*reading passport*). You have been in the galleys, I see.

JEAN. Yes.

GUARD. And you have just been released?

JEAN. Yes.

GUARD. How long were you there?

JEAN. Nineteen years.

GUARD. Nineteen years! Your crime must have been a terrible one!

JEAN. I was sentenced for five years. I tried to escape — they added five years for that. Then I tried again to escape — that gave me nine years longer.

GUARD. Your passport says that you are a dangerous man. (*Handing passport to Jean.*) Why do you come here?

JEAN. For a night's lodging.

GUARD. There is the inn, but I doubt if they will take you.

JEAN. I will try.

[*Jean knocks at the inn door. The* LANDLORD *appears.*]

LANDLORD. What do you wish?

JEAN. Food and lodging for the night.

LANDLORD. Nothing easier — if you can pay.

JEAN. I have money.

[*He shows money.*]

LANDLORD. We are at your service.

JEAN. Will supper be ready soon?

LANDLORD. Immediately.

JEAN. I will wait here.

[*He sits on a bench with his back to the gate. The Guard beckons to the Landlord, who crosses and whispers with him aside. The Landlord crosses to Jean.*]

LANDLORD. I cannot receive you here.

JEAN. What! Are you afraid I will not pay you?

LANDLORD. It is not that.

JEAN. What, then?

LANDLORD. I have no room.

JEAN. Put me in the stable.

LANDLORD. I cannot.

JEAN. Why?

LANDLORD. The horses take up all the space.

JEAN. Very well, a corner of the loft, then, a truss of straw. We will see about it after supper.

LANDLORD. I cannot give you supper.

JEAN. But I am dying of hunger! I have been walking since sunrise. I pay — I wish to eat.

LANDLORD. I have nothing.

[*Jean rises and looks through the window.*]

JEAN. Nothing! And all that?

LANDLORD. All that is engaged.

JEAN. By whom?

LANDLORD. By the wagoners.

JEAN. How many are there?

LANDLORD. Twelve.

JEAN. There is food enough there for twenty!

LANDLORD. They have engaged it all and have paid for it in advance.

JEAN (*sitting*). I am at an inn; I am hungry, and I shall remain.

LANDLORD (*in low voice, but sternly*). Go away!

JEAN. Why should I go away?

LANDLORD. Stop! We have had talk enough. You are Jean Valjean — you are a convict — in your pocket is a yellow passport. Do you deny this?

(*Pause. Jean stares at Landlord dumbly.*)

Go!

JEAN. Where shall I go?

LANDLORD. Elsewhere.

JEAN. There is no other inn for miles around.

LANDLORD. You can sleep in the open.

JEAN. There is a cold wind blowing down from the mountains now. I am chilled through as I stand here.

LANDLORD. Go away! Go away, I tell you!

(*As Jean picks up his knapsack, several* GUESTS *appear at door of inn. The Landlord whispers to them, pointing to Jean.*)

He is a convict from the galleys — a very dangerous man. Come within — there 's danger to be near him.

[*The Guests disappear. The Landlord closes the door. As Jean starts away, a* FISHERMAN *with his net enters the gate.*]

JEAN. Pardon me, sir. Could you give me a bed in your home tonight?

FISHERMAN. Who are you, stranger?

JEAN. I come from the coast. Will you take me? I can pay.

FISHERMAN. Why do you not go to the inn there?

JEAN. There is no room.

FISHERMAN. Bah! Impossible. This is neither a fair nor a market day. Why would they not take you in?

JEAN (*shaking head*). They would not receive me.

FISHERMAN. Then something is wrong. Did you not have a passport?

JEAN. Yes.

FISHERMAN. Let me see it.

(*Jean reluctantly produces his yellow passport. The Fisherman starts.*)

Ah! 'Tis yellow! Then you must be a —

JEAN (*hurriedly*). I will pay you well, sir! I pray you to take me in! I am starving!

FISHERMAN (*going*). No — no!

JEAN. For pity's sake — a glass of water!

FISHERMAN. No—no!

[*Exit hastily. Jean throws himself on the ground; puts his knapsack under his head. Pause. Several* VILLAGERS *leave the inn and hurry off. Enter a* LADY *with a woman* ATTENDANT.]

LADY. 'T was a beautiful service. The good Bishop never spoke better.

ATTENDANT. 'T was indeed beautiful, madame.

LADY (*discovering Jean*). Why, what are you doing there, good friend?

JEAN (*gruffly*). I am sleeping.

LADY. On the ground — this cold night?

JEAN. I have slept on wood for nineteen years.

LADY. You have been a soldier?

JEAN. Yes — yes, a soldier.

LADY. Why do you not go to the inn?

JEAN. I — I have no money.

LADY (*to Attendant*). My purse, please.

ATTENDANT. You gave all you had to the Bishop, madame.

LADY. So I did! You must not spend the night here, stranger.

JEAN. I have knocked at all doors. I have been driven away from everywhere.

LADY. You have knocked at all doors, you say?

JEAN. Yes.

LADY (*pointing to cottage*). Have you knocked at that door?

JEAN. No.

LADY. Knock there.

[*Exit with Attendant. Jean rises and stands irresolutely before the cottage door.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *the same evening.*

PLACE: *village of D—— ; dining room of the Bishop's house.*

[*The room is poorly furnished, but orderly. A door at the back opens on the street. At one side, a window overlooks the garden ; at the other, curtains hang before an alcove.* MADEMOISELLE, *the Bishop's* SISTER, *a sweet-faced lady, sits by the fire, knitting.* MADAME, *his* HOUSEKEEPER, *is laying the table for supper.*]

MLLE. Has the Bishop returned from the service?

MADAME. Yes, Mademoiselle. He is in his room, reading. Shall I call him?

MLLE. No, do not disturb him — he will come in good time — when supper is ready.

MADAME. Dear me — I forgot to get bread when I went out today.

MLLE. Go to the baker's, then; we will wait.

[*Exit Madame. Pause. Enter the* BISHOP. *He is an old man, gentle and kindly.*]

BISHOP. I hope I have not kept you waiting, sister.

MLLE. No, brother, Madame has just gone out for bread. She forgot it this morning.

BISHOP (*having seated himself by the fire.*) The wind blows cold from the mountains tonight.

MLLE. (*nodding*). All day it has been growing colder.

BISHOP. 'T will bring great suffering to the poor.

MLLE. Who suffer too much already.

BISHOP. I would I could help them more than I do!

MLLE. You give all you have, my brother. You keep nothing for yourself — you have only bare necessities.

BISHOP. Well, I have sent in a bill for carriage hire in making pastoral visits.

MLLE. Carriage hire! I did not know you ever rode. Now I am glad to hear that. A bishop should go in state sometimes. I venture to say your bill is small.

BISHOP. Three thousand francs.

MLLE. Three thousand francs! Why, I cannot believe it!

Bishop. Here is the bill.

Mlle. (*reading bill*). What is this!

Expenses of Carriage

For furnishing soup to hospital	1,500	francs
For charitable society of D ——	500	"
For foundlings	500	"
For orphans	500	"
Total	3,000	francs

So! that is your carriage hire! Ha, ha! I might have known it!

[*They laugh together. Enter* Madame, *excited, with bread.*]

Madame. Such news as I have heard! The whole town is talking about it! We should have locks put on our doors at once!

Mlle. What is it, Madame? What have you heard?

Madame. They say there is a suspicious vagabond in the town. The inn-keeper refused to take him in. They say he is a released convict who once committed an awful crime.

[*The Bishop is looking into the fire, paying no attention to Madame.*]

Mlle. Do you hear what Madame is saying, brother?

Bishop. Only a little. Are we in danger, Madame?

Madame. There is a convict in town, your Reverence!

Bishop. Do you fear we shall be robbed?

Madame. I do, indeed!

Bishop. Of what?

Madame. There are the six silver plates and the silver soup-ladle and the two silver candlesticks.

Bishop. All of which we could do without.

Madame. Do without!

Mlle. 'T would be a great loss, brother. We could not treat a guest as is our wont.

Bishop. Ah, there you have me, sister. I love to see the silver laid out for every guest who comes here. And I like the candles lighted, too; it makes a brighter welcome.

Mlle. A bishop's house should show some state.

Bishop. Aye — to every stranger! Henceforth, I should like every one of our six plates on the table whenever we have a guest here.

Mlle. All of them?

Madame. For one guest?

Bishop. Yes — we have no right to hide treasures. Each guest shall enjoy all that we have.

Madame. Then 't is time we should look to the locks on the doors, if we would keep our silver. I'll go for the locksmith now —

Bishop. Stay! This house shall not be locked against any man! Would you have me lock out my brothers?

(*A loud knock is heard at street door.*)

Come in!

[*Enter* JEAN VALJEAN, *with his knapsack and cudgel. The women are frightened.*]

JEAN (*roughly*). See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I was set free four days ago, and I am looking for work. I hoped to find a lodging here, but no one will have me. It was the same way yesterday and the day before. Tonight a good woman told me to knock at your door. I have knocked. Is this an inn?

BISHOP. Madame, put on another plate.

JEAN. Stop! You do not understand, I think. Here is my passport — see what it says: "Jean Valjean, discharged convict, has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for theft; fourteen years for having attempted to escape. He is a very dangerous man." There! you know it all. I ask only for straw in your stable.

BISHOP. Madame, you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove.

(*Exit Madame. The Bishop turns to Jean.*)

We shall dine presently. Sit here by the fire, sir.

JEAN. What! You will keep me? You call me "sir"! Oh! I am going to dine! I am to have a bed with sheets like the rest of the world — a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! I will pay anything you ask. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, are you not?

BISHOP. I am a priest who lives here.

JEAN. A priest! Ah, yes — I ask your pardon — I did n't notice your cap and gown.

BISHOP. Be seated near the fire, sir.

[*Jean deposits his knapsack, repeating to himself with delight.*]

JEAN. He calls me *sir* — *sir*. (*Aloud.*) You will require me to pay, will you not?

BISHOP. No, keep your money. How much have you?

JEAN. One hundred and nine francs.

BISHOP. How long did it take you to earn it?

JEAN. Nineteen years.

BISHOP (*sadly*). Nineteen years — the best part of your life!

JEAN. Aye, the best part — I am now forty-six. A beast of burden would have earned more.

BISHOP. This lamp gives a very bad light, sister.

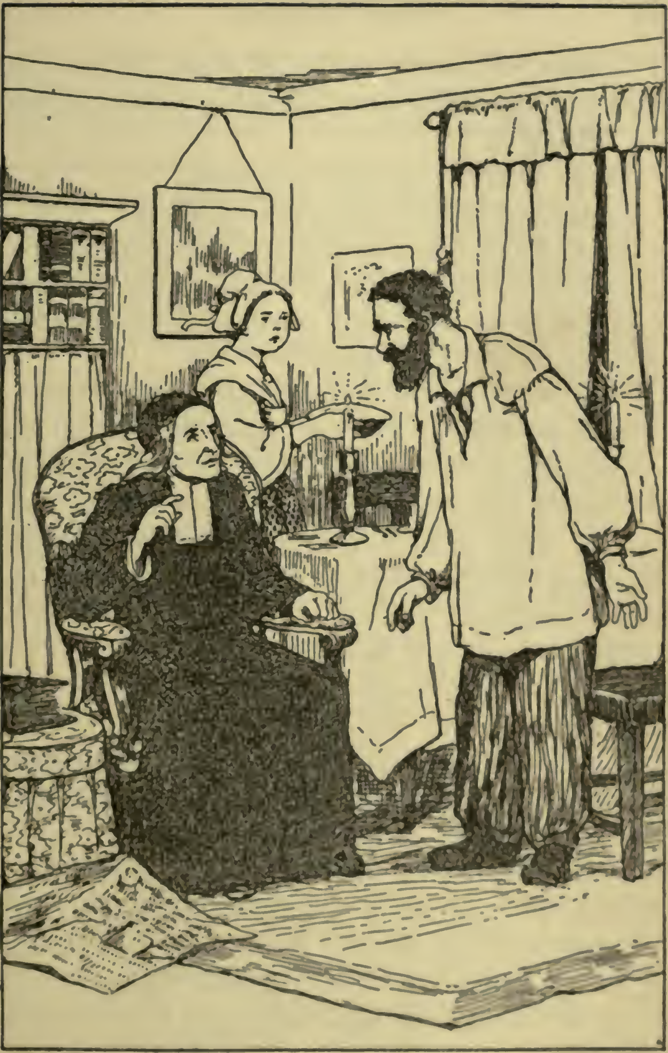
[*Mlle. gets the two candlesticks from the mantel, lights them, and places them on the table.*]

JEAN. Ah, but you are good! You don't despise me. You light your candles for me — you treat me as a guest — and I've told you where I come from, who I am!

BISHOP. This house does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer — you are hungry — you are welcome.

JEAN. I cannot understand it —

BISHOP. This house is home to the man who needs a refuge. So, sir, this is your house now more than



"NINETEEN YEARS! AND NOW THE YELLOW PASSPORT!"

it is mine. Whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it.

JEAN. What! You knew my name!

BISHOP. Yes, your name is — Brother.

JEAN. Stop! I cannot bear it — you are so good —

[*He buries his face in his hands. Enter* MADAME *with dishes for the table; she continues passing in and out, preparing supper.*]

BISHOP. You have suffered much, sir —

JEAN (*nodding*). The red shirt, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the whip, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word — even when sick in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are happier! Nineteen years! and now the yellow passport!

BISHOP. Yes, you have suffered.

JEAN (*with violence*). I hate this world of laws and courts! I hate the men who rule it! For nineteen years my soul has had only thoughts of hate. For nineteen years I've planned revenge. Do you hear? Revenge — revenge!

BISHOP. It is not strange that you should feel so. And if you continue to harbor those thoughts, you are only deserving of pity. But listen, my brother; if, in spite of all you have passed through, your thoughts could be of peace and love, you would be better than any one of us.

[*Pause. Jean reflects.*]

JEAN (*speaking violently*). No, no! I do not belong to your world of men. I am apart — a different creature from you all. The galleys made me different. I'll have nothing to do with any of you!

MADAME. The supper, your Reverence.

[*The Bishop glances at the table.*]

BISHOP. It strikes me there is something missing from this table.

[*Madame hesitates.*]

MLLE. Madame, do you not understand?

[*Madame steps to a cupboard, gets the remaining silver plates, and places them on the table.*]

BISHOP (*gaily, turning to Jean*). To table then, my friend! To table!

[*Jean remains for a moment, standing doggedly apart; then he steps over to the chair awaiting him, jerks it back, and sinks into it, without looking up.*]

SCENE III

TIME: *daybreak the next morning.*
PLACE: *the Bishop's dining room.*

[*The room is dark, except for a faint light that comes in through window curtains.* JEAN VALJEAN *creeps in from the alcove. He carries his knapsack and cudgel in one hand; in the other, his shoes. He opens the window overlooking the garden; the room becomes lighter. Jean steps to the mantel and lifts a silver candlestick.*]

Jean (*whispering*). Two hundred francs — double what I have earned in nineteen years!

(*He puts it in his knapsack; takes up the other candlestick; shudders, and sets it down again.*)

No, no, he is good — he called me "sir" —

(*He stands still, staring before him, his hand still gripping the candlestick. Suddenly he straightens up; speaks bitterly.*)

Why not? 'T is easy to give a bed and food! Why does n't he keep men from the galleys? Nineteen years for a loaf of bread!

(*Pauses a moment, then resolutely puts both candlesticks into his bag; steps to the cupboard and takes out the silver plates and the ladle, and slips them into the bag.*)

All solid — I should gain at least one thousand francs. 'T is due me — due me for all these years!

(*Closes the bag. Pause.*)

No — not the candles — I owe him that much —

[*He puts the candlesticks on mantel; takes up cudgel, knapsack, and shoes; jumps out window and disappears. Pause. Enter* Madame. *She shivers; discovers the open window.*]

Madame. Why is that window open? I closed it last night myself. Oh! Could it be possible?

(*Crosses and looks at open cupboard.*)

It is gone!

[*Enter the* Bishop *from his room.*]

Bishop. Good morning, Madame!

Madame. Your Reverence! The silver is gone! Where is that man?

Bishop. In the alcove sleeping, I suppose.

(*Madame runs to curtains of alcove and looks in. Enter* Mademoiselle. *Madame turns.*)

He is gone!

Mlle. Gone?

Madame. Aye, gone — gone! He has stolen our silver, the beautiful plates and the ladle! I'll inform the police at once!

[*Starts off. The Bishop stops her.*]

Bishop. Wait! — Let me ask you this — was that silver ours?

Madame. Why — why not?

Bishop. Because it has always belonged to the poor. I have withheld it wrongfully.

Mlle. Its loss makes no difference to Madame or me.

Madame. Oh, no! But what is your Reverence to eat from now?

Bishop. Are there no pewter plates?

Madame. Pewter has an odor.

Bishop. Iron ones, then.

Madame. Iron has a taste.

Bishop. Well, then, wooden plates.

(*A knock is heard at street door.*)

Come in.

[*Enter an* Officer *and two* Soldiers, *dragging in* Jean Valjean.]

Officer. Your Reverence, we found your silver on this man.

Bishop. Why not? I gave it to him. I am glad to see you again, Jean. Why did you not take the candlesticks, too?

Jean (*trembling*). Your Reverence —

Bishop. I told you everything in this house was yours, my brother.

Officer. Ah, then what he said was true. But, of course, we did not believe him. We saw him creeping from your garden —

Bishop. It is all right, I assure you. This man is a friend of mine.

Officer. Then we can let him go?

Bishop. Certainly.

[*Soldiers step back.*]

Jean (*trembling*). I am free?

Officer. Yes! You can go. Do you not understand?

[*Steps back.*]

Bishop (*to Jean*). My friend, before you go away — here are your candlesticks (*going to the mantel and bringing the candlesticks*); take them.

(*Jean takes the candlesticks, seeming not to know what he is doing.*)

By the way, my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. The front door is closed only with a latch, day or night. (*To the*

Officer and Soldiers.) Gentlemen, you may withdraw.

[*Exit Officer and Soldiers.*]

Jean (*recoiling and holding out the candlesticks*). No — no— I — I —

Bishop. Say no more; I understand. You felt that they were all owing to you from a world that had used you ill. Keep them, my friend, keep them. I would I had more to give you. It is small recompense for nineteen years.

(*Jean stands bewildered, looking down at the candlesticks in his hands.*)

They will add something to your hundred francs. But do not forget, never forget, that you have promised to use the money in becoming an honest man.

Jean. I — promised — ?

Bishop (*not heeding*). Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you: I withdraw it from thoughts of hatred and revenge — I give it to peace and hope and God.

[*Jean stands as if stunned, staring at the Bishop, then turns and walks unsteadily from the room.*]

ACT II

Father Madeleine.

Javert.	Housekeeper to Father Madeleine.
King's Officer.	

A Man.
Second Man.
Third Man.
A Woman.
Second Woman.
Third Woman.
Judge.
Prosecuting Attorney.
Prisoner.
Brevet.[1]
Chenil.[2]
Usher.

Lawyers, Jurors, Clerks, Citizens of Rank,
Townspeople of M——.

Scene I

Time: *eight years later.*

Place: *France, town of M——; courtyard of Father Madeleine's residence.*

[*The door bell rings. The* Housekeeper *enters from the house and opens a door in the courtyard wall, opening on the street. A crowd of* Townspeople *pour in, excitedly.*]

A Man. Where is Father Madeleine?

A Woman. Is he here — at home?

Housekeeper. Yes. What do you want of him? What has happened?

A Man. An officer has come from the King!

Second Man. He has been inquiring for Father Madeleine.

Third Man. 'T is said the King has appointed Father Madeleine Mayor of M——. The officer is on his way here now.

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[1] brĕ vā'

[2] shĕ'nēl'

HOUSEKEEPER. Well, it is not the first time the King has sent an officer here.

A WOMAN. 'T is true — the King wanted to make Father Madeleine our Mayor last year.

HOUSEKEEPER. And he refused.

SECOND WOMAN. No one else would have done so.

THIRD WOMAN. Father Madeleine cares not for honors, it seems.

A MAN. He is a very strange man.

SECOND MAN. Aye, he is strange. Look you how he refused the Legion of Honor, offered him by his Majesty himself, because of his wonderful inventions.

THIRD MAN. No one understands him. He is invited everywhere, but he lives here in solitude.

HOUSEKEEPER. Solitude? No. He loves books — he reads them constantly.

A WOMAN. 'T is said he has become very rich.

SECOND WOMAN. He must be — he is constantly building larger factories.

HOUSEKEEPER. Yes — where any one who is hungry can find employment and bread.

THIRD WOMAN. That is true. Before Father Madeleine came, there was wretchedness everywhere; now there is no one who has not money enough for bread.

HOUSEKEEPER. Aye! Whom has he not helped? Whom does he not continue to help? And all he asks in return is honesty.

Second Man. That is true, that is true.

Housekeeper. He forever thinks of the good of you all — he never gives one thought to himself Where there is trouble, there is Father Madeleine. He supports the sick, he buries the dead. He is all gentleness and kindness and love. Is that what makes him seem strange to you?

Third Man. Peace, good woman. All here are Father Madeleine's friends.

Second Woman. Aye! We all love him just as you do. But sometimes we feel that we know too little about him. Whence came he? What is his story?

Housekeeper. I know as little as you of that. One day, eight years ago, he came to this town — a poor man, in a blouse, and on his back a knapsack. You remember?

Others. Yes, yes!

Housekeeper. He was industrious, he made inventions, he prospered, — he has showered his millions on you all. That is all I know about him.

Third Woman. There 's something I have noticed, friends.

Others. What? What?

Third Woman. You remember that the good Bishop of D—— died last month?

Others. Yes.

Third Woman. Since that day Father Madeleine has been in mourning.

FIRST WOMAN. 'T is true! He must be a relative of the sainted Bishop.

HOUSEKEEPER. No — I thought that myself and asked him.

FIRST MAN. What did he say?

HOUSEKEEPER. Merely that he was a servant in the Bishop's house once. And now, if the King means to honor him, 't is well. There 's no honor that could repay his goodness — to us all, to us all!

[*Enter the* KING'S OFFICER *and* JAVERT, *a police inspector.*]

JAVERT. Madame, we seek Father Madeleine.

[*Enter* FATHER MADELEINE *from the house. He is Jean Valjean, but is a changed man — is softened and kindly and noble.*]

HOUSEKEEPER. Here is Father Madeleine.

PEOPLE (*joyfully*). Father Madeleine! Father Madeleine!

JAVERT (*sternly*). Silence! Father Madeleine, the King's officer, with a message from the King!

[*Madeleine bows. The Officer produces a paper with red seals.*]

OFFICER. Sir, the King sends you for the second time your appointment to the mayoralty of M——. I await your answer.

MADELEINE. I cannot accept.

OFFICER. His Majesty urges your acceptance. sir. He has heard of your services to the whole country round, of your factories that have enriched the district, of the schools and hospitals you have established, of your charities that are unending. But above all, sir, the people clamor for your leadership.

MADELEINE. I can be as useful in a private way.

OFFICER. Sir, the King bade me take no refusal.

A WOMAN. A good mayor is our greatest need!

PEOPLE. Aye! Aye!

MADELEINE (*to Officer*). Sir, it seems to be my duty — I accept his Majesty's appointment.

[*The Officer hands Madeleine the paper.*]

OFFICER. Mayor of M——, I salute you!

PEOPLE. Hurrah! Mayor Madeleine! Mayor Madeleine!

[*Exit Officer.*]

MADELEINE. My people, you have long called me "Father," and it has pleased me that you let me help you as if you were my children. I am now Mayor of M——, that is true, — but to you let me be always Father Madeleine.

PEOPLE (*waving hats and hands*). Yes, yes! Father Madeleine — always Father Madeleine!

[*More prominent of the Townspeople crowd around Father Madeleine, shaking his hand. Others go, still waving caps, etc. Exit all but Javert and Madeleine.*]

JAVERT. Your Honor, I ask to be dismissed from the service.

MADELEINE. Dismissed from the service! — But why, Javert? You are a famous police inspector.

Javert. I have made a great mistake — I am no longer worthy of my post.

Madeleine. Explain yourself, Javert.

Javert. Mr. Mayor, I have been suspecting you.

Madeleine. Suspecting me? Of what?

Javert. Of being — an ex-convict.

Madeleine. What is that you say?

Javert. I was, at one time, an inspector among the galleys. I rarely forget a face or a name. When I saw you, I was struck by the resemblance.

Madeleine (*hesitatingly*). Resemblance — to whom?

Javert. To a certain Jean Valjean.

Madeleine. A certain — what did you say the name was?

Javert. Jean Valjean. Upon his release he robbed the Bishop of D——, who, strangely enough, tried to protect him. Nevertheless, the magistrates sought for him far and wide, but in vain. That was eight years ago. For a long time I was certain that you were that man. In fact, I denounced you yesterday at headquarters.

Madeleine. And what reply did you receive?

Javert. That I was mad.

Madeleine. Well?

Javert. Well, they were right. The real Jean Valjean has just been found.

Madeleine. Ah!

Javert. They have him in jail now. He is accused of stealing apples from an orchard. He had his pockets full.

Madeleine. A terrible crime!

Javert. For an ex-convict — yes. I have just seen him. He is Jean Valjean. I recognized him at once.

Madeleine. Where is he to be tried?

Javert. They are trying him now. It will mean the galleys for life this time. You see, Mr. Mayor, that it is necessary that I should be dismissed. I denounced you as an ex-convict — you, a respectable man — a magistrate. For such a mistake there is no excuse. I am not fit to be an officer.

Madeleine. Javert, you are a man of honor. I wish you to retain your post.

Javert. No — I am not fit. I will serve only till my place is filled.

[*Bows and goes. Pause.*]

Madeleine (*sadly*). Jean Valjean — unfortunate name — unfortunate man —

[*Enter* Housekeeper.]

Housekeeper. The luncheon is served, your Honor.

Madeleine (*rousing himself from his revery*). I cannot stop for luncheon today. I must go to the Hall of Justice.

Housekeeper. Perhaps you will return soon?

Madeleine. Perhaps.

Housekeeper. The soup is especially good today. Is the case there an important one?

MADELEINE. Yes — one Jean Valjean — about to be sent to the galleys — for life.

HOUSEKEEPER. Poor fellow!

MADELEINE (*resolutely*). Yes — poor fellow! (*Going.*) Poor unhappy fellow!

[*Exit Madeleine to street.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *A few minutes later.*

PLACE: *Hall of Justice; the court room.*

[*The* JUDGE *sits on his bench,* CLERKS *and* LAWYERS *sit near by. On one side is the* PRISONER, *in a box, guarded by* SOLDIERS. *On the other side is the* JURY. *Behind the Judge sit a number of privileged spectators,* CITIZENS OF RANK. *The lower end of the room is filled with* TOWNSPEOPLE. *The Prisoner is a wretched-looking old man; he is confused and frightened.*]

ATT'Y. You have heard the counsel for the defense, and what has he proved to you? Nothing! nothing!

(*Enter* MADELEINE. *He seats himself unnoticed in the rear of the spectators behind the Judge.*)

In fact, the advocate seemed to admit that the prisoner was Jean Valjean — a vagabond and a criminal — a man whom the galleys did not correct. In fact, no sooner was he released than he stole from our sainted Bishop. And now he has committed a second crime; was caught with his hand on the apples. And still the prisoner denies the theft — denies even his own identity. It is only too evident that he is Jean Valjean — his very confusion betrays him. Gentlemen of the Jury, I shall say no more. I lay the case before you.

[*He sits.*]

JUDGE. The prisoner will stand.

(*The Prisoner rises, frightened.*)

Have you anything to add to your defense?

PRISONER. I have stolen nothing, your Honor! I was hungry—I do not have something to eat every day—I found a broken branch with apples, on the ground — I ate the apples. Who would not? I am put in prison for it. You ask me if I was not born in Faverolles. I say Yes. Then you call me Jean Valjean. I don't know that person. You have me confused — I don't know what to say to you. Only, I am not Jean Valjean — I tell you that!

JUDGE. Usher, bring in the witnesses!

USHER (*opening the door and calling*). Brevet!

[*A* SOLDIER *brings in the convict* BREVET.]

JUDGE. Brevet, you are a convict — you cannot take the oath. Still, I trust to your honor to tell the exact truth. A word from you may ruin this man. Brevet, do you recognize this person as your former companion in the galleys, Jean Valjean?

BREVET. Yes, your Honor, that man is Jean Valjean. I was in the galleys when he came. I left a year later. You see how brutal he looks — yes, I recognize him positively.

Judge. Sit down. Prisoner, remain standing. The next witness!

(Chenil *is brought in.*)

Witness, you are a convict, and therefore cannot take the oath. But there must be in you some feeling of justice. The instant is a solemn one. Reflect — do you recognize this prisoner?

Chenil. I knew him at once! We were attached to the same chain for five years. (*To Prisoner.*) So you are sulking, are you, old boy?

Judge. That will do. Sit down. (*To Usher.*) Admit Officer Javert.

(Javert *is admitted.*)

Officer Javert, you will please to take the oath.

(*The Judge and Javert each holds up his right hand for a moment.*)

Officer, you formerly served the state as Inspector of the Galleys, did you not?

Javert. I did, your Honor.

Judge. Did you know the convict Jean Valjean?

Javert. I did, your Honor.

Judge. Is this the man?

Javert. Yes, your Honor.

Judge. You are certain?

Javert. I am positive that he is Jean Valjean.

Judge. Prisoner, you have heard. What have you to say?

Prisoner (*confused*). What do I say? I say nothing — nothing —

Judge. Prisoner, hear your sentence.

Madeleine. (*He has risen and stepped down into the center of the hall before the judges.*) Javert, Brevet, Chenil, look this way. (*Murmurs of recognition in the crowd.*) Do you not recognize me? Gentlemen of the Jury, release the prisoner. Your Honor, order my arrest! I am Jean Valjean!

[*All show astonishment. Silence. Pause.*]

Judge (*gently*). Is there a physician present? If so, will he please attend our beloved and honored Mayor to his home?

Madeleine. I thank your Honor, but I am not mad. I am fulfilling a duty. Release that man! I am Jean Valjean. I concealed myself under the name of Madeleine. I have tried to re-enter the ranks of the honest. It seems that this cannot be. It is true that I was a convict. It is true that I robbed the Bishop of D——. It is true that Jean Valjean was a vicious wretch. Perhaps it was not altogether his fault. The galleys make the galley-slave. Listen, your Honor! I was a poor peasant —I was stupid — the galleys made me vicious — severity ruined me. Later, kindness saved me — took the hatred out of my heart. I have nothing more to say. Take me.

Judge. The Mayor is mad!

Att'y. Yes, yes — he has gone mad!

Madeleine. You do not believe me! Do not condemn that man, at least. Brevet, Chenil, do you not know me? I recognize you well. Brevet, do you not remember those checkered knit suspenders that you wore in the galleys?

(*Brevet starts.*)

Chenil, you have, near the bend in your left arm, a date in blue letters—March 1st, 1815. Pull up your sleeve!

[*Chenil pulls up his sleeve. The Attorney looks at his arm.*]

ATT'Y. It is there.

MADELEINE. You see plainly that I am Jean Valjean.

[*Pause.*]

JUDGE. The prisoner is released.

[*The Prisoner creeps from his box; falls on his knees before Jean Valjean and kisses his coat; arises and leaves the courtroom, sobbing.*]

MADELEINE. Mr. Attorney, I remain at your disposal.

(*Pause. No one stirs. The Judge wipes the tears from his eyes.*)

You do not arrest me? Then I shall withdraw. When I am needed, you know where to find me. (*Starts to go, then pauses.*) You all—all who are here, you are pitying me, are you not? But no! no! when I think what might have happened here, I count myself worthy of your envy!

[*He crosses slowly. The door is opened for him. He goes out, with head erect.*]

THE BLACK PEARL

TIME: *an autumn evening.*

PLACE: *Amsterdam, Holland; living room in the house of Balthazar Van der Lys.*

BALTHAZAR VAN DER LYS,[1] A FASHIONABLE YOUNG HOLLANDER.
CORNELIUS PUMP, A LEARNED SCIENTIST OF AMSTERDAM.
CHRISTINA, SERVING MAID TO VAN DER LYS.
GUDULE,[2] COOK TO VAN DER LYS.
TRICAMP,[3] SERGEANT OF POLICE.
PETERSEN, A POOR MAN.
A BAKER.
FIRST OFFICER.
SECOND OFFICER.
THIRD OFFICER.

[BALTHAZAR VAN DER LYS *sits dozing by an open fire; his newspaper has fallen to the floor. Through an open window at back is heard the rising wind. Pause. There is a bright flash of lightning, then loud thunder. Enter* CHRISTINA. *She is young, pretty, and very small; is much excited.*]

CHRISTINA. Mijnheer! Mijnheer![4]

BALTHAZAR (*waking*). Yes — yes — what?

CHRISTINA. There is a fearful storm coming up! Shall I not close the window?

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[1] bȧl thä′ zer văn′ der lēs′. [2] go͞o′ do͞o lĕ. [3] trē kämp′.

[4] mīn hêr′: the Dutch word of address for Mr., Sir, Master.

[*Lightning and thunder, followed by heavy rain. Christina crosses to close window.*]

BALTHAZAR (*rubbing his eyes*). Why, bless me — it is coming down rather lively!

[*Christina, closing the window, starts, peers out again, and turns quickly to Balthazar.*]

CHRISTINA. Mijnheer, there is your friend!

BALTHAZAR. Who?

CHRISTINA. Mijnheer Cornelius Pump.

BALTHAZAR. Is he coming in?

CHRISTINA. No, Mijnheer—he is just standing there by the canal, in the rain.

(*Balthazar crosses to window and looks out.*)

Has he lost his mind?

BALTHAZAR. Oh, no, Christina! Cornelius Pump is a great scientist, the most learned man of Amsterdam.

CHRISTINA. Then why does he stand in the pouring rain? He 'll be drenched — he 'll catch cold — he 'll have a fever— he 'll die!

BALTHAZAR. That is all true, Christina. I 'll ask him in.

(*He calls from window.*)

Cornelius! Cornelius! Come in!

CHRISTINA. He shakes his head!

BALTHAZAR (*calling*). Oh, but you must come in! You 'll get wet!

CHRISTINA. He laughs at you! He 's quite crazy, Mijnheer!

Balthazar. No, not that; but he is peculiar. All learned men are, Christina.

Christina. That is my opinion, too.

Balthazar. Well, I shall save him, whether he will or no. I shall creep up behind him and push him in — eh, Christina?

Christina. That is fine, Mijnheer! Here is your umbrella — I will hold the door open.

(*Balthazar dashes out. Christina holds door open, watching; she laughs.*)

He has done it!

[*Enter* Cornelius Pump, *pushed in by* Balthazar. *Cornelius is a fine looking young man. He wears an oilskin coat; his hat is dripping water. He is holding to a string with both hands.*]

Cornelius. Don't close the door — I beg you! You will cut my string!

Others. String!

Cornelius. The string of my kite —

Others. Kite!

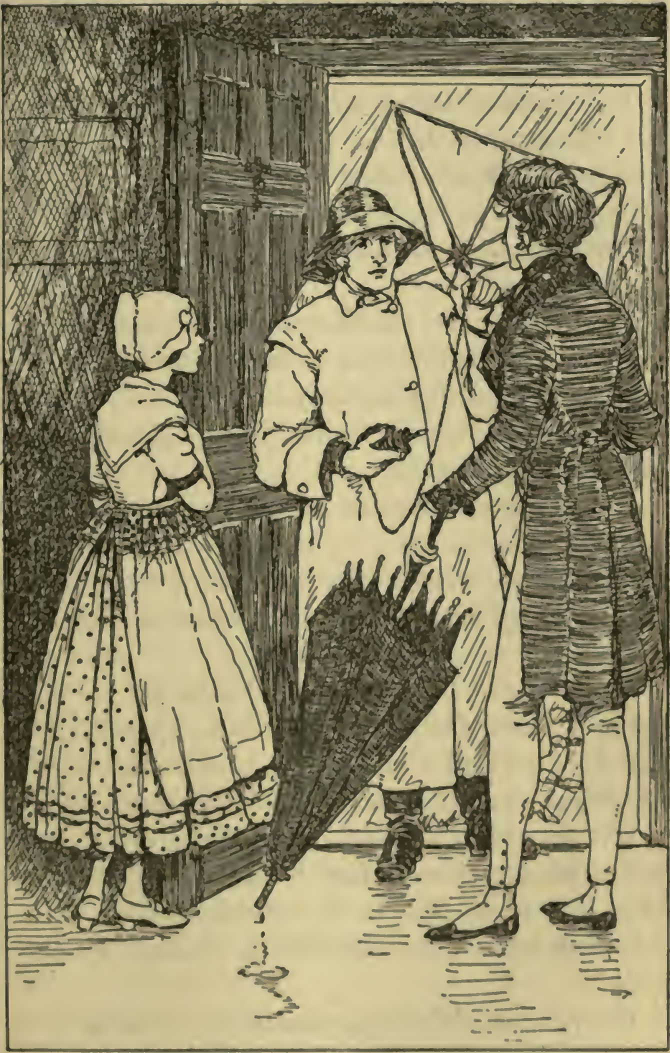
Cornelius. It is flying above the canal — I was just winding up the string when you attacked me from behind, Balthazar.

[*He winds string.*]

Balthazar. The storm was so severe —

Cornelius. I understand. (*To Christina.*) Open the door just a little wider, please; the kite will soon arrive.

Balthazar. It is struggling fiercely against you.



"AND I HAVE SUCCEEDED! I HAVE SUCCEEDED, I TELL YOU!"

Cornelius. The wind is very strong.

[He pulls at the string with all his might. Soon the kite is seen. It is very large and has a long tail, which is decorated with innumerable pieces of paper.]

Christina. Your pardon, Mijnheer, but do you fly it for fun?

Cornelius. Ah, no, Christina; I wished to verify the presence of nitric acid in those clouds while they were charged with electricity.

[He looks steadily at the bits of paper, as the kite comes nearer.]

And I have succeeded! I have succeeded, I tell you! Look!

[He points proudly to the kite, which he now with great effort pulls down. Christina closes the door.]

Balthazar. But what shall I look at?

Cornelius. Do you see these bits of paper? They have been burned a dark red. I have made a wonderful discovery, Balthazar, a wonderful discovery!

Balthazar (*yawning*). Indeed!

Cornelius. I have found that the lightning we have had today is not an optical illusion; it is a spherical body — a rebounding, rolling, spherical body!

Balthazar. Well, suppose it is — what is so interesting about that? And besides, look how wet you are!

Christina. Let me have your hat, Mijnheer, and your coat, please. I'll dry them for you.

Cornelius. Oh, that is not necessary.

[*Christina draws an easy chair to the fire.*]

Christina. Will not Mijnheer sit by the fire a moment? A cold is very dangerous this time of the year.

Cornelius. I'm not afraid.

Balthazar. Christina is right, Cornelius.

Christina. Mijnheer was very ill last winter, after wading in the icy streams that day.

Cornelius. But I was studying fishes, you know.

Balthazar. You were ill none the less.

Christina. And then Mijnheer had a sunstroke just this summer.

Cornelius. I remember — I was out in the fields studying butterflies.

Balthazar. And just at present you are dripping wet. Come —

[*He takes Cornelius's hat and coat and gives them to Christina.*]

Christina. I'll leave them in the hall, Mijnheer.

[*Exit. Balthazar leads Cornelius to fire.*]

Balthazar. You should take better care of yourself, my friend.

Cornelius. Science demands sacrifice.

Balthazar. Then why follow it? What good does it do you? You get a lot of information, of course, but has it ever been of any practical value to you?

Cornelius. No — I can't say that it has. But the occasion may arise when my knowledge will be useful.

Balthazar. Oh — perhaps, in a thousand years. So why go on risking your health? Why not take up something more comfortable? Become an artist or an author or —

Cornelius. Or a collector of jewels like Balthazar Van der Lys. No, my friend, I love the study of science. It gives me as much happiness as your splendid jewels give you.

Balthazar. I suppose we must all have our fads. By the way, I was very lucky today: I discovered a beautiful medallion — gold, surrounded by black pearls. I have never seen such pearls — they are perfect. There is not a speck of white on any one of them.

Cornelius. So you bought the locket?

Balthazar. Of course.

Cornelius. You are extravagant, my friend.

Balthazar. Perhaps; but jewels are my delight.

Cornelius. But you are spending all your fortune on them.

Balthazar. It is not a bad way to invest.

Cornelius. Yes, if they are not stolen.

Balthazar. Oh, there is no danger of that! They are safely locked in my desk. Anyway, there was no resisting the medallion. You must see it, Cornelius — I'll get it.

(*He takes a bunch of keys from his pocket, lifts the lamp and crosses to the door of his study at back; unlocks door; starts in; stops, and cries out sharply.*)

Cornelius! Come!

CORNELIUS (*crossing*). What is it? What is wrong?

BALTHAZAR. I am ruined! Look!

(*He places the lamp on a table, thus lighting up interior of study. The floor is strewn with documents. Balthazar rushes to his desk, which is open.*)

The lock has been forced! The top has been hacked to pieces! Look at these nails and screws and hinges!

CORNELIUS. They are twisted out of shape.

BALTHAZAR (*searching through desk*). Every jewel is gone! And my money and gold and silver!

CORNELIUS. Let me look —

(*Searches through desk.*)

I do not find them.

BALTHAZAR. They have been stolen! I am ruined, Cornelius! I am ruined!

CORNELIUS. When did you put the medallion in your desk?

BALTHAZAR. Let me see — I showed it to Christina when I came in. It was just before supper — not more than an hour ago.

Cornelius. Then the robbery has been committed within the hour. That gives you a chance —

Balthazar. Yes! There is a police station just down the street!

[*He rushes to door, opens it, and looks out.*]

Cornelius (*pushing him aside*). You wait here. I'll call an officer.

[*Rushes out.*]

Balthazar (*going back and forth between the outer door and the door of the study*). Ruined! Ruined! Half a fortune — Cornelius was right!

[*Enter* Cornelius *from street.*]

Cornelius (*breathlessly*). They are coming — coming now!

[*Enter* Tricamp, *the Sergeant, followed by three* Police Officers. *Tricamp is short and heavy, but very active. He is near-sighted: looks at everything at close range.*]

Tricamp (*softly*). What is it? What is it, Mijnheer?

[*Balthazar drags Tricamp to study and points to papers and desk.*]

Balthazar. There! and there! You see, Sergeant, what has happened!

Tricamp. Perfectly! It is superb! They took all your money, I suppose?

Balthazar. All that was in the desk.

Tricamp. Good!

Balthazar. And my jewels — diamonds, rubies, pearls — in fact I had a large number of precious stones.

TRICAMP. Bravo! and you suspect no one?

BALTHAZAR. No one, Mijnheer.

TRICAMP (*to Officers*). Guard the house outside. See that no one enters or leaves.

(*Exit Officers.*)

Let us now examine the door.

(*He turns key in study door.*)

The lock has not been tampered with. There is no window in this room, and no other door. Ah — the fireplace —

(*Crosses to fireplace in study and examines it carefully.*)

Only a small opening here.

BALTHAZAR. Only room enough for a small stovepipe.

TRICAMP. H'm! H'm!

(*Looks about room; starts.*)

Aha! What is that knife doing there?

(*Points to a large knife in wainscoting, about three feet above desk.*)

Is it yours, Mijnheer?

BALTHAZAR. Yes, it was a gift; it was in the desk with the jewels.

TRICAMP. They have broken the wire from the door bell and have twisted it about the knife!

(*He jumps upon a chair and examines wall.*)

Aha! Look! A large piece of wall paper has been cut out, together with the wood and plastering. Do you see?

Others. Yes, yes!

Tricamp. It has been replaced with the greatest care and cunning.

Cornelius. Can the thief have entered through that opening?

Tricamp (*descending*). Most assuredly. The thief entered from the adjoining room, dropped quietly to the floor, forced your desk, took your jewels, and then planted your knife in the wall to assist himself in his ascent. The wire was used as a rope to guide him —

Balthazar (*interrupting*). But I want to know where the thief is.

Tricamp. Have patience, Mijnheer. We must now assure ourselves as to his temperament.

Balthazar. Nonsense! We have n't time —

Tricamp. We must take time It is necessary to study the nature of the game in order to run it down. Now, all robberies differ more or less.

Cornelius. Wonderful!

Tricamp. For instance, two servant girls were accused of stealing their mistress's shawl. I discovered the criminal at the first glance. The thief had the choice of two cashmeres — one blue, the other white. One servant was a blonde; the other had red hair. The blue shawl was stolen. So the blonde was guilty — the girl with the red hair would never have taken a blue shawl.

CORNELIUS. Wonderful!

BALTHAZAR. Then tell me the name of the thief —

TRICAMP. Patience, Mijnheer, patience! I will tell you this, however, — it is the work of a novice. A skilled thief would never have left your room in such disorder.

BALTHAZAR. And while you talk, the thief is getting a good start.

TRICAMP. Patience, Mijnheer! I will tell you this, too, — the criminal is neither very strong nor very tall, otherwise he could have drawn himself up without the aid of that knife and bit of wire.

CORNELIUS. But it must have required strength to force open that desk.

TRICAMP. Not at all. A child or a delicate woman —

BALTHAZAR. A woman!

TRICAMP. Since I first entered this room, such has been my impression.

(*Balthazar and Cornelius look at each other amazed. Tricamp continues.*)

Now, then, to sum up: It is a young woman — she must be young, or she would not climb so well. She is small, since she needed a wire to pull herself up with. Then again, she is familiar with your habits; for she went directly to the desk in which you kept your jewels — she did not bother her head about other desks. In a word, if you have a young housekeeper or maid, you need look no further, for she is the guilty one.

OTHERS. Christina!

TRICAMP. Ah! Well, then, Christina is guilty.

BALTHAZAR. It is impossible! Christina is good and kind. She has been in my family for years; in fact, my mother brought her up.

TRICAMP. Ah! then you must know her origin.

BALTHAZAR (*shortly*). Yes.

TRICAMP. I must oblige you to speak frankly, Mijnheer.

BALTHAZAR. Her parents were Bohemians, strolling mountebanks. The father was killed. The mother died in want and misery. An aunt took the little Christina and beat her when she would not steal.

TRICAMP. *When she would not steal!* Ah! Then she did steal!

BALTHAZAR. I believe so — they made her. But now, Christina is above suspicion. I have absolute confidence in her.

CORNELIUS. It is not Christina — it cannot be.

TRICAMP. Will you send for this person?

BALTHAZAR. It is not Christina, I tell you!

TRICAMP (*sternly*). Where is her room, Mijnheer?

(*Balthazar hesitates, then points to room ad-*

joining the study. Tricamp takes lamp, crosses, and opens door. He turns.)

The room is empty.

(*The others cross and look into room.*)

You see — she has not even slept on the bed to-night. She has escaped!

[*The street door is flung open, and two* OFFICERS *enter, pushing* CHRISTINA *before them.*]

CHRISTINA (*to Officers*). What does this mean? (*To Balthazar.*) Tell them who I am, Mijnheer.

BALTHAZAR. Where have you been?

CHRISTINA. I have been upstairs with the cook; she is so afraid of lightning, you know.

BALTHAZAR. It is true.

TRICAMP. But the storm has ceased.

CHRISTINA. Only a few moments ago. Then I came downstairs. I was going to my room when it occurred to me that the back door might not be bolted.

TRICAMP. And then what?

CHRISTINA. I found the door locked, but I opened it to look out — to see if the storm had truly ceased. At that moment these officers appeared and informed me I was under arrest.

FIRST OFFICER. The girl was going out, Sergeant.

TRICAMP. I thought as much. (*To Christina.*) Now, it is evident that you did not go to bed because you were waiting to make your escape.

CHRISTINA. Escape? What escape?

Tricamp. What nerve! What deceit!

Christina (*to Balthazar*). What does this mean, Mijnheer?

Balthazar. Come here, and I will show you what it means.

(*He leads Christina to study. She stops on threshold in amazement.*)

My jewels have been stolen.

Christina. Who could have done this?

Tricamp. You.

Christina. I?

Tricamp. You! Where are the jewels? Speak!

Christina. And you say I have done this? You accuse me?

(*She looks at Balthazar, who lowers his eyes. Christina reels; she holds to the sofa for support, murmuring —*)

A thief! They say I am a thief!

[*She falls upon the sofa and sobs.*]

Cornelius. No, no, Christina! It is impossible! You are innocent!

[*Enter* Third Officer *with* Baker.]

Third Officer. Sergeant, I have obtained some information regarding this girl.

Tricamp. Speak.

Third Officer. This man keeps the bakeshop across the street. He says he has something to tell you.

Tricamp (*to Baker*). Speak.

BAKER. Mijnheer, just a little while before the storm, I saw Christina at the kitchen window. She seemed to be waiting for some one.

TRICAMP. So you watched her —

BAKER. Yes, Sergeant. I thought there was some mischief afoot. And I was not mistaken, sir; for presently there came a man — a large man in a long coat and a slouch hat —

TRICAMP. A slouch hat, eh? Good! Go on!

BAKER. Then I saw Christina slip a package out —

TRICAMP. A package, eh? Excellent! Go on!

CHRISTINA. I can explain —

TRICAMP. No! Baker, continue —

BAKER. The man took the package and went away quickly; that is all, Mijnheer.

CHRISTINA. Let me explain —

TRICAMP. No — no! (*To Officers.*) Find this man — bring him here. Take this baker with you.

(*Exit Officers with Baker. Tricamp turns to Balthazar.*)

I must now see your cook, Mijnheer.

BALTHAZAR. I will tell her to come.

[*Exit.*]

CHRISTINA. Let me explain, Mijnheer! I pray you, let me explain!

TRICAMP. In good time — all in good time.

[*Enter* BALTHAZAR *with* GUDULE, *the cook, an old woman, now excited and nervous.*]

GUDULE. You have been robbed, master? You say you have been robbed?

BALTHAZAR (*kindly*). Don't be alarmed, Gudule; you have nothing to do with it.

TRICAMP (*to Gudule*). No, you have nothing to do with it, but I must ask you some questions.

GUDULE. Eh?

BALTHAZAR. She is deaf.

TRICAMP (*raising voice*). Did you go out of the house this evening?

GUDULE. No, Mijnheer. I was in the kitchen, knitting—till I went upstairs to bed.

TRICAMP. Who called here today?

GUDULE. Oh, there was the postman, and a neighbor who called to borrow a plate, and Petersen, who came to ask something of Christina.

TRICAMP. Indeed! And who is this Petersen?

GUDULE. A neighbor, Mijnheer. My master knows him well.

BALTHAZAR. Yes, Sergeant, I know him. He lost his wife a month ago, and his two little children are both sick. He is very poor.

TRICAMP. Poor, eh? Ah! So he came in to see Christina?

CHRISTINA. No!

TRICAMP. Silence!

GUDULE. Petersen only spoke to Christina from the sidewalk.

TRICAMP. What did he tell her?

Gudule. I did not hear.

Tricamp. Was Christina in the kitchen all the time?

Gudule. Until she went to dress for supper.

Tricamp. What did she talk about?

Gudule. About the master's extravagance, Mijnheer, begging my master's pardon.

Tricamp. So, so! What did she say?

Gudule. Why, that the master had a fortune in jewels. But she said she could n't really blame him, because she loved them herself.

Tricamp. Indeed! Go on —

Gudule. And then she spoke of the locket the master had just bought. She would give anything, she said, just to own one of those black pearls.

Tricamp. A-ha! Go on — go on — What else did she say about the pearls?

Gudule. Nothing, except that they were n't safe in the master's desk.

Tricamp. Excellent! You said Christina left the kitchen to dress for supper?

Gudule. Yes, Mijnheer.

Tricamp. How long was she gone?

Gudule. About an hour, Mijnheer.

Tricamp. An hour?

Gudule. Fully that.

Tricamp. Did you hear any noise during that time — any hammering or pounding?

Gudule. No, Mijnheer.

Tricamp (*to Balthazar*). She is as deaf as a door-post.

Gudule. And then the storm began, and Christina came in. She was as white as a ghost, and was trembling all over.

Tricamp. Trembling, eh? Well, gentlemen, you can draw your own conclusions. I shall search the girl's room.

[*He goes to Christina's room.*]

Christina. I tell you I am innocent!

Gudule. What! Do they accuse you, Christina?

Christina. Yes, Gudule.

Gudule. They shan't touch a hair of your head! She is an angel of kindness and goodness, master! Let them blame me! That poor child is innocent.

[*Enter* Tricamp.]

Balthazar. Sergeant, you have reasoned out Christina's guilt with remarkable skill; but, after all, what proof is there?

Tricamp. This — a black pearl!

[*He holds up a black pearl.*]

Balthazar. Where did you find it?

Tricamp. On Christina's bureau.

Christina. No — no — it is not true — it is not true, master!

Tricamp. Come, my child, confess the truth. Confession is good for the soul. You wanted finery, did n't you? You wanted to make yourself look pretty, did n't you?

CHRISTINA. You torture me! (*To Balthazar.*) Mijnheer, let me go away! Let me go — let me go!

TRICAMP. You cannot leave this room.

BALTHAZAR. Tell the truth, Christina. I promise no harm shall ever come to you. I will forgive you, and no one shall ever know of this. Don't you hear me, child?

CHRISTINA. Yes — yes — I hear! Oh, how can you believe me a thief? How can you? How can you?

[*She weeps bitterly. Enter* OFFICERS *with* PETERSEN, *a large man in a long coat and slouch hat. He carries a bundle.*]

FIRST OFFICER. We caught him, sir. The storm prevented his getting away.

SECOND OFFICER. He has the bundle, Sergeant.

THIRD OFFICER. He admits the girl gave it to him.

TRICAMP. Your name, my man!

PETERSEN (*stoutly*). Petersen.

TRICAMP. Who gave you that bundle?

PETERSEN. Christina.

TRICAMP. A-ha! *When* did she give you that bundle?

PETERSEN. Just before the storm.

TRICAMP. *How* did she give you that bundle?

PETERSEN. She passed it out from the window.

TRICAMP. A-ha! Now *why* did she give you that bundle?

PETERSEN. Because she 's kind-hearted and good.

TRICAMP. Petersen, you are an accomplice in this robbery. Don't deny it!

CHRISTINA (*starting up*). No — no! Petersen is innocent.

TRICAMP. Petersen, you are under arrest. Give me that bundle. (*To Christina.*) You were clever to make the package large.

(*He takes bundle and hands it to Balthazar.*)

Mijnheer, here are your stolen jewels.

PETERSEN. Jewels! No — no —

[*Balthazar opens bundle and takes out two old dresses.*]

CHRISTINA. There! Only my old dresses!

PETERSEN. Christina sent them to my children. She often helps us.

BALTHAZAR. That is true, Sergeant.

TRICAMP. Oh, very well. But here is your pearl.

[*He holds it out at arm's length. The pearl is thus brought close to Cornelius, who looks at it, starts, seizes Tricamp's hand.*]

CORNELIUS. Let me see it!

[*He takes the pearl and looks at it steadily for a long time.*]

BALTHAZAR. What is it? What do you see?

[*He approaches Cornelius, who pushes him aside.*]

CORNELIUS. Out of my way!

[*He rushes to the window, which he examines *carefully; rushes to fireplace in study; looks up chimney. Tricamp approaches him.*]

Tricamp. What is it? What is it, Mijnheer?

Cornelius (*pushing him aside*). Out of my way!

[*He examines the desk, the knife, the wire and the bell.*]

Tricamp (*to Officers*). He is mad.

Cornelius (*coming from study*). Christina, you are innocent! I now have proof.

Tricamp (*to Officers*). The man is mad!

Cornelius. I know the name of the thief. I will tell you how he came in and how he went out.

Christina. Heaven bless you, Mijnheer!

Tricamp. Not yet. Wait till he proves it.

Cornelius. The thief did not come in by that opening in the wall. He simply glided down the chimney and by way of the fireplace reached your study.

Balthazar. Chimney — fireplace — ?

Cornelius. Precisely. Then he forced the iron lock of your desk; and, gathering together your florins, your ducats, and your jewels, he carried them off, leaving your knife in the wall as a memento of his little visit.

Tricamp (*sarcastically*). Oh, excellent! But —

Cornelius (*continuing*). Then, from the study he jumped into the room of poor Christina, dashing through the woodwork and paper in his mad flight.

Tricamp. But the pearl on her bureau — the pearl!

Cornelius. He dropped it on Christina's bureau as he passed through.

Tricamp. Dropped it?

Cornelius. Dropped it. And this is what he did with your jewels, your silver and gold, and your ducats — he hid them in that bell there. It has been turned up, you see.

(*Tricamp runs to study; gets bell.*)

And now, if you want to know how he went out, — look!

(*He drags Balthazar to the window.*)

Look at that top pane. Do you see that hole?

Balthazar. Cornelius, are you crazy? That hole is about the size of a cent.

Cornelius. Exactly — exactly.

Balthazar. Cornelius, what does this mean?

Cornelius. It means that your house has been struck by lightning!

Others. Lightning!

Cornelius. Lightning.

Tricamp (*coming down with bell*). This bell is filled with a melted mass of gold, silver, and jewels.

[*Pause. All examine the bell.*]

I am compelled to believe you, Mijnheer. But what put you on the track?

Cornelius. This black pearl. When you held it out, I noticed a little white speck on it. Balthazar had told me that the pearls were perfect, so I at once guessed that the white spot had been made by electricity. The rest was only a natural deduction.

BALTHAZAR. Christina, come, give me your hand. Tell me you forgive me.

TRICAMP. And I too crave your forgiveness, Christina — and yours, too, Petersen.

[*Petersen bows. Christina rises, smiling.*]

CHRISTINA. Of course I forgive you — every one! Whoever would have thought of lightning?

BALTHAZAR. No one but Cornelius Pump.

TRICAMP. Officers, salute the savant![1]

OFFICERS (*saluting*). Cornelius Pump, savant!

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[1] sȧ vän′, wise man, philosopher.

IVANHOE

Wilfred of Ivanhoe.
The Black Knight (Richard, King of England).
Grand Master of the Templars.
Front-de-Bœuf,[1]
Brian de Bois-Guilbert,[2] } Knights-Templars.
Malvoisin,[3]
Sir Waldemar Fitzurse,[4] } Norman Nobles.
Sir Maurice de Bracy,[5]
Chief Yeoman.[6]
First Churl.[7]
Second Churl.
Third Churl.
Fourth Churl.
Rebecca.
Isaac.
Ulrica.
First Herald.
Second Herald.
First Knight.
Second Knight.
First Yeoman.
Second Yeoman.
Guard of the Templars.
Higg.
Woodman.
Trumpeter.

Knights, Templars, Men-at-Arms, Churls,
Yeomen, Peasants.

ACT I

Time: *an afternoon near the close of the 12th century, when Richard the Lion-hearted was King of England.*

Place: *England; a forest.*

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[1] frôɴ′ dė bŭf′. [2] brē aɴ′ dė bwä′ gēl bâr′.

[3] măl′ vwä zăɴ′. [4] wôl′ dė mär fĭtz ûrs′. [5] mō rēs′ dė brā′si.

[6] Yō′ măn: a gentleman attendant in a nobleman's household; or an independent man, of rank between esquire and churl.

[7] chûrl: a freeman of the lowest rank.

[*Enter four Saxon* CHURLS *armed with great bows and arrows.*]

FIRST CHURL. Come, let 's rest here a moment.

SECOND CHURL. The Jew comes close behind.

THIRD CHURL. We may stop until he joins us.

[*They throw themselves down lazily.*]

FOURTH CHURL. I like not the haste with which this Isaac travels.

FIRST CHURL. Nor I! I thought to gain something when I hired to him for this journey from Ashby to York. 'T is said that he is very rich — 't is said his robe is lined with gold.

SECOND CHURL. 'T is said Prince John himself borrows from him.

THIRD CHURL. This do I know — there was scarce a knight in yesterday's tournament who was not accoutred[1] by Isaac.

FOURTH CHURL. To be sure — that was his business at Ashby. And he has gained much wealth by it. So let us draw the journey out as long as we may.

THIRD CHURL. Each day will mean more coin to us.

OTHERS. Aye, so it will.

FOURTH CHURL. And so we talk; but here we are, making forced marches.

FIRST CHURL. With only a short rest now and then.

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[1] ă kōō' tẽrd; equipped for military service — that is, furnished with armor and weapons. The Jews of England were generally wealthy and, though persecuted, were much sought as money-lenders. They charged a high rate of interest.

Second Churl. And no time at all for napping.

Third Churl. We 'd scarce have chance for this little talk, were not his daughter with him.

Fourth Churl. And the wounded knight, too, keeps them back, for which I am truly thankful.

First Churl (*looking off*). Hush! They come!

[*They arise hastily. Enter* Isaac *and* Rebecca. *Enter two* Churls *carrying a litter. Isaac is an old man, tall and thin. Rebecca is young and beautiful. Both wear yellow turbans. The litter is closed.*]

Isaac (*displeased*). Why do you halt here? Have I not hired you to go before, the better to guard us from robbers?

First Churl. We thought but to rest a moment, sir.

Isaac. Go on and see if the path be clear! Look sharp in the bushes for hidden spears! Be quick! Be quick!

(*The Churls go, hastily.*)

I like not to be delayed thus.

Rebecca. It comes not amiss to me, father.

Isaac. Art thou tired, Rebecca?

Rebecca. No, father, but I fear the wounded knight may suffer from the rapid pace we take.

Isaac. He rests well; thou hast given him herbs; they are healing his wound. We will push on quickly.

Rebecca. But the knight is still very weak — he lies in the litter unconscious.

Isaac. I would not overtax him, but still we must hasten, Rebecca. The Jew is the prey alike of Saxon churl and Norman knight. They would rob me upon the king's highway, and there is no hand to restrain them.

Rebecca. 'T will be different when King Richard returns: he will protect our race.

Isaac. But he does not return — he still fights the heathen in Palestine. No, there is no law nor order in England now. We have need to fear, my daughter.

Rebecca. But if this knight die in our custody, we have then, also, much to fear. He is a Christian, remember!

Isaac. I know — his nation would hold us guilty of his blood, and the multitude would tear us to pieces. We should have left the knight at Ashby.

Rebecca. Not left him wounded in the lists! — There seemed no one to care for him. What other can we do than take him with us? In our house at York he can rest till his strength returns.

Isaac. We cannot see him perish. The young knight's father was kind to me once, when I knocked at his door for shelter. Dost thou not remember how Cedric the Saxon allowed me to enter his banquet hall and bade me sit at his table?

Rebecca. I remember. 'T was a kindness that went to my heart; the act took courage.

Isaac. Aye, for his guests turned on me with gibes; treated me as a creature apart — a thing to be scorned and hated.

Rebecca. I cannot bear to have thee treated so.

Isaac. 'T is the feeling of every man in England — this hatred of the Jew, — of every man save here and there one like Cedric.

Rebecca. This young knight seems not to despise us, father.

Isaac. No, nor do any, in sooth, when they are wounded or sick. Then they seek us out — show us respect.

Rebecca. They have no physicians who can cure as can those of our own race.

Isaac. And thou, my Rebecca, knowest the craft of herbs better than any Christian doctor. 'Tis indeed fortunate for this knight that he has fallen into our hands.

[*Enter the* Churls, *running.*]

Churls. Robbers! Robbers!

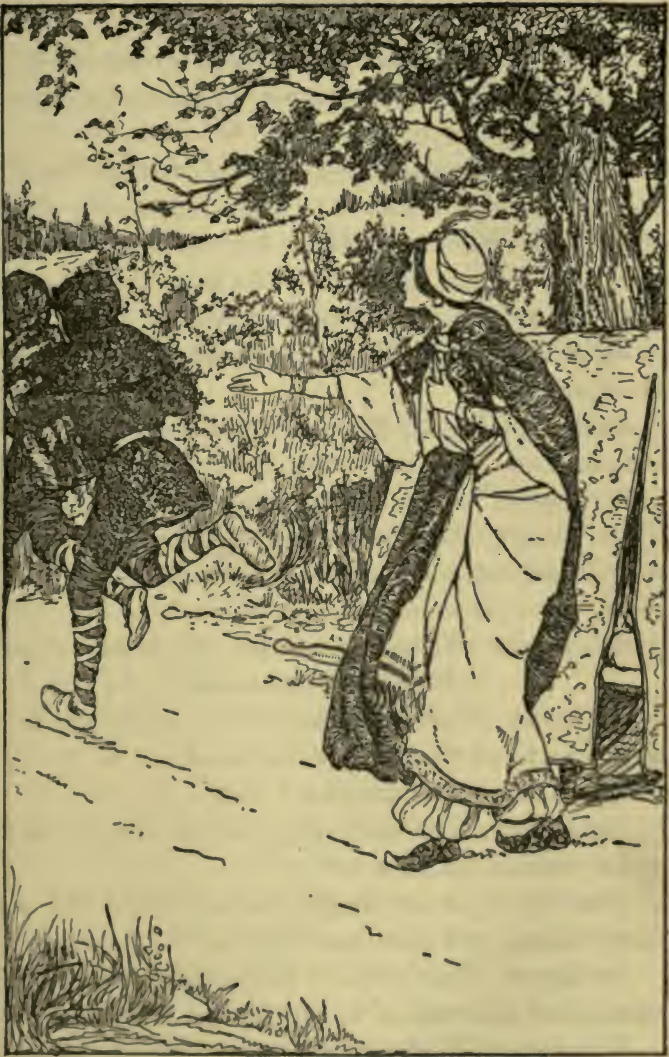
First Churl. Save yourselves as best you can! We will run to cover!

Isaac. Stay! Stay! I'll give you each a bag of gold!

Second Churl. 'T would only be got by the outlaws! Come, come! To cover — to cover!

[*The two Churls go, running. The other Churls put down the litter.*]

Rebecca. Do not leave a wounded man! Stay — stay — I pray you!



"DO NOT LEAVE A WOUNDED MAN! STAY—STAY—I PRAY YOU!"

ISAAC. We will find some place where we may hide! Lift up the litter, my men! I promise you both great riches!

[*The Churls take up the litter and go hastily with Isaac and Rebecca. Pause. Enter the Norman knights* FRONT-DE-BŒUF, FITZURSE, DE BRACY, *and* SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT. *Enter some twenty* YEOMEN, *armed with spears.*]

DE BŒUF. Thou sayst the churls ran this way, De Bracy?

DE BRACY. Aye! There were four of them — all Saxons.

FITZURSE. They must have been Cedric's vassals.

DE BŒUF. My spies say that Cedric and his party have entered the wood on their return from Ashby.

SIR BRIAN. Then we are hot upon the chase.

[*Enter a* WOODMAN.]

DE BŒUF. Woodman, halt! Tell us if thou hast seen a party of travelers in this wood.

WOODMAN. Good knight, I have.

DE BRACY. Did the party include an old man and a woman within a litter?

WOODMAN. Good knight, it did. Only the woman walked, and two churls carried the litter.

DE BŒUF. 'T is Cedric! (*Throwing a coin.*) Here, woodman! Now tell us which way the travelers went.

WOODMAN. To the south, good knights, fleeing like frightened rabbits.

De Bœuf. After them, yeomen! Quick! Quick!

[*Exit Yeomen, running. Exit Woodman.*]

Sir Brian. Our plan seems to work! 'T would please Prince John mightily, could we make this Cedric a prisoner.

De Bracy. Aye, but 't will rouse all the Saxons against us.

Fitzurse. What cares a Norman for Saxons? We are their conquerors, and our Prince himself dislikes them.

De Bœuf. Because they support King Richard. Saw you the Prince' s rage yester night when Cedric drank to Richard at the banquet?

Fitzurse. Aye! 'T was a bold thing to do! Cedric knows full well that John plans to make himself king during his brother's absence in Palestine.

Sir Brian. He plans, but has he the courage to do it? He is both fickle and timid.

De Bœuf. And therefore we can rise and thrive by him, as we could not by Richard.

Others. Aye, that we can!

De Bracy. We should imprison all Saxon nobles who are faithful to King Richard. Then, when Richard does return, he will call in vain for his followers.

Fitzurse. 'T would be to our advantage. Kind fate has thrown Cedric into our hands, at least.

Sir Brian. I would his son Ivanhoe were with him. He would be a prisoner worth our pains.

De Bracy. He may be — he was wounded in the lists at Ashby; 't is likely Cedric will be taking him home.

DE BŒUF. 'T would be a rare capture. He is King Richard's faithful follower and knight.

DE BRACY. And therefore, our enemy.

OTHERS. Aye!

[*Enter the* YEOMEN *with* ISAAC, REBECCA, *and the two* CHURLS *with the litter.*]

CHIEF YEOMAN. He denies that he is Cedric, good knight. He denies that this lady is his ward, Rowena.

KNIGHTS. Ha, ha, ha! Isaac! Isaac!

DE BŒUF. 'T is not Cedric you have captured, yeoman! 'T is the rich Jew, Isaac of York, and the lady is his daughter, Rebecca.

YEOMAN. I did not know — I thought —

DE BŒUF. No apologies, good yeoman! Thou hast made a rich catch and shall be rewarded for it. I'll warrant thou hast good store of shekels with thee, Isaac.

ISAAC. Not a shekel! Not a silver penny even!

DE BŒUF. Beshrew thee, Isaac! I will help myself!

(*He snatches from Isaac the furred bag that hangs at his girdle; opens it and throws a handful of coins to the Yeomen, who gather them up eagerly, the Knights laughing.*)

To my castle with them both! And guard them well, yeomen!

Isaac. Spare my daughter, Sir Knight! I pray thee, spare my daughter!

De Bœuf. Cease thy chatter, Isaac! We'll hold you both for ransom.

Knights. Aye! Hold them — hold them!

De Bœuf. Away with the Jew! Put the lady in the litter!

Rebecca. There is a friend in the litter, Sir Knight, a friend who has been sorely wounded.

De Bœuf. Let him go whither he will. Come, yeomen, away with the prisoners!

[*Yeomen seize Isaac and Rebecca.*]

Rebecca. Sir Knight, I pray thee to succor this friend, who cannot live if deserted!

De Bœuf. We cannot be burdened with the sick.

De Bracy. Unless he were some Saxon lord, a follower of King Richard.

Rebecca. Thou wouldst take him then? And care for him?

De Bœuf. Aye, that I would! (*Aside.*) In a dungeon.

Rebecca. Then I'll tell thee the truth. The wounded man is a Saxon knight — he is Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe!

Knights. Ivanhoe!

De Bœuf. Yeomen, up with the litter! To my castle — away! (*To Knights.*) This will be good news for Prince John — and shekels for each of us!

Knights. Ha, ha! Shekels, Isaac, shekels!

ACT II

Time: *a few hours later.*
Place: *Front-de-Bœuf's castle; a tower room.*

[*The room, which is rudely furnished, is vacant. A bugle is heard off. Pause. Bugle is sounded twice. Enter* De Bœuf *and other* Norman Knights.]

De Bœuf. What is the cause of this clamor? That bugle now has winded thrice.

(*He crosses to a window and looks out.*)

Beshrew me, I see nothing below! Look out, De Bracy! Your eye is keen to see an enemy.

(*De Bracy and other Knights cross. Enter a* Squire, *with a letter.*)

Ha — a letter! Here, boy, here!

[*De Bœuf takes letter; reads it; shows anger.*]

De Bracy. What says the letter?

De Bœuf. By my oath, 't is a letter of defiance! I am ordered to deliver up the knight Ivanhoe, the Jew Isaac, and his daughter, Rebecca; their churls, their goods and moneys — and this immediately. So says the missive.

De Bracy. And who dares make such demand?

De Bœuf. 'T is signed by one who calls himself The Black Knight.

Fitzurse. I dare say it comes from a swineherd.

Sir Brian. Just to show that he knows how to write.

[*The Knights laugh.*]

De Bœuf. Well, howe'er it be, the fellow shall have my defiance. Here, Squire, bear to the herald my message! Say, Front-de-Bœuf defies the Black Knight and refuses to yield his prisoners.

Knights. Aye! Aye!

[*Exit Squire.*]

De Bœuf. Follow, my friends, and see that he delivers my message properly.

(*Exit Knights. De Bœuf claps his hands. Enter the* Chief Yeoman.)

Where is the Jew? Have you brought him from his dungeon?

Yeoman. Aye, Sir, he waits without.

De Bœuf. Bring him hither.

(*Exit Yeoman. He returns at once with* Isaac, *who is guarded by two* Men-at-Arms.)

Seest thou these scales, Isaac?

Isaac (*terrified*). What wilt thou, Sir Knight?

De Bœuf. In these scales thou shalt weigh me out a thousand pounds of silver.

Isaac. A thousand pounds! What eye has ever seen such treasure?

De Bœuf. Pay, or thou shalt receive such punishment as thy heart has never conceived.

Isaac. Have mercy on me, noble knight! I am old and poor and helpless.

De Bœuf. Pay, or accept thy doom.

Isaac. Ransack my house, thou wilt not find so great a sum!

De Bœuf. Ho, slaves, hither! (*The Men-at-Arms step forward.*) Seize him — bind him down.

Isaac. I will pay! I will pay! But what is my surety that I shall be at liberty after this ransom has been told?

De Bœuf. The word of a Norman noble.

Isaac. I crave pardon, but wherefore should I rely upon the word of one who is the oppressor of my race?

De Bœuf. Because thou canst not help it; I have thee at an advantage there.

Isaac. Grant me, at least, with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I traveled.

De Bœuf. Meddle not — I warn thee! Now when shall I have the shekels, Isaac?

Isaac. Let my daughter go forth to York. She will pay you the treasure demanded.

De Bœuf. Thy daughter cannot go forth. I have given her to one of my nobles.

Isaac. What! What have you done?

De Bœuf. Your daughter Rebecca is now a slave to the Templar, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Isaac. Take all that you have asked! Take ten times more! Reduce me to ruin and to beggary! Nay, pierce me with thy dagger — burn me in the fire — but spare my daughter! I pray thee, spare my daughter!

De Bœuf. I thought thy race loved nothing save their money bags.

Isaac. Think not so basely of us! The hunted fox, the tortured wild cat loves its young — the despised Jew loves his children!

De Bœuf. It is too late now — I have given my word to the Templar. How wilt thou arrange to pay me the ransom?

Isaac. I will pay thee nothing — not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter be released!

De Bœuf. Art thou in thy senses? Dost thou so yearn for the torture?

Isaac. I care not! Do thy worst! Take my life if thou wilt! My daughter is dearer to me a thousand times than this flesh which thou dost threaten.

De Bœuf. Ho, slaves! Chain him down!

[*As the Men-at-Arms come forward,* Ulrica *rushes in. She is old, ugly, and half crazed.*]

Ulrica. The enemy! The enemy!

De Bœuf. What dost thou mean? Speak!

Ulrica. An army advances from the wood! I saw them from the turret.

De Bœuf. Take the Jew back to his cell. — Anon I'll settle with him.

[*Exit Men-at-Arms with Isaac. The* Knights *rush in.*]

Sir Brian. We are besieged!

Fitzurse. There are at least two hundred bowmen! A knight in black armor is at their head!

De Bracy. They are Saxon churls, the friends and vassals of Cedric!

Sir Brian. They are come to rescue Ivanhoe! We must sally forth and fight them!

De Bœuf. No! We have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York in attendance upon Prince John. In all, I have not more than twenty here.

De Bracy. Then we should deliver up the prisoners.

De Bœuf. This castle may fall in ruins, ere I give my consent to that!

Ulrica. It shall fall! It shall fall!

De Bœuf. Silence, hag! This is no time for thy prophecies!

Sir Brian (*looking off*). They are advancing steadily and in order!

De Bœuf. Let us to the walls then!

Knights. To the walls! To the walls!

[*They rush out.*]

Ulrica. It shall fall! It shall fall!

(*Enter the* Chief Yeoman *with* Ivanhoe, *who leans on him heavily. The Yeoman seats him in a great chair. Ivanhoe is young, manly, and very fair.*)

Why dost thou bring him here?

Yeoman. By our master's order. Thou art to guard him. I am needed on the battlements.

[*Exit hurriedly.*]

Ulrica (*more gently*). So thou art Saxon, Sir Knight?

IVANHOE. I am Cedric the Saxon's son, Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

ULRICA. Thine accents are sweet in mine ear. I am Saxon, too, and free born the same as thou.

IVANHOE. Thou — a Saxon! Then why art thou here, in this Norman nest?

ULRICA. Because this Norman has made me a slave. Listen — Long ago this very castle was my father's, and I was the Lady of it. Then came the Normans upon our land. They seized this castle, killed my father and his sons, and me they made a prisoner.

IVANHOE. And thou hast been kept here all these years?

ULRICA. Aye, and cruelly mistreated! Look at me — wrinkled, old, and bent— I owe it all to these Normans! But the day of my vengeance will come! It will come, I tell thee!

[*A noise is heard without, shouts, and the clashing of arms.*]

IVANHOE. What is this?

ULRICA. The men go up to the battlements.

IVANHOE. Where are my companions? Where is the maiden Rebecca?

ULRICA. She has been locked in a cell near by.

IVANHOE. Couldst thou not bring her here? I fear me she is in danger.

ULRICA. I dare not free her!

IVANHOE. The maiden has saved me from death, and I would befriend her with what poor protection I can. Bring her. — Thou, too, art a Saxon.

Ulrica. Aye, and the day is at hand for my revenge! I will free her! I will free her!

[*Ulrica goes out, muttering. Tumult is heard again. Ivanhoe tries to rise from his chair, but cannot.*]

Ivanhoe (*sinking back*). A broken lance! Poor protection, indeed, for a maiden!

(*Enter Rebecca.*)

Rebecca! Thou art unharmed?

Rebecca. Yes, but hast thou heard aught of my father?

Ivanhoe. Nothing. But no harm can come to him, now that we are besieged without. Dost know by whom?

Rebecca. I know not, Sir Knight.

Ivanhoe. If I had but a spear, or an arrow, or a battle ax! But it is vain — I cannot strike one blow for our deliverance.

Rebecca. Fret not, noble Knight — Hark! the sounds have ceased! It may be they will not battle.

Ivanhoe. No, this pause means only that the men are at their posts, preparing for instant attack. Could I but reach yonder window!

[*He tries again to rise.*]

Rebecca. Thou wilt but injure thyself. — Rest! I will stand at the lattice and describe to thee what passes without.

[*Crosses and looks through the lattice.*]

IVANHOE. Be careful! The Saxon eye is keen, and the Saxon arrow sure!

REBECCA. The edge of the wood seems lined with archers.

IVANHOE. Who acts as leader?

REBECCA. A knight in black armor. They are preparing to advance! Zion protect us! They come on quickly, their bugles ahead.

[*Bugles are heard off.*]

IVANHOE. 'T is the signal for assault!

REBECCA. They raise their bows! A cloud of arrows! They fly so thick I cannot see the bowmen!

IVANHOE. Come away, Rebecca! Each lattice will now be a mark for the archers!

REBECCA. I will use this shield to protect me.

[*She places a large shield against the window.*]

IVANHOE. Arrows will avail but little against stone walls. They should press on and carry the bulwarks.

REBECCA (*looking out*). They do! They are swarming now under the outer wall! They are pulling down the piles and palisades! Their axes are hewing down the barriers!

IVANHOE. Dost thou still see their leader?

REBECCA. Aye! His high black plume floats out like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made another breach in the barriers — they are rushing in — No! — they are thrust back!

Ivanhoe. Alas! My heart is with the besiegers, Rebecca.

Rebecca. And mine!

Ivanhoe. Look forth again, Rebecca! There is less danger now. They must be fighting hand to hand. Are they down? — Tell me, are they down?

Rebecca. No! They rally — they are thronging again to the breach — the pass is now disputed man to man! It is the meeting of two fierce tides — the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!

Ivanhoe. Canst thou see the Black Knight now?

Rebecca. Yes — he and Front-de-Bœuf are fighting hand to hand in the breach!

Ivanhoe. May Heaven protect the Black Knight! I look upon him as our deliverer.

Rebecca. He is down! He is down!

Ivanhoe. Who? Tell me which has fallen!

Rebecca. The Black Knight! But no — no! He is on foot again, and fights as if the strength of twenty were in his single arm. His sword is broken — he snatches an ax from a yeoman — he is pressing De Bœuf with blow on blow! The giant stoops! — he is tottering! — he falls!

Ivanhoe. Our Black Knight?

Rebecca. No — no! 'T is De Bœuf who falls! His men are rushing to the rescue — they have driven back the Knight — they are dragging De Bœuf within the walls!

Ivanhoe. Have the assailants won the barriers?

REBECCA. They have — they have! They press the besieged hard upon the outer wall! They are planting ladders — they are trying to ascend!

IVANHOE. Do they succeed? Look, look, Rebecca!

REBECCA. The Normans are throwing down stones and beams upon their heads! The wounded are borne to the rear — fresh men take their places!

[*Pause. Rebecca continues looking out.*]

IVANHOE. Who yield now? Who push their way?

REBECCA. The ladders are thrown down! The soldiers lie crushed beneath — the besieged have the better.

IVANHOE. Saint George[1] strike for us! Do the yeomen give way?

REBECCA. No! No! They bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight is approaching with his ax — he is striking at the outer gate — I hear the blows above the din of the battle! Now they are throwing down stones from above — he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down.

IVANHOE. Methought there was but one man living that might do such a deed! That one, King Richard, the lion-hearted. I have seen him fighting thus in Palestine.

REBECCA. Thou wast a follower of King Richard's then?

IVANHOE. Aye, and will be so, forever! Would that he were back in England again!

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[1] The patron saint of England.

(*A great noise is heard.*)

What is that, Rebecca?

REBECCA. The gate shakes — it crashes — it is splintered by his blows!

IVANHOE. They rush in?

REBECCA. Aye, they rush in — the outwork is won! Oh, Heaven be merciful! They are hurling the defenders from the battlements — they are throwing them into the moat!

IVANHOE. The bridge — the bridge — have they won that pass?

REBECCA. Alas — the Normans have destroyed the plank and have escaped into the castle!

IVANHOE. Then the besiegers are cut off?

REBECCA. Yes — the moat is wide and deep.

IVANHOE. The Black Knight will find a way to cross it.

REBECCA. At present they are resting, both besiegers and besieged.

IVANHOE. 'T is only the lull before the storm.

REBECCA. The Black Knight is now conferring with his men.

[*She leaves the window.*]

IVANHOE. 'T is strange indeed that there are two such men of England! Is there naught else by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?

REBECCA. Nothing. But I would know him again among a thousand such. There seems to be more than mere strength in him — it is as if the soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow he deals. It is his heart that has triumphed in this battle.

IVANHOE. Rebecca, thou hast painted a hero. I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side!

REBECCA. 'T is naught but a vain wish for glory.

IVANHOE. No, 't is my love for chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl. 'T is the light of chivalry alone that raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace.

REBECCA. And I will tell thee of another light which purifies and uplifts; which makes a gentle out of a savage, which fills all hearts with peace and love. 'T is the light from Heaven, Sir Knight; and wherever it shines there can be no war between man and his brother. Receive this light, Sir Ivanhoe, and thou wilt find thy glory only in peace, and thy renown in deeds of tenderness.

[ULRICA *bursts into the room.*]

ULRICA. The castle burns! The castle burns! Behold the smoke from the turret!

[*Rebecca rushes to window.*]

REBECCA. 'T is true, Ivanhoe! Flames leap from windows and doors!

ULRICA. Aye! And 't was I who did it! The Norman shall perish within his hold! The day of my vengeance has come! Ha, ha! It burns! It burns!

[*She rushes wildly from the room.*]

IVANHOE. Fly, Rebecca, and save thyself!

REBECCA. No, I will not leave thee! Oh, my father — my father! What will be his fate!

(*She looks out window.*)

The drawbridge is down! The Normans flee from the castle! The Black Knight has leaped to the bridge — his followers close behind him — the Normans try to press them back — they struggle together — all is confusion — the smoke from the castle comes between — I can see no more —

IVANHOE. Fly! Fly! Save thyself!

[*Enter* SIR BRIAN, *his armor broken and bloody, his plume torn and bent.*]

SIR BRIAN. Rebecca, I have found thee! Come, follow me! I will save thee!

REBECCA. Save my father! Save this wounded knight!

SIR BRIAN. A knight must encounter his fate, be it sword or flame. There is no time to seek thy father! The castle burns rapidly! Come!

REBECCA. No! Rather will I perish!

SIR BRIAN. Thou art my slave, given to me by Front-de-Bœuf! Come — come!

[*He seizes Rebecca and carries her out.*]

IVANHOE (*shouting*). Set her free! Set her free — I command thee! Set her free!

(*Enter the* BLACK KNIGHT.)

The Black Knight! — Thou —

BLACK KNIGHT. I have come to save thee, Ivanhoe!

IVANHOE. Think not of me! Pursue that Norman! Rescue the maid! Save the old man in the dungeon below!

BLACK KNIGHT. In their turn, Wilfred, but thine is first.

IVANHOE. Wilfred! — Who art thou?

BLACK KNIGHT (*opening visor*). Richard, thy King.

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME: *the following week.*
PLACE: *Templestowe, the castle of the Templars.*

[*The great hall of the castle is seen, a raised dais at one end. A* GUARD *in long black cloak paces up and down before the door. Enter* MALVOISIN, *wearing the white robe and hood of the Knight Templar. The Guard salutes him.*]

MALVOISIN. I would speak with the Templar Sir Brian, at once.

[*Exit Guard. Malvoisin walks back and forth with folded arms and bowed head. Pause. Enter* SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT, *also wearing the white robe and hood.*]

SIR BRIAN. Thou art depressed — has aught happened?

MALVOISIN. Everything is amiss. The Grand Master has arrived!

SIR BRIAN (*starting*). The Grand Master?

MALVOISIN. Aye, come direct from France — to investigate our order.

SIR BRIAN. This could not have happened at a worse time! Rebecca's presence here must be kept a secret from him.

MALVOISIN. He knows.

SIR BRIAN (*angrily*). Hast thou betrayed me, Malvoisin?

MALVOISIN. No — never! Did I not consent to the plot — to hold the girl here for ransom?

SIR BRIAN. Of which thou wast to have thy share —

MALVOISIN. The plan is ruined now. There is no more severe Templar in the world than our renowned Grand Master.

SIR BRIAN. I would I knew who betrayed me! Front-de-Bœuf died of his wounds while his castle burned; Ulrica perished in the flames; the knights yielded themselves to Richard. Perhaps Isaac himself has traced his daughter here?

MALVOISIN. I know not, but this I tell thee: the Master is enraged beyond all reason. He declares that our order does not permit a Templar to capture for ransom, and least of all a Jewish maid.

SIR BRIAN. I shall be disgraced and expelled!

MALVOISIN. Thou wilt have thy choice.

Sir Brian. Of what?

Malvoisin. Thou art safe if thou wilt denounce Rebecca.

Sir Brian. Denounce Rebecca! What dost thou mean?

Malvoisin. Rather than have the world say that a Templar has captured for ransom, the Master will prove that thou wast bewitched by this Jewess.

Sir Brian. He will accuse Rebecca of sorcery?

Malvoisin. That is his plan.

Sir Brian. We must stop him —

Malvoisin. As well stop the stars from shining. He has even now called a council of all the knights and has ordered hither Rebecca. He will try her as a witch.

Sir Brian. He cannot — he dare not! There are no witnesses against her!

Malvoisin. He will provide them. He has, in sooth, found two churls, men-at-arms in the castle here, who will swear to anything for a penny. The maid's fate is certain — she will be burned for a witch.

Sir Brian. No — ! She shall not suffer such an awful death! She must be allowed to escape!

Malvoisin. That is impossible. The castle is filled with the Grand Master's men. They swarm everywhere — they are spying into everything.

Sir Brian. I will petition Prince John!

Malvoisin. Prince John belongs to yesterday.

Hast thou forgot that King Richard has returned — that he has even now crushed the conspiracy?

SIR BRIAN. I will take the maid to King Richard!

MALVOISIN. And be thyself punished, as were the other conspirators?

SIR BRIAN. We must find a way to save her! She must be spirited away before the trial begins!

MALVOISIN (*looking off*). Hush — they come now — the Grand Master — the Knights and Esquires. Evidently the trial is to proceed at once.

[*Enter the* GRAND MASTER *in flowing robes of white, holding in his hand a staff*; *many* KNIGHTS TEMPLARS *and* ESQUIRES *in white cloaks and hoods;* LOWER MEMBERS *of the Order in black cloaks and hoods. The Master takes a seat on the dais. Malvoisin joins the Knights. Sir Brian stands apart.*]

MASTER. Admit the prisoner!

(*A* GUARD *enters with* REBECCA, *who is veiled. She is led to the dais. Enter* YEOMEN, MEN-AT-ARMS, *and* PEASANTS, *who fill the lower part of the hall. The Master stands and lifts his staff. Silence.*)

Knights of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children; and you, also, Esquires, who aspire to wear the holy symbol; you also, brethren of every degree, — be it known to all that I have full power to judge, condemn, and sentence, in all that regards the welfare of this our Holy Order. Maiden, art thou the Jewess Rebecca?

REBECCA. I am.

MASTER. Unveil thyself.

(*Rebecca throws back her veil. She is very pale, but is dignified and calm.*)

Brethren, this maid has bewitched the Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a brave and true knight, who has killed with his own hand three hundred Saracens. In an evil hour he met this Jewess, who at once cast over him a wicked spell, which compelled him to act contrary to the holy rules of our Order. Sir Brian, what sayst thou to my accusations?

SIR BRIAN. I have no reply to such wild and vague charges.

MASTER. Thy answer shows thee to be still under the spell. We will gain nothing by allowing thee to speak further. But we have witnesses who can testify to the witch-like character of this Jewess. Forward, Yeomen!

(*Guards escort two Yeomen to the dais.*)

Yeomen, have you observed the prisoner since her arrival here?

YEOMEN. Aye, Master!

MASTER. Speak then, and freely.

FIRST YEOMAN. Master, I have heard the maid mutter to herself in an unknown tongue. I have heard her sing songs of a strangely sweet sound, which made mine ears to tingle.

[*He pauses.*]

MASTER. Well? Well?

FIRST YEOMAN. I have heard her speak as if to the air, and then look upward for a reply.

MASTER. 'T is serious — most serious. Now 't is thy turn, fellow.

SECOND YEOMAN. Master, yester-noon I saw the Jewess at her window in the turret. Suddenly she took on the form of a milk-white swan, which then flitted three times round the castle.

[*He pauses.*]

MASTER. Speak on!

SECOND YEOMAN. I then beheld this swan alight, and again become the Jewess.

MASTER. 'T is a grievous matter! Prisoner, thou hast practised the art of healing, I hear.

REBECCA. Yes, Master; and knight and yeoman, vassal and squire may testify to their recovery.

MASTER. Brethren, she has worked her cures by words and signs and strange mysteries.

REBECCA. Nay, Master, only by herbs!

MASTER. I tell thee, brethren, that it was done by enchantment. How otherwise can a Jew heal? Hark ye, Rebecca — no more shalt thou throw spell and incantation over a Templar of our Order. Witches have been ever burned for that. Dost thou deserve any better?

[*The peasant* HIGG *limps on his crutches from lower end of hall.*]

HIGG. No, no! 'T is not enchantment, Master!

MASTER. Who art thou?

Higg. Higg, the son of Snell. Master, I once labored in her father's house. I fell sore sick and was cured by a salve the maiden gave me. And if thou wilt not believe, here is still a part of the salve. Behold!

Master. Give it me.

(*He takes the salve and turns to a Knight.*)

Brother, thou hast knowledge of medicine. Canst thou tell the ingredients of this salve?

[*The Knight examines the salve.*]

Knight. I know not of what it is compounded.

Master. Then, since it is beyond thy knowledge, it is unlawful, and is proof absolute of the maiden's sorcery.

Higg (*to Rebecca*). Alas, I meant to save thee! I have only helped to haste thy doom.

Rebecca. Peace, poor man. Thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth.

Master. Prisoner, hast thou aught to say for thyself?

Rebecca. Sir Brian, to thyself I appeal — whether these accusations are not false?

(*All turn toward Sir Brian. He is silent.*)

Speak, if thou art a man! If thou art a Christian, speak! I conjure thee by the knighthood thou dost vaunt, by the honorable name thou bearest — I pray thee to say, are these things true?

[*Sir Brian is silent.*]

Master. His silence testifies against thee, maid.

Rebecca. Aye, he has made his choice. Rather than his own disgrace, it is to be the blood of an innocent maid.

Malvoisin. Master, thou mayst see from this that Sir Brian is a true Knight Templar.

[*As all look at Malvoisin, Sir Brian steps quickly to Rebecca's side.*]

Sir Brian (*aside to Rebecca*). Demand a champion! Quick — demand a champion!

[*He returns, unnoticed, to his former position.*]

Master. Rebecca, hast thou aught else to say?

Rebecca. Aye! I deny this charge! I maintain my innocence! I demand a champion!

Master. What Christian knight will be the champion of a Jewess?

Rebecca. It must be that in all England there will be found one who will fight for justice. There — I throw down my gage!

[*She throws her glove at the Master's feet.*]

Master. Dost thou persist in this? Dost thou realize that it is our Order which thou dost defy?

Rebecca. I care not — I do persist.

Master. So be it. Sir Brian, thou shalt do battle for thine Order and against the maid.

Sir Brian. No — no!

Master (*sternly*). I bid thee receive the gage, Sir Knight!

(*Malvoisin takes the glove to Sir Brian, who refuses to take it.*)

Receive it — I command thee!

(*Sir Brian takes the glove, but unwillingly.*)

Rebecca, thou shalt have three days in which to find a champion.

REBECCA. Is there any one present who will take the message to my father if he be still alive? If not, then to some one of my race?

(*Silence; pause.*)

Is it thus? Am I to be deprived of every chance of safety? You would scarce refuse the worst criminal such an act of charity.

HIGG. I will do thine errand, maid!

REBECCA. I thank thee, sir. Here is money for thy journey. Go quickly! Life and death are in thy haste!

[*Higg takes money. Exit.*]

MASTER. And now, if thy champion come not, or if he be overcome in the lists by Sir Brian, then thou shalt die the death of a sorceress — thou shalt be burned as a witch.

[*Rebecca shudders, then lifts her arms to Heaven, as if invoking aid.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *shortly before noon, the third day after the trial.*
PLACE: *the tilt-yard of Templestowe.*

[*The* GRAND MASTER *throned high*, KNIGHTS, *and* ESQUIRES *are seen seated at one side. A little* *apart stand* SIR BRIAN *and* MALVOISIN *talking together. At the other side sits* REBECCA *alone; near her is a great pile of fagots. Back are* YEOMEN *and* PEASANTS. *A* HERALD *stands, trumpet in hand, looking off into the lists, which are not, however, visible to those watching the play. Pause.*]

A KNIGHT. Master, for two hours now we have awaited the appearance of a champion for the maiden.

SECOND KNIGHT. Master, has not the time come to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited?

MASTER. Herald — hither! Go ask the maid whether she still expects a champion.

(*The Herald crosses to Rebecca and speaks with her aside.*)

Let the trumpets flourish again! Let the Knight Sir Brian again step forth!

[*The trumpets sound. Sir Brian comes forward, clad magnificently in armor. A Second Herald steps forth.*]

SECOND HERALD. Hark! Hark! Hark! Here stands the good knight Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any Christian knight who will sustain the maiden's quarrel, and ready to maintain that Rebecca has justly deserved the doom passed upon her. Here, I say, he stands, such battle now to do!

[*As the trumpets sound again, the First Herald crosses to the Grand Master.*]

First Herald. Master, the maid demands the delay she says is still due her.

Master. Let none impeach us of injustice! We will wait until these shadows are cast eastward. When the day is so far passed, let the maid prepare for death.

[*Each Knight bows his head and folds his arms. Sir Brian crosses to Rebecca.*]

Sir Brian (*in a low voice*). Rebecca!

Rebecca. What dost thou here?

Sir Brian. Sister! — These lists — this chair set here — these fagots — you know their purpose? — You understand? Rebecca, I would save thee! — Come! My Arab steed is just without — mount thee behind me! Mount, I say, behind me, and in one short hour we shall be beyond pursuit. — Come, Rebecca, come!

Rebecca. Begone — I trust thee not!

Sir Brian. Maiden, look on those fagots, reflect on thy terrible doom! I tell thee —

Malvoisin (*stepping over to Sir Brian*). Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt, or is she resolute?

Sir Brian. She is indeed resolute.

Master (*rising*). Sir Brian, thou canst no longer speak aside. The shadows have crossed from the west to the east: the day is waning. Rebecca, arise.

(*Rebecca rises.*)

No champion has yet appeared for thee; in which case it becomes my duty to declare —

[*A* HERALD *rushes in.*]

HERALD (*pointing off*). A champion! A champion!

[*All jump to their feet and look off.*]

ALL. A champion! A champion!

[*Enter a* STRANGE KNIGHT *in armor. His helmet is closed.*]

HERALD. Sir Knight, I demand thy name, thy rank, and thy purpose here, according to the customs of chivalry.

STRANGE KNIGHT. I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this maiden, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert as champion of the Templars.

MALVOISIN. The stranger must first show that he has an honorable name.

STRANGE KNIGHT (*opening his visor*). I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

SIR BRIAN. I will not fight with thee at present. Get thy wounds healed, buy thee a better horse, and it may be I will then think it worth my while to scourge thee.

IVANHOE. Templar, I will proclaim thee a coward in every court in Europe, unless thou do battle without further delay.

SIR BRIAN. Take thy lance then, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thyself!

IVANHOE. Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?

MASTER. I may not deny thee, provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight — I would have thee honorably met with.

IVANHOE. Rebecca, dost thou accept me for thy champion?

REBECCA. I do! Heaven has sent thee, Ivanhoe. Yet, no — no — thy wounds are uncured! Why shouldst thou perish, also?

IVANHOE. I go to my post! Do thou likewise, Templar!

[*Exit Ivanhoe. Exit Sir Brian.*]

HERALD. The Knights enter the lists! The Knights enter the lists! Let none on peril of instant death dare to disturb this fair field of combat!

[*The Grand Master holds Rebecca's glove aloft and then casts it down.*]

MASTER. Begin!

[*The trumpets sound. All look off to lists, showing great excitement while the contest is going on.*]

MALVOISIN. They charge — they throw their lances!

MASTER. Ivanhoe is down — he lies under his steed!

A KNIGHT. He frees himself — he is now on foot!

SECOND KNIGHT. And advancing with drawn sword!

MALVOISIN. Look! Sir Brian reels — he falls from his steed!

MASTER. Methought Ivanhoe's lance but barely touched him!

MALVOISIN. Ivanhoe stands over him — he places his foot on his breast — and his sword point to his throat. 'T is yield or die!

[*Enter the* BLACK KNIGHT, *followed by other* KNIGHTS. *They are unnoticed by the Templars.*]

BLACK KNIGHT (*looking around*). I pray we are not too late!

MASTER. Slay him not, Sir Knight! We allow him vanquished. Unhelm him, I command you.

[*He descends into the lists.*]

BLACK KNIGHT. Who is vanquished?

A TEMPLAR (*still looking intently toward the lists*). Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, alas!

BLACK KNIGHT. Peace be with him. He was a gallant knight, and has died in his harness full knightly.

[*Enter the* GRAND MASTER.]

MASTER. Unscathed by the lance, yet dead. — A judgment of God!

[*Silence. All remain awestruck, looking from one to the other.*]

TEMPLARS (*murmuring*). A judgment of God!

[*Enter* IVANHOE, *pale and weak.*]

BLACK KNIGHT (*in a low voice*). Wilfred —

IVANHOE. King Richard! — My Liege!

BLACK KNIGHT. Was it well, Ivanhoe, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle? I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for mine own property, but thou wast before me. (*Looking around.*) Where is the maiden? Has judgment been passed?

IVANHOE. By your leave, I go to hear it now.

(*He advances before the Grand Master.*)

Does the Grand Master allow that the Champion of the accused has manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

MASTER. Manfully and rightfully hath it been done. I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless. The arms and the body of the deceased Knight are at the will of the victor.

BLACK KNIGHT (*to one of his followers*). We must waste no time. Do thine office.

KNIGHT (*stepping forward and laying a hand on the shoulder of Malvoisin*). I arrest thee of high treason.

MASTER. Who dares arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion, within its holy precincts, and in the presence of the Grand Master?— and by whose authority?

BLACK KNIGHT (*opening his visor*). By order of Richard, King of England, here present.

[*The Templars show consternation.*]

TEMPLARS. The King!—The King!

MASTER. A Templar is subject to his Order alone, not to the King of England.

KING. It shall be so no more. Look up, proud Templar! and behold, the Royal Standard of England floats over thy towers, replacing thy Temple banner!

MASTER. I will resist thee!

KING. Be wise! — Thy hand is in the lion's mouth! (*He places a horn to his lips, and sounds a long low call. Enter a large force of* MEN-AT-ARMS. ISAAC *enters with them.*) Master, dissolve thy chapter. England shall see no more of the Templars' power. I shall ferret out their nests as I have ferreted out here a conspiracy (*pointing to Malvoisin*) to seat John upon my throne. Remain, and you shall behold our justice! Rebecca, thou art free! Isaac, go to thy daughter.

[*Isaac crosses to Rebecca and clasps her in his arms.*]

REBECCA. Father! Father!

A SON OF THE YEMASSEE

Sanutee, a Chief of the Yemassee.
Matiwan, his Squaw.
Occonestoga, his Son.
Sir Edmund Bellinger.
Second Commissioner.
Third Commissioner.
Mr. Granger.
Mrs. Granger.

Ishiagaska, Cholucullá, Enoree-Mattee, Manneywanto, Metatchee, Huspah, Oonalatchie, Sarrataha,	Yemassee Chiefs.

Braves, Torch-bearers.

ACT I

Time: *1715; a summer morning.*

Place: *South Carolina; a forest near the Yemassee village.*

[*An Indian lodge is seen. The low door opens, and* Sanutee *comes out. He is a tall, majestic man, perhaps fifty years of age, with keen eyes and a calm, but stern expression. He wears a close-fitting*

Indian costume, without ornament of any kind. A bow and a quiver of arrows hang upon his shoulders; a tomahawk from his waist. He starts off through the forest. Enter MATIWAN *from lodge. She is neither young nor beautiful, but her face is gentle and kind.*]

MATIWAN. Sanutee —the chief — will he come back with the night?

SANUTEE. He knows not, Matiwan. The lodge of the white man is now in the old house of the deer, and the swift-foot comes no more to the clear water where once he drank.

MATIWAN. The white man grinds his corn with the waters, and the deer is afraid of the noise.

SANUTEE (*bitterly*). Sanutee must now hunt in the far swamps — Sanutee, chief of the great Yemassee!

MATIWAN. The white man has driven him thither.

SANUTEE. Sanutee and his warriors will soon hunt as of old. They will again hunt in the land of their fathers.

MATIWAN. What means Sanutee? Will he drive the English from the land?

SANUTEE. Sanutee will speak when the time is ripe. See — the sun is high — he must go.

[*He starts off.*]

MATIWAN (*following*). Sanutee — great chief —

[*She pauses.*]

SANUTEE (*turning*). Sanutee has ears, Matiwan.

MATIWAN. The boy — the boy — Occonestoga —

SANUTEE (*angrily*). Occonestoga is a slave! He is ever in the lodges of the English — he believes in their forked tongues. Let him not look into the lodge of Sanutee!

MATIWAN. But Occonestoga is the son of Sanutee.

SANUTEE. Sanutee has no son — Sanutee has forgotten Occonestoga.

MATIWAN. Matiwan cannot forget.

SANUTEE. Matiwan shall not see him in my absence.

MATIWAN. Sanutee! Speak not such words! The boy was once a brave warrior — Sanutee was once proud of him. Then came the pale face with the strong water that blinds.

SANUTEE. Did Sanutee yield?

MATIWAN. No, but Sanutee was in the beginning friend to the English.

SANUTEE. Sanutee is friend to them no more. For many moons now, Sanutee has been watching, thinking, understanding. He sees the white man grow every day more powerful. He sees the Yemassee slowly becoming his slave.

[*Enter* ISHIAGASKA *from the forest. He is about the age of Sanutee, but has not the same nobility: is cunning and malignant. Matiwan listens, then busies herself about the lodge.*]

ISHIAGASKA. Sanutee!

SANUTEE. Sanutee listens — speak!

Ishiagaska (*fiercely*). The English shall die! Their scalps shall hang on the belt of the warrior!

Sanutee. What has happened — what new insult to the Yemassee?

Ishiagaska. They drove me from the hunting ground — I, a Yemassee chief!

Sanutee. Sanutee would know all.

Ishiagaska. For many hours I had tracked a deer. At last I saw him drinking. My arrow flew — then came a shot from across the forest. The deer fell — I was drawing my arrow from his side when a pale face sprang and claimed him.

Sanutee. Claimed him — claimed the deer with your arrow in his side?

Ishiagaska. The pale face said 'twas his shot that killed. He threatened me, should I deny him.

Sanutee. And you yielded?

Ishiagaska. Aye, Sanutee. The pale face speaks with mouth of fire.

Sanutee. Soon our braves will hunt from sun to sun, and return to the lodge with empty hands. The Yemassee must be free!

Ishiagaska. He shall drink blood for strength. He shall hunt the track of the English to the shores of the big water. His war cry shall ring death in the ear that sleeps.

Sanutee. No — let them go from the Yemassee, and the tomahawk shall be buried — it would drink no blood from the English.

Ishiagaska. He will not go! His teeth are in the trees, and he eats into the earth for his own. There must be blood.

Sanutee. No — he will not go. The knife of the Yemassee must be red. But not yet — the moon must sleep first. The Yemassee is a little child till then.

Ishiagaska. Will Sanutee prepare for war?

Sanutee. Sanutee will call the chiefs this night in council.

Ishiagaska. Sanutee is noble. He knows not that many chiefs will barter their land for the trinkets of the English.

Sanutee. Sanutee knows, and his heart is heavy within him.

Ishiagaska. Sanutee is great in the land of the Yemassee. The little chiefs are jealous. Does not Sanutee feel eyes watching him in the dark?

Sanutee. The pale face is our enemy. We must be one against him.

Ishiagaska. Has not Sanutee been heard in the council? Has he not cried, "Brethren, do not sell your lands to the English"?

Sanutee. Sanutee has spoken, but the ears of his brethren are closed.

Ishiagaska. The people call Sanutee their *well-beloved;* the chiefs hear; their faces grow dark; they are jealous of Sanutee.

Sanutee. The people know that Sanutee has ever acted for the good of his nation. Go, then; bid the chiefs to the council tonight.

Ishiagaska. Occonestoga is a chief of the Yemassee. Shall he be called to the council?

Sanutee. Let him be called. Is it not the law of the Yemassee that the voice of every chief must be heard?

[*Matiwan steps forward and listens.*]

Ishiagaska. What if Occonestoga speaks for the white man?

Sanutee. He shall hear the thunder, and the lightning shall flash in his path. He shall die by the hand of Sanutee.

Ishiagaska. 'T is well —

[*Exit.*]

Sanutee (*to Matiwan*). Sanutee will return with the night.

[*Enter* Mr. *and* Mrs. Granger. *They are strong and fearless pioneers. They wear the pioneer dress. Sanutee looks at them coldly and turns to go.*]

Granger. Sanutee! Do you not know? I am Granger, the trader in furs.

Sanutee. What will Granger of Sanutee?

Mrs. Granger. Has the great chief no greeting for us?

Sanutee. Why comes Granger's wife to the lodge of Matiwan?

Mrs. Granger. Why? Do I not often come with Mr. Granger to help with the trade?

Sanutee. Sanutee has no furs for the trader.

GRANGER. Does not the chief forget? 'T was but yesterday that Matiwan showed me some beautiful skins in the lodge there. I will buy them all, Sanutee. I will give these beads — see!

[*He displays several chains of beads.*]

SANUTEE. Sanutee will not trade.

GRANGER. If Sanutee likes not these things, he may choose others. There are many things in my cabin close by.

SANUTEE. Sanutee will not enter the lodge of the pale face.

GRANGER. What does this mean, Sanutee?

MRS. GRANGER. Is the chief no longer our friend?

SANUTEE. Sanutee is friend to Granger and his wife. Does he not allow them to live close to the Yemassee village?

GRANGER. Then why does he refuse to trade?

SANUTEE. Let Granger go back to the English — let him go to the ships — let him sail away.

GRANGER. Sanutee, wherefore should the English go upon the waters? Are not the Yemassee and the English brothers, that take the same track and have the same friends and enemies?

SANUTEE. Sanutee believed that once. Now he asks nothing — he gives nothing.

MRS. GRANGER. Have we offended Sanutee?

SANUTEE. Sanutee blames not Granger nor Granger's wife, but he bids them return to their lodge.

GRANGER. Sanutee has spoken — we go.

MRS. GRANGER. But first I would give to Matiwan a little gift I have brought her.

[*She presents a bead chain to Matiwan, who takes it and puts it around her neck.*]

SANUTEE. No! Matiwan shall not take! Matiwan asks nothing from the pale face!

MRS. GRANGER. Why, 't is only a gift —

SANUTEE. Sanutee has said — he waits for the white man to go.

(*Granger and his wife go, showing consternation.*)

Matiwan shall wear none of the white man's trinkets. Take that chain from your neck.

(*Matiwan removes chain. Sanutee flings it into the forest.*)

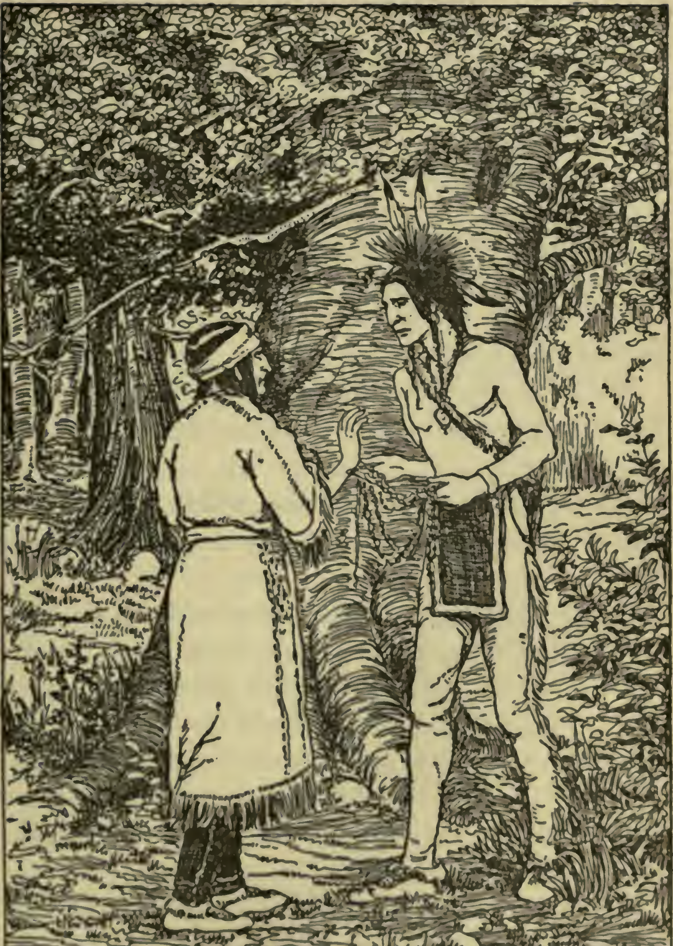
Matiwan shall not trade in my absence. Does Matiwan understand?

MATIWAN. Matiwan understands — she will obey.

[*Sanutee nods and glides quickly into the depths of the forest. Matiwan crouches by lodge door and buries her face in her hands. Pause. A bird call is heard near. Matiwan listens. The call is repeated. Matiwan answers. Enter* OCCONESTOGA. *He is young, tall, and well formed, but shows the effect of drinking in his swollen face and inflamed eyes.*]

My boy — my boy — Occonestoga.

OCCONESTOGA. Sh! — Sanutee —



"LET NOT SANUTEE SEE THOSE GIFTS!"

Matiwan. Occonestoga need not fear — he can stay till the sun sets — till Sanutee returns with the deer.

Occonestoga. No, Occonestoga goes soon to the council.

Matiwan. Ah, Matiwan is happy now — Occonestoga goes again to sit with the chiefs.

Occonestoga. Matiwan understands not — 'tis the English who hold council.

Matiwan. What words do you speak? 'T is Sanutee who has called a council of the Yemassee chiefs this night.

Occonestoga. Cha! Sanutee will be angry. The English have come — Occonestoga guided them thither.

Matiwan. Let not Sanutee hear such words!

Occonestoga. The white men are good friends to Occonestoga. Look, what they have given him!

[*He shows several bead chains.*]

Matiwan. Let not Sanutee see those gifts!

Occonestoga. Sanutee has driven Occonestoga from his lodge. He cannot drive him from the pale face.

Matiwan. Sanutee will drive the pale face from the land.

Occonestoga. Cha! The English come for more land. They are with the chiefs now in council.

Matiwan. It cannot be — If it were, would Sanutee now be tracking the deer?

OCCONESTOGA. The English care not to meet with Sanutee. They sent gifts in advance to many chiefs; and many, many gifts have they brought with them.

MATIWAN. The pale face knows that his gifts will talk. Go, Occonestoga, and forbid the chiefs to sell their lands. Go — speak in the name of Sanutee!

OCCONESTOGA. No, Matiwan — Occonestoga is bound to the English.

MATIWAN. Go, my son, go! Occonestoga is a chief — he was once beloved by his nation.

OCCONESTOGA (*shaking head*). Occonestoga has shamed Sanutee. He begs at the lodge of the English for drink. He has bound himself to the English for these.

[*He holds up the bead chains.*]

MATIWAN. Matiwan will tear them apart! Matiwan will fling them away to the winds!

[*She takes the beads.*]

OCCONESTOGA (*gloomily*). 'T would leave Occonestoga still in chains — he must have the drink of the white man.

MATIWAN. No — he will conquer this evil spirit within his breast. He will again be the pride of the Yemassee.

OCCONESTOGA. Occonestoga has tried — fierce battles has he fought with this spirit.

MATIWAN. He has shut his eyes and gone upon the track of a foolish dream, but he will wake with the spring.

OCCONESTOGA. It may be — the sun and the storm are brothers.

MATIWAN (*starting*). Some one comes!

[*Occonestoga looks off cautiously.*]

OCCONESTOGA. 'T is Sanutee!

MATIWAN. Go, my boy — go — go!

[*Exit Occonestoga. Enter* SANUTEE *from the opposite side.*]

SANUTEE. My knife, Matiwan, my knife in the sheath —

[*Matiwan enters lodge, and returns at once with a knife in its sheath. As she offers it to Sanutee, he sees Occonestoga's chains, which still hang from her arms. He points to them, speaking angrily.*]

The white trader — has he been again in the lodge of Sanutee?

MATIWAN. No — no, Sanutee — the white trader — no! Not Granger — he has not been here again.

SANUTEE. The beads — the beads!

(*He tears them from her arm and tramples them fiercely under his feet.*)

Who gave those beads to Matiwan? Speak!

MATIWAN. The boy — the boy —

SANUTEE. Came he to the lodge when Sanutee said no?

MATIWAN. He is the child of Matiwan — Matiwan has no other.

SANUTEE. Darkens he still the lodge of Sanutee?

MATIWAN. No — he has gone with the English to talk in council with our chiefs.

SANUTEE. What words are these? The English here — in council with the chiefs?

MATIWAN. So said Occonestoga.

SANUTEE. They come for more land — they would have all. But they know not Sanutee — they think he sleeps — that he has no tongue — that his people have forgotten his voice! They shall see. Where went Occonestoga with the English?

MATIWAN. To the council hall in the village.

SANUTEE. To buy our chiefs with painted glass and red cloth and burning water. They blind not Sanutee — they buy not Sanutee! Sanutee goes to the council.

MATIWAN. Sanutee, you will see the boy! O, well-beloved of the Yemassee, look not upon him to strike!

[*She kneels at his feet. Sanutee is softened.*]

SANUTEE. I would not see him, for he is the son of Matiwan.

MATIWAN. Say that Sanutee will not see to strike!

SANUTEE. I would not see him! But let him not stand in the path of Sanutee! The knife — Sanutee goes to the council.

[*He takes the knife from Matiwan's trembling hands and darts into the forest.*]

ACT II

TIME: *the same morning; a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *interior of council lodge in Yemassee village.*

[*The room is large; it is built of logs; the floor is of turf. About the room stand twelve Indian* TORCH-BEARERS, *holding aloft burning brands of pine. Many Indian* CHIEFS *are seen seated upon skins — motionless, silent. Upon a mat apart sit three English* COMMISSIONERS. *Near them is a pile of presents. Pause. Sir* EDMUND BELLINGER *rises.*]

SIR EDMUND. Powerful chiefs of the all-powerful Yemassee nation, — friends, brothers, — it is with pleasure I see you gathered here in response to our invitation. How beautiful a thing it is that you should make us so welcome in your land — should be so willing to harbor us here — so peaceful and loving toward us! We wish to show our appreciation of this, our gratitude toward our brothers. Therefore, we bring you gifts — we pray you to receive them.

[*The other Commissioners quickly give out the presents. The Chiefs accept and put on the bright cloaks, mantles, and coats; accept also hatchets, knives, beads, etc. Enter* SANUTEE, *followed by* ISHIAGASKA. *Sanutee surveys the Chiefs and Commissioners sternly. Pause.*]

SANUTEE. Who came to the lodge of Sanutee to say that the chiefs were in council? Is not Sanutee a chief? The Yemassee call him so, or he dreams. Look, chiefs, is the arrow of the Yemassee gone from the arm of Sanutee?

(*He bares his arm and points to the arrow, the totem of the tribe, marked in his skin.*)

It is well. Sanutee is here — he is a chief — he will hear the words of the English.

[*Ishiagaska throws a bearskin, which he carries, upon the turf. Sanutee sits with dignity. Ishiagaska sits near. Sir Edmund rises.*]

SIR EDMUND. Chiefs of the Yemassee, we come from your English brothers. They have told us to say that one house covers the English and the Yemassee. To prove their faith they have sent us with words of peace and good-will. To you, Sanutee, they send this coat, which they have worn close to their hearts, and which they would have you wear in like manner, in proof of the love between us.

[*He presents a rich but gaudy coat to Sanutee.*]

SANUTEE. Our English brother is good, but Sanutee asks not for the cloak. Does Sanutee complain of the cold?

SIR EDMUND. The chief will not reject the gift of his friend and brother?

SANUTEE. Does the white chief come to the council of the Yemassee as a fur trader? Would he have skins for his coat?

Sir Edmund. No, Sanutee, the English chief is a great chief. He does not barter for skins.

Sanutee. A great chief! He came to the Yemassee a little child, and we took him into our lodges. We gave him meat and water. We helped him with a staff, as he tottered through the thick woods.

Sir Edmund. That is true, but —

Sanutee. We showed him how to trap the beaver and hunt the deer. We sent our young men on the warpath against his enemy. And now he sends us a coat!

Sir Edmund. We deny none of your services, Sanutee, but —

Sanutee. He sends good words to the Yemassee, he gives him painted glass, and makes him blind with the water that is poison; his shot rings in our forests — we hide from his long knife in the cold swamp, while the copper snake creeps over us, as we sleep.

Sir Edmund. You do us wrong, Sanutee; you have nothing to fear from the English.

Sanutee. Fear — Sanutee has no fear of the English. He fears only that the Yemassee warrior may go blind with the English poison — that the great chiefs of the Yemassee may sell him for a slave to the pale face, to plant his maize and to sit in his lodge like a squaw.

Sir Edmund. There is no reason for this fear, Sanutee; the English are your friends —

Sanutee. Would the English have more land from the Yemassee? Let him speak.

Sir Edmund. The English do want to buy some of the land of your people —

Sanutee. Did not Sanutee say? You want all that lies between this village and your own.

(*Pause.*)

Why does not the white chief speak?

Sir Edmund. Well — yes — I have been instructed to buy that much, Sanutee.

Sanutee. 'T is thousands and thousands of acres — the richest land of the Yemassee. And the coat is for the land?

Sir Edmund. No, Sanutee, the coat is a free gift from the English. They ask for nothing in return. But we would buy your lands with other things —

Sanutee. I will not sell the land of my people! The Yemassee loves the old trees and the shady waters where he was born, and where the bones of the old warriors lie buried. I speak to you, chiefs — it is the voice of Sanutee. Hear his tongue — it has no fork; look on his face — it does not show lies. These are the scars of battle, when I went forth for my people. Hear me then.

Chiefs. Speak, Sanutee.

Sanutee (*rising*). It is good. Chiefs of the Yemassee, hear! Why comes the English to the lodge of our people? Why comes he with a red coat to the Chief? Why brings he beads and paints for the eye of a little boy? Why brings he strong water for the young men? Why makes he long speeches, full of smooth words? Why does he call us brother? 'T is because he would have our lands.

ENOREE-MATTEE. Sanutee has said!

CHOLUCULLA. Sanutee has said!

SANUTEE. But we have no lands to sell. The lands came from our fathers — they must go to our children. They do not belong to us to sell — they belong to our children to keep.

ISHIAGASKA. 'T is true, Sanutee!

ENOREE-MATTEE. 'T is true, great chief!

SANUTEE. We have sold too much land. The old turkey, before the sun sinks behind the trees, can fly over all the land that is ours. Shall the turkey have more land in a day than the Yemassee has for his children? Speak for the Yemassee, chiefs of the broad-arrow — speak for the Yemassee! Speak, Ishiagaska! Speak, Choluculla! Speak, Enoree-Mattee, thou friend of the Great Spirit, whose words are as true as the sun, and whose wisdom comes swifter than the lightning — speak, prophet — speak for the Yemassee!

ENOREE-MATTEE. Enoree-Mattee is prophet of the Great Spirit — he will not sell the lands of the Yemassee.

ISHIAGASKA. The English shall have no land from the Yemassee — it is the voice of Ishiagaska.

CHOLUCULLA. The Yemassee will not sell — it is the voice of Choluculla.

[*Pause.*]

SANUTEE. Speak on, chiefs — speak all for the Yemassee!

[*He sits.* MANNEYWANTO, *a brave but dishonest chief, arises.*]

MANNEYWANTO. Sanutee may say, the prophet may say — but they say not for Manneywanto. There are brave chiefs of the Yemassee, yet we hear only Sanutee. Sanutee! cha! cha! I am here — I — Manneywanto. I speak for the trade with our English brother. The Yemassee will sell the land to the pale face.

METATCHEE. Metatchee will trade with the English.

OONALATCHIE. Oonalatchie will sell to the English.

HUSPAH. Huspah loves the white man — he will sell them the land.

SARRATAHA. Sarrataha will trade with his brother.

[OCCONESTOGA *now rises from a dark corner and comes into the circle.*]

OCCONESTOGA. I will sell the Yemassee land —

[*Sanutee leaps forward with uplifted tomahawk, and rushes upon Occonestoga. Sir Edmund seizes his arm.*]

SIR EDMUND. Would you slay your own son?

SANUTEE. Hold me not! I will strike the slave — I will strike his master!

[*Warriors rush forward and restrain Sanutee. Occonestoga flees from the hall. Sanutee finally sinks on his mat in a stupor.*]

SECOND COMMISSIONER. Come, my brothers, we will sign the treaty. You shall put your marks on this parchment.

[*The traitorous Chiefs sign the treaty. Sanutee seems not to see them.*]

THIRD COMMISSIONER. And now, in accordance with your custom, my brothers, we will complete the treaty with the sack of earth.

[*He takes a filled skin to* HUSPAH, *who rises and holds the sack in his arms.*]

HUSPAH. When this earth to you is given, so will the treaty then be done — the lands that were the Yemassee's will belong to his English brothers. Take, then, this soil from Huspah.

[*He holds out the sack. As Sir Edmund approaches to take it, Sanutee rushes forward, seizes the sack and hurls it to the ground.*]

SANUTEE. Our land shall not be sold by traitors! Come, all chiefs faithful to Sanutee! The Yemassee shall arise at our call! The Yemassee will arise!

[*He rushes from the hall, followed by the three faithful chiefs.*]

ACT III

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

PLACE: *interior of the council lodge of the Yemassee.*

[*The doors are barred. The Indian* BRAVES *and the English* COMMISSIONERS *are talking in some confusion.*]

SECOND COMMISSIONER. He will arouse the people against us! We must flee, Sir Edmund — we must flee!

HUSPAH. Sanutee cannot arouse the people. Huspah is their well-beloved chief.

THIRD COMMISSIONER (*looking through crack in door*). Sanutee is addressing them now — he stands on the mound by the river.

METATCHEE. The Yemassee listen not to Sanutee. Metatchee is their well-beloved chief.

THIRD COMMISSIONER (*as before*). The crowd grows larger every minute.

OONALATCHIE. Soon they will scatter like leaves in a storm. I am their well-beloved chief.

THIRD COMMISSIONER (*as before*). The braves grow excited — they shake their tomahawks — they draw their knives —

SARRATAHA. 'T is but a passing cloud. Sarrataha is their well-beloved chief.

THIRD COMMISSIONER. Another now takes Sanutee's place! 'T is the prophet, Enoree-Mattee!

SECOND COMMISSIONER. He will excite them to frenzy.

THIRD COMMISSIONER. He stands as if inspired — he is lifting his hands to Heaven — he speaks in a fury —

[*Fierce yells are heard off.*]

SIR EDMUND. We are in great danger, friends. We must barricade the door!

THIRD COMMISSIONER. Wait—the Grangers—they are fleeing here for refuge!

[*He flings the door open. Enter* MR. *and* MRS. GRANGER, *running. The door is quickly closed and barricaded.*]

SIR EDMUND. Did they threaten you, Mr. Granger?

GRANGER. No, but we thought it unsafe to remain in our lodge.

MRS. GRANGER. The people are rising—it will soon be a frenzied multitude.

VOICES (*off*). Sangarrah, Sangarrah-me, Yemassee-Sangarrah!

GRANGER. 'T is their war cry!

VOICES (*nearer*). Sangarrah, Sangarrah-me, Yemassee-Sangarrah!

GRANGER. They are advancing upon us!

SIR EDMUND. The cries seem to come from every quarter.

MRS. GRANGER. They are surrounding the lodge!

[*The door is shaken; there are blows on it from without; then cries and yells.*]

SANUTEE. Come forth, chiefs who betrayed us! Come forth, traitors, come forth!

VOICES. Traitors — traitors, come forth!

MANNEYWANTO. There is death for me in their cries—I will go forth to meet it, as becomes a brave Yemassee chief.

HUSPAH. Huspah will go to the hatchet.

METATCHEE. Metatchee will go — there is no other way.

OONALATCHIE. Oonalatchie will go — he fears not the tomahawk.

SARRATAHA. Sarrataha will go — he fears not.

[*They tear down the barricade and rush forth with uplifted tomahawks. The English fasten the door. Yells are heard, then silence. Pause.*]

SIR EDMUND. Alas — their fate is certain.

GRANGER. And so is ours, unless Sanutee interfere.

SECOND COMMISSIONER. That he will never do — he was highly incensed.

GRANGER. He was angry because of the treaty. Sanutee has a big soul — he has no spite for individuals.

[*Yells and cries heard off.*]

VOICES. The English! The English! Come forth! Come forth!

MRS. GRANGER. They are surrounding us! There is no hope for us now!

[*Sharp knock at door.*]

SANUTEE. Sanutee would speak with the English. Open — let him in.

MRS. GRANGER. No — no — it is a trick!

GRANGER. Comes Sanutee to destroy us?

SANUTEE. No, Sanutee comes for peace.

SIR EDMUND. Sanutee may come — no other.

SANUTEE. It is well.

[*Granger opens the door slightly. Enter* SANUTEE. *Granger closes and bars door.*]

SIR EDMUND (*sternly*). Why do your people surround us? Why do they bid us come forth?

SANUTEE. The English have the lands of my people, therefore my people hunt them.

SIR EDMUMD. Your chiefs sold us the land. The treaty was signed. The sack of earth was delivered.

SANUTEE. The chiefs who sold are chiefs no more.

SIR EDMUND. Have you slain them?

SANUTEE. They are dead to the Yemassee forever. The arrow is being cut from their arms. We shall know them no more. They are no longer of our nation.

(*Cries are heard in the distance.*)

Hark! They are being driven into the forest.

SIR EDMUND. The English will protect them and will punish their enemies. Beware, chief! There is danger in store for your people.

[*Cries and yells heard just without.*]

SANUTEE. Does the white chief hear my people? They cry for blood — they would drink it from your heart. But Sanutee is the friend of the English. They shall not touch you — they shall do you no harm.

GRANGER. Then why do they still surround us?

SANUTEE. They wait for the writing and for the skin that holds the land of the Yemassee.

SIR EDMUND. Never, Sanutee, never! We will fight to the last! We refuse to yield up the treaty.

SANUTEE. It is well — it is well. The knife of the Yemassee will dig for his land in the very heart of the pale face.

[*Exit.*]

GRANGER (*barring door*). We may now prepare for the worst.

VOICES (*off*). Sangarrah-me, Sangarrah-me! Yemassee-Sangarrah!

GRANGER (*looking through crack in door*). They bring torches! They will burn the lodge over our heads!

SECOND COMMISSIONER. I pray you reconsider, Sir Edmund! Give them the sack of earth!

THIRD COMMISSIONER. Throw it out to them, sir, before it is too late!

SIR EDMUND. No! I will defend it with my life!

VOICES (*off, fiercely*). Sangarrah-me, Sangarrah! Yemassee-Sangarrah!

GRANGER. Do you hear that? It is a cry for blood, and it comes from a thousand voices! Restore the skin, Sir Edmund! Give them the signed parchment!

SIR EDMUND. No — I will be true to my trust.

[*Mrs. Granger, unseen by the others, seizes the parchment and the sack of earth; crosses to door; opens it.*]

MRS. GRANGER. Sanutee! the sack and the parchment!

[*She throws them out. Sir Edmund rushes forward, but is too late.*]

Sir Edmund. Woman — how dared you!

Mrs. Granger. My life is precious to me, sir, though you may be regardless of yours.

Sir Edmund. 'T was a point of honor with me to preserve the treaty to the last.

Mrs. Granger. The treaty is nothing to the Yemassee now. To have kept it would have done no good.

Granger. Their cries have ceased for the moment, at least.

[*Enter Sanutee.*]

Sanutee. It is well — the writing has been torn and flung to the winds — the earth has been returned to its own. The English will now go back to their village; the Yemassee will do them no hurt. Go — linger not.

(*The Commissioners start out. The Grangers linger behind. Sanutee turns to them.*)

Why does not Granger go also?

Granger. I am willing to remain in my lodge here in the land of the Yemassee. Sanutee is my friend, and I am doing well with the fur trade.

Sanutee. Go — Sanutee is good friend to Granger, but Sanutee says Go. There is fire and a knife in the hand of the Yemassee. If Granger will not go, look, the hatchet of Sanutee is ready.

(*He raises his hatchet.*)

Sanutee will save Granger from the fire-death. He will save Granger's wife also.

GRANGER. I understand — that is the last service Sanutee can do his friends. We will go.

SANUTEE. Sanutee will guide you to the river. Go all — quickly — go!

[*All go, Sanutee guarding them.*]

ACT IV

TIME: *night of same day.*
PLACE: *interior of Sanutee's lodge.*

[*The glare of a pine torch shows* MATIWAN *listening to faint cries heard every now and then in the distance.*]

MATIWAN. They still pursue him — my boy — Occonestoga! (*Pause.*) Their cries grow fainter — he has escaped them!

(*She lifts her arms to Heaven.*)

Great Spirit, Matiwan thanks thee! Let him escape his pursuers! Great Spirit, Matiwan prays thee!

(*The door is pushed open. Enter* OCCONESTOGA, *tired and worn.*)

Occonestoga — you have come — you have come!

OCCONESTOGA. They still pursue me!

MATIWAN. They will track you here! Fly, boy, fly!

OCCONESTOGA (*sitting wearily*). Occonestoga is weary — he would welcome death.

MATIWAN. They seek not to slay.

OCCONESTOGA. Matiwan knows not. They found where I hid from the wrath of Sanutee. They called me to yield — I fled to the swamps — in the cold damp and ooze I lay, long hours. Now they may come — Occonestoga cares not to live.

MATIWAN. They seek not to slay — they would cut the arrow from your arm.

OCCONESTOGA. What says Matiwan? The arrow?

MATIWAN. The Yemassee have cast you out. They would take the totem from you.

OCCONESTOGA (*springing up*). They dare not! They will not! I will go with them upon the war path. I will fight with them against the English. I will lead the young warriors to battle. They shall know Occonestoga once more for a brave chief.

MATIWAN. It is too late — they have doomed you with the chiefs who sold the land.

OCCONESTOGA. Matiwan! Say you do but talk to frighten me! Say Occonestoga may not be cast out! Say that, Matiwan, and he will be in your hand even as the torch that burns. Matiwan shall make him what she will.

MATIWAN. Matiwan cannot say it.

OCCONESTOGA. I will bare my bosom to them. They shall strike.

MATIWAN. Did not those chiefs beg to die? The Yemassee heard them not. They cut the totem from them — they drove them into the forest.

Occonestoga. Occonestoga will not lose the arrow from his breast. He will still be a Yemassee.

Matiwan. Occonestoga can flee — that is all. Matiwan knows. Go to the English! Go — go — Matiwan prays you, go!

[*Occonestoga stands for a moment as if stunned, hanging his head. Suddenly he stands erect.*]

Occonestoga. Is Occonestoga an arrow that is broken? Has he no strength? Has the blood gone from his heart? He will do battle against the Yemassee!

Matiwan (*starting*). A sound — some one comes!

(*She peeps out through an opening in the log wall.*)

'Tis Sanutee! Come, boy, come! Matiwan will hide you. Come!

(*She leads Occonestoga to a corner where there is a great pile of skins. He lies down; she covers him with the furs. Enter Sanutee. He throws himself on bearskin in center of lodge, scarcely noticing Matiwan. Pause.*)

Sanutee is weary.

Sanutee. Matiwan has said.

[*Pause.*]

Matiwan. Do they still pursue Occonestoga?

Sanutee. They will pursue until they take.

Matiwan. He may escape to the English.

Sanutee. 'T will but drag his days out for a moon or two.

MATIWAN. The Yemassee will descend on the white man, then?

SANUTEE. The Yemassee will destroy him utterly. With tomorrow's sun we take the trail again.

(*Pause. Sanutee suddenly turns toward the pile of skins.*)

Those skins there will be useful. How many are there, Matiwan?

MATIWAN. Some fifteen in all, Sanutee, chief.

SANUTEE. Matiwan forgets — there are more than fifteen. Sanutee will count for himself.

[*He rises.*]

MATIWAN. Sit, Sanutee! Wherefore should not Matiwan look? The toil of the lodge is for Matiwan.

[*She crosses quickly to skins and begins to tumble them about.*]

SANUTEE. Sanutee will look — the bearskin is heavy on your hands.

MATIWAN. No — look not! You are weary, chief — your feet need rest. Matiwan is here — why should you stir?

SANUTEE. Matiwan is good, but Sanutee is not weary with toil. He but took the English to the beginning of their land. No — Sanutee will look with the eye that is true.

[*He crosses to skins. Matiwan clasps her hands in terror. Sanutee puts his hand on the skins. A confused, wild approaching clamor is heard. Sanutee listens. Pause. Noise heard nearer.*]

VOICES (*without*). Sangarrah-me, Sangarrah-me, Yemassee-Sangarrah!

(*Sanutee crosses; opens door.*)

Occonestoga! Occonestoga! He is here — he is here!

SANUTEE. No, Occonestoga is not in the lodge of Sanutee. Enter — search — see.

[*Enter many* BRAVES. *Occonestoga rises from his hiding place and springs into center of room, grasping his tomahawk in his hand.*]

BRAVES. Occonestoga! Occonestoga!

SANUTEE. Traitor to the Yemassee!

[*He approaches Occonestoga; the Braves fall back. Occonestoga lifts his arm to strike at Sanutee. Matiwan screams. Occonestoga shudders, drops his arm, letting tomahawk fall to ground.*]

OCCONESTOGA. Occonestoga will not strike at Sanutee. Matiwan shall see —

[*Occonestoga stands proudly waiting. The Braves seize him and hurry him from lodge. Sanutee follows, grim and silent.*]

MATIWAN (*moaning*). 'Twas the poison of the white man! Occonestoga — my boy — my boy — my boy!

EVANGELINE

ACT I

Time: *1713; an autumn morning.*

Place: *Benedict Bellefontaine's farm, near the village of Grand Pré, in Acadia, Nova Scotia.*

Benedict Bellefontaine.
Evangeline, his Daughter.
Basil Lajeunesse.
Gabriel, his Son.
Father Felician, the Village Priest.
René Leblanc, Notary.
Baptiste, his Son.
Michael, a Fiddler.
Commander of British Troops.
First Woman.
Second Woman.
First Girl.
Second Girl.
Third Girl.
Fourth Girl.
Fifth Girl.
First Youth.
Second Youth.
Third Youth.
Fourth Youth.
Soldiers.
Villagers.

[*A meadow is seen. Many Acadian* Youths *and* Maidens *are making a bower of tree branches.*]

First Girl. We must hasten, or the betrothal will be over.

First Youth. There — our part is done! Every branch is now in place.

Second Youth. But the chains of roses — ?

Second Girl. They are ready now!

[*Girls and Youths festoon the bower with the chains of roses.*]

Third Girl (*looking off*). Look! They are coming! The betrothal is over!

All. They are coming! They are coming!

Third Youth. There are Benedict and Basil!

Fourth Youth. And the notary!

Fourth Girl. And Father Felician!

Fifth Girl. And—look! — Evangeline and Gabriel!

First Girl. Evangeline is beautiful in her wedding gown!

Second Girl. See her gold ear-rings!

Third Girl. They were her great-great-great-grandmother's, and came from France!

First Youth. Sh! They come!

[*Enter the procession,* Benedict, Basil, René Le Blanc, Father Felician, Evangeline, *and* Gabriel.]

Girls (*showering flowers*). Evangeline! Evangeline!

Youths (*showering flowers*). Gabriel! Gabriel!

[*Evangeline and Gabriel stand in bower. Enter* Michael *with his violin.*]

Benedict. Music, Michael! Play as thou hast never played before! The whole village will be our guests today, and we will all make merry!

[*Michael plays. The Girls and Youths join hands and circle around the bower. Enter the* VILLAGERS, *men, women, and children.*]

VILLAGERS (*showering flowers*). Evangeline! Gabriel! Evangeline!

[*They join hands and circle around the bower. Enter* BAPTISTE, *running.*]

BAPTISTE. Hold! Silence! Silence, I say!

[*All stand still, astonished.*]

NOTARY. Why, what, Baptiste? Speak!

BAPTISTE. English ships have entered the harbor and have pointed their cannon against us!

BENEDICT. What can that mean? We are at peace with ourselves and the world.

NOTARY. True, but we would not acknowledge the claim of the English in our land. They may come to punish us!

BAPTISTE. There is great fear in the village! Many say we shall be forced to swear allegiance to the English king. And many have fled to the forests for dread of what may happen.

BENEDICT. It must be some friendly purpose that brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England have been blighted, and they would purchase from our bursting stores.

BAPTISTE. Not so think the folk in the village!

BASIL. And not so think I!

VILLAGERS. Nor I!

FATHER FELICIAN. Imagine not evil intentions, my children.

BENEDICT. No, nor fear them! Come, be merry! Let no shadow of sorrow fall on this betrothal today!

BASIL. Benedict, thou art always as happy as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-shoe. But I am not content. I will go to the shore and find out what I may.

GABRIEL. I will go with thee, father.

EVANGELINE. Gabriel — stay!

GABRIEL. Nay, Evangeline, if danger threatens, I must know — the better to protect thee.

EVANGELINE. My father fears nothing; Father Felician bids us think no evil. Come, Gabriel, join in the dance, and be thou as happy as if thou hadst just picked up a horse-shoe thyself.

GABRIEL. Nay, I must go.

BAPTISTE. I will go with thee!

BASIL. Then come!

[*They go quickly.*]

BENEDICT. Let not this interruption trouble you, my friends. We have done no wrong and need fear no one. Let the dance go on! I myself will stand by the bride. Play, Michael!

[*He stands in the bower with Evangeline. Michael plays. The dancers circle around the bower with shouts and laughter. Pause. Enter* BASIL, GABRIEL, *and* BAPTISTE, *running.*]

BASIL. Silence! Cease thy merriment!

[*The music and the dancing cease.*]

GABRIEL. Soldiers are coming from the ships and are marching now upon us!

BAPTISTE. Prepare to defend yourselves!

NOTARY. The only weapons amongst us are Michael's violin and my pen, which just now wrote the contract.

BASIL. Hast thou no arms in the house, Benedict?

BENEDICT. Nothing.

FATHER FELICIAN. 'T is well. Better peace at any price than bloodshed.

[*Enter* ENGLISH SOLDIERS *and* COMMANDER.]

COMMANDER. Villagers of Grand Pré, in the name of your King, I now address you! (*Holding up a paper with seals.*) Here is the royal commission! And this is the message his Majesty sends: The royal heart is grieved that you, his children, deeded to him by the treaty with France, do stubbornly refuse to take the oath of allegiance. The royal patience is exhausted. Therefore, his Majesty orders you to deliver up to him your farms, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds; and lastly — that you yourselves go forth to other lands.

[*Pause. The Acadians are speechless with horror.*]

BENEDICT. Give up our homes — go forth to foreign lands!

COMMANDER. Aye, and at once. Our ships are here to transport you.

NOTARY. Where?

COMMANDER. Some here — some there.

[*Acadians cry out in sorrow and anger.*]

A WOMAN. Separate us from our friends?

SECOND WOMAN. And relatives?

COMMANDER. That is his Majesty's order.

BASIL. Down with the tyrants of England!

GABRIEL. Death to these foreign soldiers!

VILLAGERS. Aye! Aye! Down with them! Down with them!

[*They rush at Soldiers, who present their bayonets.*]

COMMANDER. Men of Grand Pré, I order you under arrest!

GABRIEL. Down with them!

BAPTISTE. Down with them!

BASIL. Fear not their bayonets! At them, men!

VILLAGERS. At them! At them!

[*The Soldiers raise their guns to fire.*]

FATHER FELICIAN. My children, what madness hath seized you! Forty years have I labored among you and taught you to love one another. Is this the fruit of my toils, of my prayers and my privations? Have you so soon forgotten the lessons of love and forgiveness? What is the prayer that your hearts should cry out in the hour when the wicked assail?

[*Pause.*]

Evangeline (*kneeling*). O Father, forgive them!

Father Felician. Kneel, my children, and repeat those words.

[*Pause; the Acadians yield to the Priest's influence and kneel in prayer.*]

Acadians. O Father, forgive them!

ACT II

Time: *five days later.*
Place: *seashore of Grand Pré.*

Benedict.
Evangeline.
Basil.
Gabriel.
Father Felician.
René Le Blanc.
Baptiste.
Michael.
British Commander.
A Girl.
A Youth.
First Woman.
Second Woman.
Third Woman.
Fourth Woman.
First Sailor.
Second Sailor.
First Acadian.
Second Acadian.
Third Acadian.
Villagers, Soldiers, Sailors.

[Women *and* Children *are seen waiting on the shore. Near them are piles of luggage. Enter many* Women *and* Children *with household goods.*]

A Woman. Look back on our homes now, my children!

SECOND WOMAN. Look back on our fields and our meadows!

THIRD WOMAN. Look back on our beautiful village! Oh, the tyrants of England!

[*Shakes her fist at the English ships out at sea, then begins to sob. Enter* EVANGELINE.]

FIRST WOMAN (*to Evangeline*). Is there no word from thy father, or from Gabriel?

EVANGELINE. Nothing, nothing but silence.

SECOND WOMAN. Five suns have risen since the men were imprisoned in the church.

THIRD WOMAN (*still sobbing*). Five suns since we have spoken with them!

EVANGELINE. And five suns since we were ordered here — to be transported — whither we know not, nor what cruel fate is in store for us.

[*Drums are heard off.*]

THIRD WOMAN (*looking off*). 'T is our men! They are marching them here!

[*Enter* FATHER FELICIAN *and* ACADIAN MEN, SOLDIERS *guarding them.*]

MEN (*chanting*). "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain! Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

WOMEN (*chanting*). "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain! Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

[*Enter the* COMMANDER.]

COMMANDER. Acadians, know that this task to me is painful and most grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and complete the will of our august monarch. The ships are ready — you must embark.

[*Exit. Enter many* SAILORS, *who seize goods and Children and then the elder Acadians.*]

SAILORS. Come! Come!

[*There is great confusion. The Sailors hurry away many of the Acadians.*]

FIRST WOMAN. They have taken my child! They have taken my child!

SECOND WOMAN. They have taken my husband! I am alone!

FIRST ACADIAN. Where is my son? Pierre! Pierre! Where art thou?

SECOND ACADIAN. They have taken my old mother! She cannot live without my care!

THIRD ACADIAN. Jeanne! Jeanne! Where art thou? Have they taken my daughter? Have you seen my Jeanne? Jeanne!

A GIRL. Father! Father! Where art thou? Father!

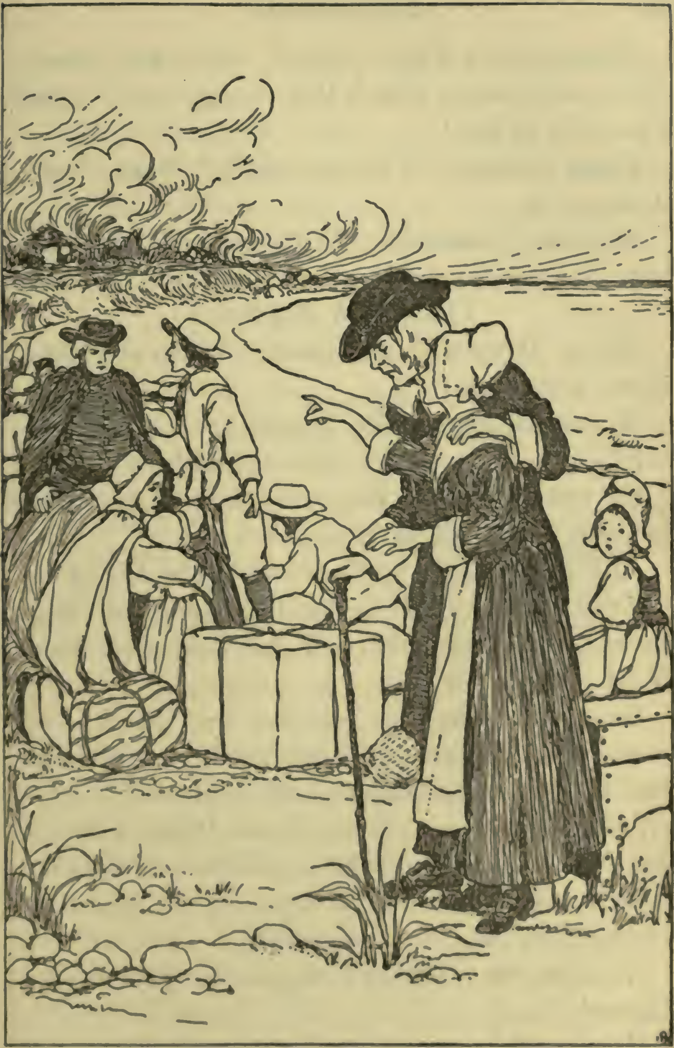
A YOUTH. Sister! Sister! Sister Madeleine!

[*Enter* SAILORS, *who seize luggage and Children as before.*]

SAILORS. Come! Come!

BASIL (*seizing a Sailor*). Take that woman to her child!

GABRIEL (*to another Sailor*). Take that father to his daughter.



"SEE THE SMOKE AND THE FLASHES OF FLAME!"

Baptiste (*to First Sailor*). You have taken a feeble old woman. She is this young man's mother. Take him to her!

First Sailor. 'Tis impossible! That ship is sailing now.

Second Sailor (*to Baptiste*). Now 't is your turn. Come! Come!

[*Exit with Baptiste.*]

Basil. Down with the tyrants! Down with them! Down with them!

Acadians. Down with them!

[*They rush toward Soldiers, who level guns.*]

Father Felician. Peace, my children, peace! Be resigned to the will of Heaven!

[*The Acadians again yield to the Priest.*]

Evangeline. What is that light from the village, father? See the smoke and the flashes of flame! What is it, Gabriel?

Benedict. They are burning our homes! The homes of our boyhood! The homes of our wives and our children! Our homes — our homes —

[*He falls. Evangeline and the Priest kneel beside him. There is great confusion. Sailors continue to seize goods and to hurry off the Acadians, among them Basil and Gabriel.*]

Evangeline. Father! Speak to me! Father! Father!

Father Felician. He will not speak again, child.

Evangeline. He is dead? Dead? Gabriel! Gabriel! (*Pause. To Priest.*) Has he too been taken, Father?

Father Felician. Yes —

Evangeline. Gabriel gone — No! No! Gabriel! — Oh, I cannot bear it!

Father Felician (*placing his hand on her head*). Thou shalt not bear it alone, Evangeline.

ACT III

Time: *five years later; spring.*

Place: *Louisiana; the garden of Basil's home on the banks of the Têche River.*

Evangeline.
Gabriel.
Basil.
Father Felician.
Michael.

First Boatman.
Second Boatman.
First Herdsman.
Second Herdsman.
Third Herdsman.

Herdsmen and Acadian Exiles.

[*Spanish* Herdsmen *are seen resting. Apart from them, silent and sad, sits* Gabriel. *Enter* Michael *with his violin.*]

Michael. Shall I play while you take your noonday rest?

Herdsmen. Yes, play!

[*Enter* Basil, *unseen by the others.*]

First Herdsman. Play that Spanish love song I sang for you yesterday.

Herdsmen. Yes! Yes!

GABRIEL. No, no, Michael! I pray you not to play that!

SECOND HERDSMAN. Play, then, that Spanish war song.

THIRD HERDSMAN. Yes, yes! I like to hear how the Spanish fought the Indians and took their homes and conquered them.

GABRIEL. No — no — I beg you, Michael.

BASIL. Go to another place and play, Michael. Go, lads, and follow him. Then sing your love songs and your war songs till 't is time to work again.

(*The Herdsmen go with Michael.*)

Thou art sad, my son.

GABRIEL. I am always sad, father.

BASIL. Canst thou not be contented here in our new home? We have prospered in spite of our exile. Thou hast much to make thee happy.

GABRIEL. Happy — when I know not where Evangeline is!

BASIL. True — we have sought her far and wide, but in vain. Would that we knew where our Acadians were landed! Far apart, I fear, on separate coasts — scattered like flakes of snow before a wind from the northeast.

GABRIEL. Blown from the North to the South, friendless, homeless, hopeless.

BASIL. I have ever befriended all who came here.

GABRIEL. Aye, father, thou hast; and thou hast listened with sobs to their tales of despair

BASIL. 'T is heart-rending to hear of those who died by the wayside.

GABRIEL. But what of those who wander still? What of Evangeline? What fate has overtaken her? Does she wander cheerless and in want? Or has her spirit ceased to be?

[*Pause. Gabriel broods sadly.*]

BASIL. Gabriel, perhaps it would be better shouldst thou go forth from here. Our life is so quiet; it gives thee too much time to brood. Suppose thou takest men and goest to the western wilds to hunt for furs.

GABRIEL. It might be well.

BASIL. Get Indians on the way and then take the trail to the mountains.

GABRIEL. But thou wilt be alone, father.

BASIL. I cannot bear thy unhappiness. I think this trip will help thee — thou shouldst go at once.

GABRIEL. My boat is at the landing now, but the boatmen take their noonday rest.

BASIL. Lie here, then, and sleep. When the heat has gone, I will return. Then thou canst depart.

GABRIEL. As thou wilt, father.

[*Basil goes. Gabriel lies behind bushes and sleeps. Pause. Enter* FATHER FELICIAN *and* EVANGELINE.]

FATHER FELICIAN. We will rest here for a little while.

EVANGELINE. Basil's house cannot be far away.

FATHER FELICIAN. Here we should find Gabriel, if the rumor that has led us hither be true. But rest thou must, for thou art tired.

EVANGELINE (*sitting*). After all these long years of seeking!

FATHER FELICIAN. But fix not your heart on it, child. Remember the disappointments of our search — ever led hither and thither by the vaguest of whispers and rumors.

EVANGELINE. I remember that thou hast wandered with me. But there was always a hearsay to point and beckon us forward. And then, sometimes, we did chance upon those who had seen Gabriel and thought to direct us truly.

FATHER FELICIAN. This journey may be like the others, child.

EVANGELINE. Oh, but Father Felician, something says in my heart that Gabriel is at last near me. Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? Or has an angel passed and revealed the truth to my soul?

FATHER FELICIAN. Trust to your heart, maid, and to what the world calls illusions. I, too, think that Gabriel is near.

(*Enter a* HERDSMAN.)

Sir, can you tell us if Basil Lajeunesse lives near?

HERDSMAN. Yonder is Basil's house — he lives there with his son Gabriel. I will guide you thither, if you will.

FATHER FELICIAN. Lead on — we will follow.

EVANGELINE. At last — at last!

[*They go. Gabriel awakens; rises and crosses to river bank.*]

GABRIEL (*calling down*). Still sleeping, lads?

BOATMAN (*off*). Nay, nay!

GABRIEL. Then leave your boat; I'd speak with you.

(*Pause. Enter two Spanish* BOATMEN.)

I wish to journey westward, men. We'll leave at once.

FIRST BOATMAN. With no farewells to your father?

GABRIEL. 'T is better so. Farewells but make the parting harder.

SECOND BOATMAN. There are many here who are your friends. Will you not say good-bye to them?

GABRIEL. No, no, I cannot! Come, let's away. Come! Come!

[*He goes; the Boatmen follow. Pause. The Herdsmen sing, off. Enter* BASIL *with* EVANGELINE *and* FATHER FELICIAN.]

BASIL. I left him here!

(*He goes to bank and looks over.*)

The boat is gone — and the boatmen! Why, then, Gabriel has gone!

Evangeline. Gone! Is Gabriel gone?

Basil. Be of good cheer, my child. We will follow this runaway lover. The winds and the waves are against him today, so we need not go till tomorrow.

[*Enter* Michael *and many* Acadians.]

All. Father Felician! Evangeline! Welcome!

Basil. Yes, welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless. Welcome once more to a home and the love of your fellow Acadians!

All. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

Basil. And now comes the evening meal, with music and talk and rejoicing. Come, friends, come!

[*Exit all but Evangeline.*]

Evangeline (*with joy*). Gabriel! Gabriel! At last! Soon I shall see thee! — hear thy voice and thy laughter! Father, I thank thee — I thank thee!

ACT IV

Time: *six weeks later.*

Place: *woodland at the base of the Ozark Mountains, near a mission village.*

Gabriel.
Evangeline.
Basil.
Baptiste.
First Nun.
Second Nun.
Third Nun.
Indian Girl.
First Indian.
Second Indian.

A Trapper.	First Boatman.
A Spanish Herdsman.	Second Boatman.

Nuns, Trappers, *and* Hunters.

[Gabriel *and a* Boatman *are seen by a camp-fire.*]

Gabriel. Our companion has been gone some time.

First Boatman. The Indians were perhaps deep in the forest.

[*Enter the* Second Boatman, *followed by two young* Indians.]

Gabriel. What luck, comrade?

Second Boatman. These two Indians will guide you, master.

Gabriel. You, then, may return.

First Boatman. What message shall we take to your father?

Gabriel. Say I have gone into the western wilds.

Second Boatman. Is there no word of your return — when it shall be?

Gabriel. Well, in the autumn, I think. Yes, it will be in the autumn. Good-bye, comrades. Speak words of good cheer to my father.

Boatman. Aye! Aye! Farewell, master.

[*Exit Boatmen. Enter a party of* Hunters *and* Trappers, *among them* Baptiste.]

A Trapper. Here is a good place to rest, lads!

All. Aye, it is.

[*They throw themselves on the ground.*]

Baptiste. Gabriel!

Gabriel. Baptiste!

(*They grasp hands.*)

My friend, my friend, I feared we should never meet again.

Baptiste. Long have I sought thee!

Gabriel. Hast thou heard nothing of Evangeline?

Baptiste. Nothing.

Gabriel. Not one word? Not a whisper, even?

Baptiste. Nothing. It must be, her ship went down.

Gabriel. It must be so — it must be so.

(*Pause. Gabriel is lost in gloomy brooding. A church bell rings. He starts.*)

The bell of her sinking ship! Baptiste! Speak! Am I dreaming?

Baptiste. 'T is the bell of a Mission in the valley there, and 't is ringing the Sisters in to prayers. Come with us, Gabriel! We go north to trap and hunt for furs. Come with us!

Gabriel. I wish I might, but my plans were made to go westward.

Baptiste. Oh, but come with us! Alone, thou wilt sink into gloom, and ever be hearing that tolling bell. Come with us, Gabriel! Come!

Gabriel. Well, I will. It does not matter now where I go. Wilt thou return in the autumn?

Baptiste. No, we expect to be north a year or two. We will return by a shorter route these trappers know.

GABRIEL. 'T is well. I care not when I return, nor by what route. (*To Indians.*) One guide will be sufficient now.

[*The First Indian nods and steps back.*]

BAPTISTE. Come, lads — we' ll go at once!

[*All go but First Indian. Enter an* INDIAN GIRL.]

GIRL. Brother — look! The Nuns from the mission!

[*Enter a procession of* NUNS.]

FIRST NUN. Friends, can you tell us where herbs are most plentiful?

GIRL. On the western slope of that wooded hill.

SECOND NUN. Will you not guide us thither, maid?

GIRL. No, no — I dare not! 'T is there the dreaded phantom hides!

THIRD NUN. Phantom? What do you mean?

GIRL. The Phantom Bridegroom, he who once came to an Indian maid with words of love and endearment. She followed him there, and never returned, and was never more seen by her people.

INDIAN. 'T is a legend told and repeated; we are warned from that hillside.

FIRST NUN. No harm can come to those who fear none. Sisters, we will go.

[*The Nuns go, chanting softly.*]

INDIAN. I'll watch from afar.

[*Exit. The Girl reclines behind bushes. Pause.*

Enter Basil, Evangeline, *a* Herdsman, *and the* Boatmen.]

Evangeline. He is not here!

Basil. You left him here, you say?

Boatmen. Aye!

Evangeline (*calling*). Gabriel! Gabriel!

[*Pause.*]

Basil (*calling*). Gabriel! Gabriel!

[*Pause.*]

Evangeline. Alas! He is ever just before us! No matter where we stop — camp-fire, cabin, wayside inn, — he has just gone.

Basil. We will find him yet! Despair not, Evangeline. (*To Boatmen.*) You say he went westward?

First Boatman. Aye, with Indian guides and horses.

Basil. We'll pursue him then, at once!

Second Boatman. Horses must first be got, and provisions, and Indian guides. That will take many days, sir.

Basil. Yes, that is true.

Herdsman. He will have such a start, I fear we cannot overtake him.

Evangeline. Like a phantom he ever eludes us!

Indian Girl (*rising*). Your phantom lover is there, maid, there on yonder wooded hill!

Evangeline. There!

Girl. Aye! Go now, and you will catch a glimpse of him.

EVANGELINE. Come, Basil, come! Do you hear? Gabriel is there — near us! We 'll see him soon! We 'll touch his hand! We 'll hear his voice! Come, Basil, come!

GIRL. Nay, you will not touch him, maid, nor will you ever speak with him. He will vanish as he did from our Lilinau!

EVANGELINE. What do you say? I will never speak with him?

GIRL. Lilinau heard him whispering through the pines in the hush of the twilight. Then she followed him, followed him, followed him; he ever eluding her, ever before. To yon wooded hill she followed his plumes, and was never more seen by her people.

HERDSMAN. 'T is only an Indian legend! I 've heard the tale before.

EVANGELINE. 'T is a prophecy: it foretells my own fate!

[*Enter the* NUNS, *followed by an* INDIAN.]

FIRST NUN. Will you not rest in our Mission, strangers?

BASIL. We seek my son, who has gone to the west. But here, I find, we must return. To follow him now is impossible.

EVANGELINE. Comes he not back in the autumn, boatmen?

FIRST BOATMAN. So he said, and by this way!

EVANGELINE. I would stay with you till that time, Sisters. I pray you let me remain!

First Nun. You are welcome, most welcome.

Basil. 'Tis well, thou wilt be better satisfied here, Evangeline. Let us tell the sisters your story.

[*He and Evangeline talk aside with the Nuns.*]

Indian (*to Girl*). The lad went northward, not westward, as these strangers say. Neither will he return this way, but by another route, and not till two autumns more have passed.

Girl. You must not tell them! It is the Phantom she pursues! Evil will come to us if we interfere! Come! Come!

[*They run into the forest.*]

Evangeline. Farewell, Basil, my friend! Farewell, companions of our voyage! Farewell till the autumn! I will return with Gabriel.

Basil. Farewell, Evangeline!

Boatmen. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Evangeline goes with the Nuns. The Mission bell rings. Basil and Men remove their hats and stand with bowed heads.*]

ACT V

Time: *thirty years later.*
Place: *Philadelphia; the garden of a hospital.*

Evangeline.
Doctor. First Nurse.
Gabriel. Second Nurse.
Nurses *and* Patients.

[*Cots stand among the vines and shrubbery. The* Doctor *and* Nurses *are attending the patients. Enter* Evangeline *with flowers. She wears the garb of a Sister of Mercy. Her face is thin and pale.*]

Doctor. You cannot visit here today, Evangeline; there is contagious fever. These patients are all victims of it.

Evangeline. I do not fear.

Doctor. You must not risk your life.

Evangeline. The only joy my poor life knows is to minister unto others.

Doctor. Ah, but some day you will find Gabriel.

Evangeline. My search is ended — Gabriel is not — else I would have found him.

Doctor. You have no further clue? — you have sought everywhere?

Evangeline. In the depths of forests, in camps, in battlefields among the slain, in secluded hamlets, in towns, in great cities — everywhere that he had been, but always — he was not there.

Doctor. And yet — it may be —

Evangeline. No — I was young and strong when in hope I began the journey. Now I am faded and old —

Doctor. Not to those whom you help. Night after night, when the world is asleep, I find you nursing in some wretched place.

First Nurse. And day after day in the gray of the dawn I see her come home from her watchings.

Second Nurse. Wherever is sorrow and want and disease, there is Evangeline.

Evangeline. Then let me devote myself to these sufferers here. Permit me to enter — I pray you.

[*Pause.*]

Doctor. Enter, Evangeline.

[*Evangeline goes to cots, soothing foreheads of the patients, and leaving flowers. Suddenly she stops and gazes long and earnestly at a dying man, whose hair is thin and gray.*]

Evangeline. Gabriel!

(*Gabriel looks at her for a moment, as if waked from a dream; his lips move silently, as he strives to speak her name and cannot. She raises his head in her arms.*)

Gabriel! O my beloved!

THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

General Benedict Arnold, in command of West Point.
Major John André, a British Officer.
Colonel Livingston, Commandant at Verplanck's Point.
Colonel Jameson, Commandant at North Castle.
Major Tallmadge, an Officer in the American Army.
General George Washington.
Colonel Hamilton,
Major McHenry, } Aides to General Washington
General Lafayette.
General Knox.
Major Varick,
Major Franks, } Aides to General Arnold.
Lieutenant Allen, Aide to Colonel Jameson.
John Paulding,
Isaac Van Wart, } Patriot Farmers.
David Williams,
First Officer.
Second Officer.
Third Officer.
Aide to Colonel Livingston.
First Aide.
Second Aide.
Third Aide.
Joshua Smith, a Patriot.
Samuel Colquhon,
Joseph Colquhon, } River Boatmen.

Captain of the Guard.
A Sergeant.
Servant to Major André.
Mrs. Arnold.
United States Officers and Soldiers; Servants.

ACT I

Time: *1780, afternoon of September 20th.*

Place: *Verplanck's Point, Hudson River; the Commandant's quarters.*

[Colonel Livingston *and three* Officers *are seen looking out a window. Each Officer has a field glass.*]

Colonel. 'T is a British man-of-war!

Others. Aye!

Colonel. I sighted her a half-hour ago! She's coming up deliberately.

First Officer. What can be her errand here? Does she mean to attack us?

Colonel. I have sent word to General Arnold at West Point. I asked him to send us cannon at once, and I reminded him of our one four-pounder.

Second Officer. Look! She 's hauling in her sails! What does that mean, Colonel Livingston?

Colonel. She 's anchored! And within easy range of our guns!

Second Officer. I can make out her name now, perfectly — the *Vulture.*

THIRD OFFICER. Yes — The *Vulture!* She belongs to the British fleet at New York.

COLONEL. How dare she come so close to our forts! 'T is a piece of British impudence!

FIRST OFFICER. Perhaps it 's to test the strength of our batteries along the river to West Point.

SECOND OFFICER. The British have long had their eye on West Point.

THIRD OFFICER. They realize that it is the keystone of our country.

COLONEL. Well, we 'll give that ship a taste of our strength if the cannon arrive on time.

FIRST OFFICER. Do you mean to frighten her, Colonel, into dropping down the river?

COLONEL. I mean to sink her if I can.

(*Enter an* AIDE; *he salutes Colonel Livingston.*)

Well? What did General Arnold say? How soon will the cannon be here?

AIDE. General Arnold regrets that he cannot send you the cannon, Colonel.

COLONEL. Cannot send! Why not?

AIDE. He says it is not in his power to send cannon away from West Point.

COLONEL. But did you explain that a British ship is approaching our fort?

AIDE. Yes, Colonel Livingston, I repeated your message exactly.

COLONEL. Did you make it clear that we have only one four-pounder?

Aide. I explained that fully, Colonel.

Colonel. Return to West Point immediately. Tell General Arnold that this ship has now anchored in full view of our fort. He will understand from that the necessity for instant action. Go at once.

(*The Aide salutes and turns to go.*)

Wait — I will write General Arnold, that there may be no misunderstanding. You will take my letter with you.

[*Exit Colonel Livingston and Aide.*]

First Officer. 'Twas a flimsy excuse Arnold gave, my friends.

Others. Aye.

Second Officer. It has always seemed strange to me that Arnold was given the command of West Point.

Third Officer. Oh, that was because of his splendid record in the field.

First Officer. True, but look how he was disgraced by Congress because of his misuse of public funds. He came very near being dismissed from the service.

Second Officer. Very near — but his only punishment was a reprimand from Washington. Congress let him off easy, I say.

First Officer. Yes, but it was a question whether Arnold had really misused the money. It was never proved against him. And then, General Washington felt that it never would have happened but for Arnold's love of pomp and show, which led him into extravagance.

SECOND OFFICER. Yes, I have heard his Excellency say that Arnold's nobler qualities far outweighed his failings.

THIRD OFFICER. Which side of his nature will prevail in the end? He is proud and vain and revengeful.

FIRST OFFICER. He certainly showed those qualities during his trial by court-martial. He magnified his own services to the country and cast reproach upon some of the purest men in the army.

SECOND OFFICER. Oh, that was all a game on his part to get his debts paid by Congress.

THIRD OFFICER. Well, he failed in that, though there were many who supported him.

FIRST OFFICER. He will never forgive his opponents. He is bitter. Did n't he at once grow sullen and indifferent to public affairs?

SECOND OFFICER. He did — he refused to go to the field, though General Washington offered him a post of honor.

THIRD OFFICER. I believe he gave an old wound as his excuse.

FIRST OFFICER. Yes — and then suddenly forgot his wound; declared he was eager to rejoin his old comrades — eager to serve his country!

SECOND OFFICER. Very eager — he specified the service, you remember. He was determined to have the command at West Point. In fact, he not only asked General Washington himself, but had others intercede in his behalf. That I know for a certainty.

Third Officer. I could never understand why he was so anxious for that post. It gives him no chance for activity.

First Officer. He saw a chance to line his own pockets, perhaps.

Third Officer. But how? The salary is insignificant.

First Officer. That is why I am suspicious about his trying so hard to get it.

[*Enter* Aide.]

Aide. Colonel Livingston?

Second Officer (*looking off*). He's coming now.

[*Enter* Colonel Livingston.]

Colonel. You have General Arnold's reply?

Aide. An oral answer, only, Colonel. General Arnold regrets that it is beyond his power to send cannon as you request.

Colonel. Beyond his power?

Aide. So he said.

Colonel. Beyond his power to drive the enemy from our shores!

Aide. He did not seem to think the situation serious.

Colonel. Officers, I shall fire upon that ship without authority and with our one four-pounder. I assume all responsibility.

FIRST OFFICER. Colonel Livingston, I am with you, heart and soul!

OTHER OFFICERS. And I!

ACT II

TIME: *September 20, 1780 — night.*

PLACE: *west shore of the Hudson River, about six miles below Stony Point.*

[GENERAL ARNOLD *is seen alone on the shore. He wears a cloak over his uniform. Pause. Enter* JOSHUA SMITH, *an American citizen and land owner.*]

SMITH. They will not come, General Arnold.

ARNOLD. You will get other boatmen then, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. That is impossible, General. These two men are my tenants, else I had not dared to ask them.

ARNOLD. Why do they refuse to go?

SMITH. They say they are afraid of the venture.

ARNOLD. Have you any fear of it, Mr. Smith?

SMITH. None whatever, General Arnold. You have told me that some one on that ship is to bring you information from the enemy. Why, then, should I hesitate to help you?

ARNOLD. Have the boatmen any suspicion as to who I am?

SMITH. No, General. I told them you were a merchant, as you bade me.

ARNOLD. Bring them to me. There is not a moment to be lost.

[*Exit Smith. Arnold walks up and down impatiently. Enter* SMITH *with* SAMUEL *and* JOSEPH COLQUHON.]

SMITH. They still refuse, sir.

ARNOLD. Why, what is the matter, friends? I have permission to speak with another merchant now on that ship. He is to be brought ashore for that purpose.

JOSEPH. Who gave you this permission, stranger?

ARNOLD. General Arnold. Here is the pass he gave me for this merchant, who is a Mr. John Anderson of New York.

[*Boatmen look at pass carefully.*]

SAMUEL. Stranger, that ship out there is British, and we are loyal Americans.

ARNOLD. That pass will take you through, my men.

JOSEPH. But it won't insure us from being captured by those British sailors.

ARNOLD. You are to take a flag of truce; I have General Arnold's order.

SAMUEL. Just let us see your order, sir.

JOSEPH. Aye, stranger, we must see your order.

ARNOLD. The pass is sufficient. Come, you shall name your own price.

SAMUEL. It's not the price — it's the feeling, as Americans, that we have against it. We can't see our way to oblige you, sir.

[*They start off.*]

ARNOLD (*throwing back his cloak*). Stay!

BOATMEN. General Arnold!

ARNOLD. I no longer ask you to go — I command you. Mr. Smith, here is a letter to be presented to the captain of the ship. (*Aside to Smith.*) I caution you to muffle your oars.

(SMITH *nods and goes with* BOATMEN. *Long pause. Arnold walks back and forth, starting at every sound. Enter* SMITH *and* MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ, *who wears the uniform of a British officer and a military cloak.*)

Ah, Mr. Anderson, I am glad to see you. Mr. Smith, will you keep the boatmen near? They will be needed presently to return Mr. Anderson to the ship.

[*Exit Smith.*]

ANDRÉ. Sir, the time has come to drop the names assumed for correspondence. I am John André, a Major in the British army.

ARNOLD. My name, I think, is known to you.

ANDRÉ. Yes, General Arnold, it has but recently been divulged. And now to the point at once. I have been sent by my superior officer, Sir Henry Clinton, to settle this matter — the betrayal of West Point to the British.

Arnold. Call it not betrayal, Major André. Rather do I feel that I am doing my country a service in delivering her to England.

André. Ah!

Arnold. I no longer believe that America should be an independent nation. I feel that her interests are best served by forcing her to return to her allegiance to his Majesty. It is therefore, in *behalf* of my country that I propose to yield West Point to General Clinton.

André. And what is your price for this service?

Arnold. Fifty thousand dollars in gold.

André. I am authorized to agree to that sum, providing you give us proof of your good faith in the matter.

Arnold (*producing papers*). I have here a complete report of the military condition of West Point — a description of the works; an estimate of forces now at the fort; a report on cannon, small arms, and ammunition — in fact, everything that is necessary.

[*André takes papers and looks through them.*]

André. You have some three thousand men, I see. You must arrange to weaken your force when our fleet ascends the river.

Arnold. I shall send detachments out through the mountains under pretense of meeting the enemy.

André. It seems that everything is in readiness, then.

Arnold. Everything. I will, of course, make some show of resistance, but will surrender on demand.

André. In your letters you have repeatedly affirmed that the surrender of West Point means the surrender of the nation.

Arnold. There is no doubt of that. The country is bankrupt; Washington's army has suffered severe defeats; Congress needs only this blow to proclaim allegiance to England.

André. Suppose our plans should miscarry?

Arnold. Failure is next to impossible. For months I have worked on the details.

André. On what day, then, shall our fleet set sail?

Arnold. At once. General Washington is at present away from his army; he has gone to the east for a conference with the French Generals. The attack should be made during his absence — say in four days from now, on the twenty-fifth of September.

André. Our fleet is in readiness now and waiting for my signal. We will then agree upon the twenty-fifth of September.

(*The boom of cannon is heard. Arnold and André show alarm.*)

What is that? Where is that cannon?

[Smith *rushes in.*]

Smith. They are firing on the *Vulture* from Verplanck's Point!

André. Is this treachery, General Arnold? Have you arranged to keep me within your lines?

Arnold. No — no! It is done without my consent!

[*Cannon heard again and again.*]

André. The *Vulture* is dropping down the river! Look! Look! Her lights are growing fainter!

Arnold. This is unfortunate — most unfortunate!

André. There is one hope — she will not go far — only beyond reach of the cannon. She will wait for my return.

Arnold. You should go immediately, sir. The firing has ceased for the moment.

André (*to Smith*). The boat, sir! I will depart.

(*Exit Smith.*)

One change in our plans already — I wonder if there will be others.

Arnold. I could not anticipate this event — Verplanck's Point had only one small cannon — I refused to send them others.

[*Enter* Smith.]

Smith. The boatmen refuse to go out again.

Arnold. They must go! Tell them I command them!

Smith. The firing frightened them — they have run away.

André. Other boatmen must be found! I will pay any price — any price they ask!

Smith. There is no one who would venture now — of that I am positive.

Arnold. There is only one course open to you, sir, and that is to join the British troops near Tarrytown.

André. And go by land?

Arnold. It is the only thing possible now. You can cross the river at King's Ferry and thence down by the east side.

André. But I am in uniform —

Smith. I will provide a citizen's coat.

Arnold. Fetch it then, immediately.

[*Exit Smith.*]

André. I like not to disguise myself.

Arnold. You cannot enter the American lines in the uniform of a British officer.

André. No, but disguised, I might be judged a spy.

Arnold. This pass with my signature will take you through the American lines. You will travel as one John Anderson, a merchant, on your way to New York for trade.

André. Another change in our plans, which but a half-hour since seemed perfect.

[*He folds the papers.*]

Arnold. I would not advise you to take those papers, Major. You can memorize them in a moment and give their contents to General Clinton orally.

ANDRÉ. Yes, that is true. — No, I will take them. They will be pledge of our agreement.

ARNOLD. There is danger in it — great danger!

ANDRÉ. There is danger, but there is greater danger of doubt, misunderstandings, and confusion in a merely oral report. I will conceal these papers as well as I may.

[*He slips the papers into his boots.*]

ARNOLD. In case of accident I ask you to destroy them.

(*Enter* SMITH *with a citizen's coat. André puts it on, giving his military cloak to Smith, who goes with it. Arnold produces a paper.*)

Here are full directions for your route by land. I prepared it against the event of just such mischance as this.

[*André takes paper, showing suspicion.*]

ANDRÉ. It would almost seem that you expected this to happen.

ARNOLD. You certainly do not distrust me —

ANDRÉ. Do I take this road to the right?

ARNOLD. Yes, follow it to King's Ferry.

ANDRÉ (*coldly*). The day breaks — I must hasten.

[*He goes without so much as a glance at Arnold.*]

ACT III

SCENE I

TIME: *the following day; morning.*
PLACE: *the highway near Tarrytown.*

[*The road is seen with a dense thicket on either side. Enter* JOHN PAULDING, *a sturdy young American farmer. He wears the red coat of a British soldier, but the coat is old and ragged. He walks rapidly.*]

VOICES (*off*). *Halt!*

[*Paulding halts instantly. Enter, from thicket,* ISAAC VAN WART *and* DAVID WILLIAMS, *young American farmers. They carry muskets, which are leveled at Paulding. They look at him, lower guns, and laugh.*]

PAULDING. David! Isaac! This is a splendid way to welcome me home!

VAN WART. We did n't know you in your British coat!

WILLIAMS. We thought you were still a prisoner in the British camp.

PAULDING. I have just escaped.

WILLIAMS. How did you get away?

PAULDING. I exchanged clothes with a British soldier — that is, I traded a good suit for this ragged old coat.

VAN WART. And then you watched your chance?

PAULDING. Exactly — I walked out unsuspected.

VAN WART. That was clever of you, John Paulding.

PAULDING. British prisons are not pleasant places to visit. But why are you here with muskets?

VAN WART. We are watching for cowboys.

Paulding. Have they begun to steal from you?

Van Wart. They are stealing our cattle every day and driving them to the British.

Williams. They are nothing but thieves and robbers. They care not which side wins.

Van Wart. They are glad of the chance war gives them to forage where they will.

Paulding. I'll join you in your attack on them! Have you an extra musket?

Williams. Yes, in the thicket there.

Paulding. But why are you so close to the British lines?

Van Wart. To prevent our cattle being driven there, and to stop all suspicious characters.

Williams. We allow no stranger to pass until we know his errand.

Paulding. Have you the right to do this? You do not belong to the army.

Van Wart. A new law was passed recently — a law that makes this valid. There has been too much plundering of American homes, too much traffic with the enemy.

Paulding. That there has! And it is every man's duty to stop it, be he soldier or farmer, merchant or magistrate.

Others. Aye!

Williams (*looking off*). Sh! A traveler —

Van Wart (*looking off*). He's stopping at the creek — he seems uncertain which way to go.

Paulding (*looking off*). Look — quick — his watch — do you see? It is gold — just like those carried by British officers.

Others. Yes — yes!

Paulding. His boots, too, are like the boots worn by British officers.

Williams. No one else can afford such boots these days.

Van Wart. See! He is consulting a paper!

Williams. We must stop him as he tries to pass.

Paulding. Where is that extra musket?

Williams. In that thicket to your right.

Paulding. I'll get it while you call him to halt.

[*He enters thicket. The others step behind trees. Enter* André*; he is consulting a paper as he passes.* Williams *and* Van Wart *step out with muskets leveled at him.*]

Both. Halt!

[*André stops.*]

Williams. Where do you journey, stranger?

André. I travel to New York.

Van Wart. You are very near the British lines, so I'll just ask your errand.

André. I am a merchant.

Williams. What is your name?

André. John Anderson.

Van Wart. What is that paper in your hand?

ANDRÉ. A description of my route.

WILLIAMS. You do not know this country, then?

ANDRÉ. I am not very familiar with it.

VAN WART. Have you ever made this trip before?

ANDRÉ. Only once.

WILLIAMS. Then you have only recently become a merchant?

ANDRÉ. Yes — yes — recently.

[*Enter* PAULDING *with a musket. He still wears his British coat.*]

PAULDING. Ah, boys, a stranger, eh?

ANDRÉ (*relieved*). Ah! So you belong to my party after all!

PAULDING. What party?

ANDRÉ. The British.

PAULDING. My coat would tell you that, sir.

ANDRÉ. Thank Heaven, I am once more among friends! I am rejoiced to speak to you frankly. I am one of his Majesty's officers out in the country on very particular business. I am lucky to meet you, gentlemen.

PAULDING. Sir, you have made a mistake. We are Americans.

ANDRÉ (*starting*). Americans!

PAULDING. Yes, and you are our prisoner!

ANDRÉ. So your coat was only a trick, then!

(*He controls himself and laughs.*)

Well, I supposed as much from the first. At least, I was uncertain, and so allowed you to think me British. Here is my pass; it will give you all particulars.

[*Paulding takes pass.*]

PAULDING (*reading aloud*). "Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains or below it if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction. B. Arnold, Maj. General."

ANDRÉ. That settles the matter, friends. And now permit me to pass. My business is most urgent.

[*He turns to start off.*]

PAULDING. Stand!

ANDRÉ. What do you mean by detaining me now?

PAULDING (*raising musket*). Stand!

(*Paulding whispers aside with Williams and Van Wart, but guards André constantly.*)

Stranger, we can't quite accept that pass of yours.

ANDRÉ. There is General Arnold's signature.

WILLIAMS. But passes have been counterfeited.

VAN WART. And then you said that you were a British officer.

ANDRÉ. I have explained that — one must do such things in war times.

PAULDING (*shaking head*). Yes, but there are many suspicious travelers on the roads these days.

ANDRÉ. Gentlemen, I see I must confide in you. I am a Continental officer. I am on my way to Dobbs Ferry to get intelligence for General Arnold.

Williams. You 've told too many different tales, stranger.

Paulding. Boys, we ought to search him.

Others. Aye!

André. I will not submit to such indignity!

Paulding. We have no wish to offend you, but it is our plain duty. Here, boys, go through him thoroughly!

André. You will get yourselves into trouble, my men.

Williams. If we are in the wrong, we will take our punishment.

Others. Aye!

[*They search rapidly through André's clothing.*]

Van Wart. No papers here!

Williams. Nothing here!

André. Then release me — I cannot be delayed.

Paulding. Boys, I am not satisfied. His boots must come off.

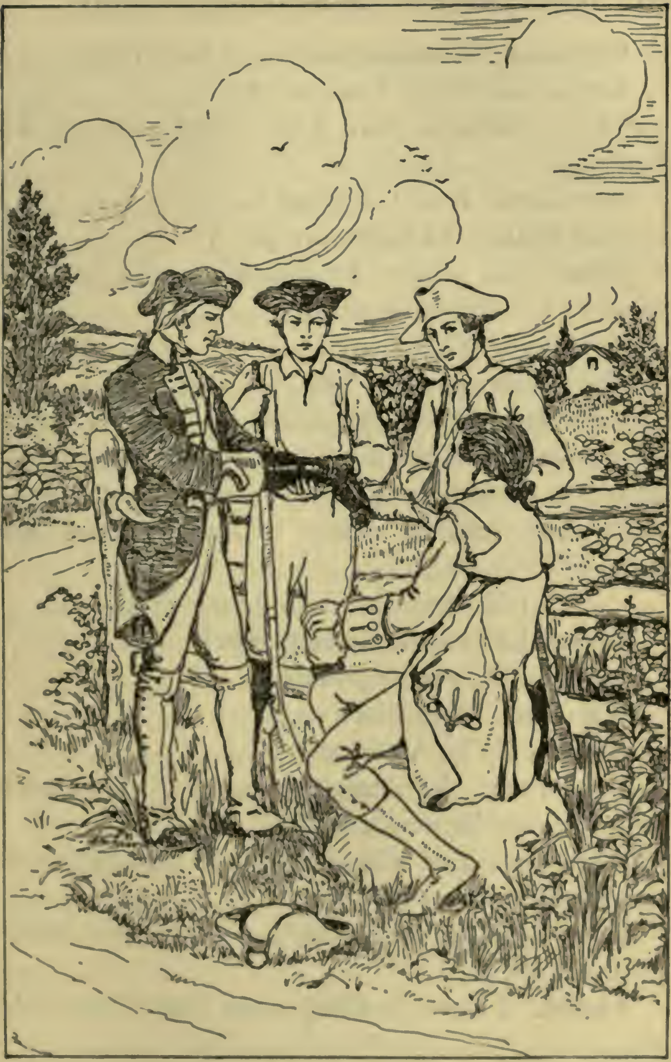
André. No! They are hard to get off — I beg you not to subject me to this inconvenience and delay!

Paulding. I am sorry, sir, but you must oblige us.

André. But don't you see how you are detaining the General's business? He will be most indignant, I promise you.

Paulding. Stranger, sit down.

André. I refuse —



"LOOK! A PAPER!"

Paulding. Then we shall force you. Boys —

André (*hastily*). You need not.

[*Sits. Williams and Van Wart pull off his boots.*]

Williams. Look! A paper!

Van Wart. And here are two!

[*They give papers to Paulding, who looks at them and exclaims angrily.*]

Paulding. He's a spy!

André. No — no — I am not a spy!

Paulding (*showing papers to his friends*). Look! This paper shows the number of men at West Point; this one shows the number of cannon and small arms. And here is a map of the fort and batteries!

(*He turns on André angrily.*)

Where did you get these papers?

André. They were given me.

Williams. By whom?

André. By an American.

Van Wart. No American would give out such secrets unless he were a traitor!

Paulding. And who could get at such papers as these? No one but an officer!

Williams. Do you assert that one of our officers gave you these?

André. I assert nothing more than I have told you.

Paulding. It is my opinion that this man has stolen into West Point in disguise and secretly made these drawings and maps.

ANDRÉ. I declare to you solemnly, sirs, that I am not a spy. I affirm that these papers were given me to carry to a certain person.

PAULDING. It is useless for you to make excuses. Sir, you are our prisoner!

ANDRÉ. Here, take my watch!

OTHERS. No!

ANDRÉ. I have no gold, but I can easily arrange to give it you. Come, I'll give each of you one thousand guineas.

PAULDING. No! not if you gave each of us ten thousand guineas!

ANDRÉ. I will give you any sum you wish! I have great wealth behind me.

PAULDING. No, I tell you — no!

ANDRÉ (*to the others*). But you?

VAN WART. He speaks for me.

WILLIAMS. And for me.

PAULDING. Come with us!

ANDRÉ. Where do you take me?

PAULDING. To North Castle — the nearest American post. Forward, boys!

[*They go, guarding André.*]

SCENE II

TIME: *the same day; afternoon.*

PLACE: *North Castle, headquarters of the American Commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson.*

[ANDRÉ *stands before* COLONEL JAMESON. PAULDING, VAN WART, *and* WILLIAMS *are present, also* OFFICERS *of Jameson's staff. All, except André, are looking at Paulding, who is speaking. Jameson holds the fatal papers.*]

PAULDING. And then, Colonel Jameson, we became suspicious. At first he declared he was a merchant; then, upon seeing my British coat, he confessed he was a British officer. Then, when he knew that we were Americans, he said he was a Continental officer going down to Dobbs' Ferry to get information for General Arnold.

JAMESON. How did you obtain these papers?

PAULDING. We found them concealed in his boots.

JAMESON (*to André*). Where did you get these papers, sir?

ANDRÉ. Of a man at Pine Bridge.

JAMESON. His name — at once!

ANDRÉ. He was a stranger to me.

JAMESON. Did you know the nature of the papers?

ANDRÉ. I cannot disclose the secrets of another.

JAMESON. Are you then a Continental officer?

ANDRÉ. I am John Anderson, as my passport declares.

JAMESON. Why did you not say you were one of our officers at first?

ANDRÉ. I thought I had fallen among cowboys, who would respect not even an officer.

(*Pause. Jameson looks at passport.*)

JAMESON. So you affirm that you are this person, this John Anderson named here in this passport?

ANDRÉ. I affirm that I am John Anderson. Do you not recognize General Arnold's signature?

JAMESON. Yes. There is no doubt of that.

ANDRÉ. Then, Colonel Jameson, you should free me at once. I am on private business, which has been delayed too long.

JAMESON. Free you! With these papers betraying West Point? No! You shall remain in custody.

ANDRÉ. I ask you, then, to inform General Arnold that John Anderson has been detained at your post. May I count upon you to do this at once?

JAMESON. I shall write General Arnold immediately, not only of your detention here, but of these dangerous papers you carry.

(*He sits and writes. Pause. He seals letter and turns to André.*)

You say you took these papers from a man at Pine Bridge?

ANDRÉ. Yes.

JAMESON. Did you take them by force or by previous agreement?

ANDRÉ. I cannot answer such questions, Colonel.

JAMESON. Come, come, sir! I desire you to tell all the particulars of your meeting with this man.

ANDRÉ. That is impossible — I have said that I cannot betray the secrets of another.

JAMESON. Then, sir, I shall send you to a higher officer. He will compel you to speak without reserve. Lieutenant Allen, conduct this man to General Arnold.

(*André shows satisfaction aside.*)

Take a strong guard with you. You will deliver this letter to General Arnold himself.

(*The Lieutenant takes letter and goes with André. Jameson turns to the three young patriots.*)

Gentlemen, you have done your country a great service. I rejoice that I have such countrymen. Give me your hand, sir — and yours — and yours. I am honored, sirs, to know you. Go now to your homes; you will be needed to testify later.

(*The young men go. Jameson looks through the papers again.*)

Officers, these papers must go to General Washington at once. (*To an Aide.*) I entrust them to you. Guard them as you would your life.

AIDE (*taking papers*). I will deliver them to his Excellency.

JAMESON. General Washington is not at his headquarters on the Hudson now; he may be found at Hartford. Go with the greatest haste possible.

[*Exit Aide with papers. Enter* SECOND AIDE.]

SECOND AIDE. Major Tallmadge has just returned. He begs to see you at once, Colonel.

JAMESON. Admit him.

(*Aide crosses to door and admits* MAJOR TALLMADGE.)

Ah, Major Tallmadge — I am glad to see you again at North Castle.

TALLMADGE. I was relieved from duty at White Plains, so returned immediately. Is this rumor true, of the capture of a British spy, who had papers betraying West Point — a man by the name of Anderson?

JAMESON. It is true — at least, a man was taken with such papers. But his passport was signed by General Arnold.

TALLMADGE. What about the papers? Did you notice the writing in them?

JAMESON. That point troubles me, Major. It seemed very like Arnold's; but that, of course, is impossible. I have sent them to General Washington, and I wrote General Arnold at once and sent the prisoner to him.

TALLMADGE. You wrote Arnold! You sent the prisoner to him, you say!

JAMESON. It seemed the only thing to do.

TALLMADGE. It was the worst thing possible! Colonel Jameson, I suspect Benedict Arnold himself.

JAMESON. What! You suspect the General?

TALLMADGE. I do. Who else would know the secrets of West Point?

JAMESON. A spy might —

TALLMADGE. Then a spy would not have papers written by Arnold himself. And here is another suspicious point: a few days ago I received a letter from Arnold requesting me, if a man by the name of Anderson should come within the lines, to have him sent to his headquarters at once.

JAMESON. It is perplexing, I admit.

TALLMADGE. Perplexing! It is evidence of Arnold's villainy. Sir, I am so certain that the traitor is Arnold that I am willing to take upon myself the entire responsibility of proceeding upon that ground. I beg you to allow it!

JAMESON. I will not sanction any action that implies a distrust of Arnold.

TALLMADGE. Then, sir, I beseech you to have the prisoner brought back.

JAMESON. But my letter to the General states that I am sending the prisoner to him.

TALLMADGE. The letter should be countermanded!

JAMESON. No, that I will not do! It is General Arnold's right to be informed of this capture.

TALLMADGE. It is only giving him a chance to escape.

JAMESON. General Arnold, I repeat, is not guilty.

TALLMADGE. Well, then, the prisoner is, or at least is implicated in the matter. You will not be committing yourself if you recall the man. You are only taking the safer course — no harm can be done by caution.

JAMESON (*reluctantly*). Well, I will send for him.

(*To Second Aide.*) Overtake the prisoner — he must be returned to this post.

[*Exit Aide. Enter* THIRD AIDE, *with dispatches.*]

AIDE. Dispatches, Colonel Jameson!

[*Exit.*]

JAMESON (*reading dispatches*). General Washington has left Hartford! He is now returning to his headquarters.

TALLMADGE. Then your message to him will be delayed — he will not receive the papers in time.

JAMESON. There will be only a few hours' difference. I cannot see that it will matter much; we will have the prisoner —

TALLMADGE. It will give Arnold more time to escape.

JAMESON. General Arnold is above suspicion, Major.

[*Enter* SECOND AIDE *and* LIEUTENANT ALLEN.]

ALLEN. The prisoner is here, Colonel; we had barely started with him.

JAMESON. Bring him in — I wish Major Tallmadge to see him.

(*Exit Aide; returns at once with* ANDRÉ, *who is guarded by two* SOLDIERS.)

You will wait here, Mr. Anderson. Our plans have been changed.

[*André bows and paces back and forth. Jameson and Tallmadge confer aside, Tallmadge watching André closely.*]

TALLMADGE. Colonel Jameson, the prisoner is a military man.

JAMESON. Why — how do you know that?

TALLMADGE. By his air and movements. Look at the way he turns on his heel! — a soldier's training.

[*Jameson now observes André closely.*]

JAMESON. I believe you are right, Major. I will hold him here till I have further orders, either from General Washington or General Arnold. Mr. Anderson, I give you this further opportunity to defend yourself. Have you anything to say?

ANDRÉ (*wearily*). No — nothing.

JAMESON. Sergeant, confine the prisoner in the guard house. Take every precaution to prevent his escape.

(*Exit Sergeant with André and Soldiers.*)

Lieutenant Allen, take my letter to General Arnold.

TALLMADGE. Colonel — do not send that letter — I pray you!

JAMESON (*not heeding*). Go with all dispatch.

[*Exit Lieutenant with letter.*]

ACT IV

TIME: *morning of September 25th, 1780.*

PLACE: *breakfast room in Arnold's home and headquarters, across the river from West Point.*

[Mrs. Arnold *is arranging flowers for the table, which is set for breakfast.* General Arnold *walks up and down anxiously.*]

Mrs. Arnold. You seem anxious, Benedict. Has anything serious happened?

Arnold. No — no — it is only that I am expecting important dispatches today — it is the twenty-fifth of September.

Mrs. Arnold. Was there to be a battle today?

Arnold. No — unless our forces should be surprised.

Mrs. Arnold. Our forces? You mean West Point?

Arnold. Yes — West Point.

Mrs. Arnold. Why, do you think that possible?

Arnold. I have received information to that effect.

Mrs. Arnold. But how could the British fleet even ascend to West Point? There are several forts below —

Arnold (*interrupting*). Yes, but they have no cannon, at least none that would be effective. For instance, there is only one four-pounder at Verplanck's Point.

Mrs. Arnold. Cannon could be sent them from West Point.

Arnold. There is no time — my information has come too late — the fleet is to ascend the river today.

MRS. ARNOLD. Does Colonel Livingston know? But of course you have informed him.

ARNOLD. It is useless to arouse excitement until I know whether the fleet has left New York. I am expecting dispatches every minute.

MRS. ARNOLD. The British must have known that General Washington would be away at this time.

ARNOLD. No doubt, since they chose this day.

MRS. ARNOLD. They must have a spy in the American lines.

ARNOLD (*hastily*). I daresay — it is a common practice.

MRS. ARNOLD. Or perhaps there is a traitor in General Washington's camp.

ARNOLD. It is possible — there are many who are dissatisfied.

MRS. ARNOLD. 'T is a detestable thing, no matter what the reason.

ARNOLD. Yes, yes. Is not breakfast ready?

MRS. ARNOLD. I will see to it immediately.

[*Exit. Enter* MAJOR VARICK, *an Aide.*]

VARICK. News, General, news!

ARNOLD. Why, what has happened?

VARICK. General Washington has returned!

ARNOLD. Returned!

VARICK. Yes, three days sooner than he expected. He comes to pay his respects to you before going to headquarters. Two of his officers have arrived — they are, in fact, dismounting.

ARNOLD. Show them every attention, Major — do everything for their comfort.

(*Exit Major Varick.*)

Can it be that Washington knows? — and comes to accuse me?

(*Enter* VARICK *with* COLONEL HAMILTON *and* MAJOR McHENRY. *Arnold greets them graciously.*)

Colonel Hamilton — Major — I am indeed glad to see you! His Excellency is on his way?

HAMILTON. Yes, General, with Generals Lafayette and Knox. They will arrive presently.

ARNOLD. I presume something unexpected has occurred to bring the General back so suddenly?

HAMILTON. It may be — I do not know, General Arnold. He announced that the conference had ended.

[*Enter* MRS. ARNOLD. *She greets the Officers with pleasure.*]

MRS. ARNOLD. Welcome, Colonel Hamilton! Welcome, Major, welcome!

(*Servants enter with the breakfast.*)

You are just in time for breakfast. Come!

ARNOLD. General Washington is on the way.

MRS. ARNOLD. Oh, then we will wait.

HAMILTON. His Excellency bade me ask you not to wait, Mrs. Arnold. He turned aside to inspect a battery on the river. He may be delayed some time.

ARNOLD. Then we will breakfast at once. Be seated, gentlemen.

(*They sit at table. Breakfast is served. Pause.*)

And the General, you say, has gone to inspect a battery on the river?

HAMILTON. Yes, General.

ARNOLD. Why this haste? Later I might have accompanied him.

McHENRY. I think the General is greatly disturbed over the presence of the *Vulture* in these waters.

ARNOLD (*starting*). The *Vulture!* Ah — yes — yes.

McHENRY. She has been anchored just below Verplanck's Point these four days now. Her presence there is mystifying.

ARNOLD. Yes — yes — I cannot understand it.

MRS. ARNOLD. Perhaps she is waiting for some one.

HAMILTON. Why, who would go out to the enemy's ship?

MRS. ARNOLD. Some British spy —

ARNOLD (*interrupting*). No — no— that is impossible.

MRS. ARNOLD. And yet, it might be done in the dark of the night.

ARNOLD. 'T is impossible, I say, impossible. My guard boats are too numerous.

[*Enter* MAJOR FRANKS, *an Aide.*]

FRANKS. A messenger, General — a letter for you.

ARNOLD (*starting*). A letter!

FRANKS. He says he must deliver it to you and to you only, General. He comes from Colonel Jameson.

ARNOLD. Admit him.

[*Exit Franks. He returns at once with* LIEUTENANT ALLEN. *Arnold crosses to meet him. The others talk and laugh aside.*]

ALLEN (*low voice*). I bring you this letter from Colonel Jameson, General.

[*Arnold reads letter hastily.*]

ARNOLD (*low voice*). Do you know the contents of this letter?

ALLEN. Yes, General, the prisoner was in my custody for a time.

ARNOLD. Mention this to no one! The matter must be kept a secret until General Washington arrives.

ALLEN. I shall be silent, sir.

ARNOLD. You may go — I will send an answer later.

(*Exit Allen. Arnold stands a moment with the letter in his hand, showing great consternation. Controls himself; crosses to table; speaks pleasantly.*)

Gentlemen, I am called to West Point. Certain matters require my immediate attention. Colonel Hamilton, will you please tell General Washington that I have been unexpectedly called away and that I will return soon?

[*All rise and leave table.*]

HAMILTON. I will deliver your message, General.

VARICK. Shall I not accompany you, General?

ARNOLD. No, that is not necessary; but you may order my horse, Major.

MAJOR. At once.

[*Exit.*]

ARNOLD (*going*). Adieu, gentlemen!

[*The Officers bow. Mrs. Arnold follows Arnold to the door. The Officers retire to a window and talk together aside.*]

MRS. ARNOLD. Benedict — what has happened? Tell me!

ARNOLD. I am — Come outside — I will tell you.

[*They go. Hamilton looks out window idly.*]

HAMILTON. The view from here is beautiful.

MCHENRY (*looking*). Yes, it is a delightful spot.

[*A faint scream is heard.*]

HAMILTON. What was that? Did you hear?

MCHENRY. Yes — it was a woman's voice.

[*They listen. Pause.*]

HAMILTON. Everything is quiet now.

MCHENRY. It could n't have been anything serious.

HAMILTON. No, I think not.

(*He looks out window again.*)

There goes General Arnold now! See him dashing down the hill there!

MCHENRY (*looking*). He is riding like a madman!

(*Enter Major Varick.*)

Is there anything amiss at West Point, Major?

Varick. If there is, General Arnold will stop it. Nothing escapes him.

Hamilton. He is considered very skillful.

Varick. And combined with that, Colonel, is his patriotism. It is unlimited — boundless!

McHenry. That means something, coming from the General's aide.

[*Enter* Major Franks.]

Franks. His Excellency has arrived! And General Lafayette and General Knox!

[*He throws open the door. Enter* General Washington. *He is followed by* Generals Lafayette *and* Knox. *Exit Franks.*]

Hamilton. Your Excellency, I give you General Arnold's welcome.

Washington (*surprised*). Is General Arnold absent?

Hamilton. He was called to West Point, General, but a moment since. He bade me express his regrets to you and say he would return as soon as possible.

Washington. Then I will not wait. I will go to West Point and meet General Arnold there. But I wish first to pay my respects to Mrs. Arnold, Major Varick.

Varick. I will advise her of your presence, General.

[*Exit. Enter* Major Franks.]

Franks. Your Excellency, a messenger has just arrived from Colonel Jameson at North Castle, with papers for you. He says they are most important.

Washington. Admit him, Major.

(*Exit Franks. He returns at once with an* Aide *who shows the effects of hard travel.*)

You have letters from Colonel Jameson, sir?

Aide. Yes, your Excellency, and these papers also.

[*Gives letter and package to Washington. Exit. Washington reads letter.*]

Washington. This is most serious! A man has been captured near Tarrytown with papers containing descriptions of West Point. Colonel Jameson has sent me the papers.

(*Opens package; looks at papers. He starts, his cheeks flush.*)

Gentlemen, this is treason!

Officers. Treason!

Washington (*showing papers*). Look! The handwriting is that of General Arnold.

[*Enter* Major Franks.]

Franks. A message for your Excellency!

[*Hands letter. Exit. Washington reads.*]

Washington. Gentlemen, the prisoner has confessed his name and rank. He is Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army. He came up in the British man-of-war *Vulture* to get this intelligence of West Point.

[*Officers show astonishment. Enter* VARICK.]

VARICK. General Washington, Mrs. Arnold, I fear, cannot see you. She is in a grievous state.

WASHINGTON. Does she speak at all of Arnold?

VARICK. She cries out that he has gone away — then weeps that she will see him no more — at present she lies unconscious.

WASHINGTON. She must be tenderly cared for. See to it, Major.

(*Exit Varick.*)

Officers, nothing more is needed to prove the author of this infamous plot. The traitor is Benedict Arnold! He must be arrested at once! He will probably try to reach the *Vulture.*

HAMILTON. Yes — I saw him when he rode away. He went down the hill toward the landing.

KNOX. He keeps his barge in readiness there, for his journeys over to West Point.

WASHINGTON. Our only hope is to capture him before he reaches the *Vulture.* Colonel Hamilton, to horse at once! Proceed with all speed to Verplanck's Point and intercept him if you can!

HAMILTON (*going*). And what if he refuse to yield?

WASHINGTON. Order Colonel Livingston to cannonade him.

(*Exit Hamilton.*)

Alas! Whom can we trust now?

ACT V

TIME: *September 30th, 1780.*
PLACE: *room in the Guard House at Tappan.*

[*In the low-ceiled room* MAJOR ANDRÉ *sits at a table, drawing. Near him sits the* CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD. *Two* SOLDIERS *are on guard at the door. André holds up his drawing and looks at it, then hands it to the captain.*]

ANDRÉ. Do you discover any likeness, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Why, it is you, Major André!

ANDRÉ. Myself. I have always liked to draw, and now it helps to while away these weary hours.

CAPTAIN. It is splendidly drawn. You are quite an artist, Major.

ANDRÉ. Here is another sketch I have made.

CAPTAIN (*looking*). A water scene — three men in a boat. Has it any special significance?

ANDRÉ. It shows my passage from the *Vulture* to the shore that memorable night.

CAPTAIN. Ah!

[*Pause.*]

ANDRÉ. Is the Court of Inquiry still in session, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Yes, Major André.

ANDRÉ. What do you think the result will be?

CAPTAIN. There is great sympathy for you, but —

[*He pauses.*]

André. Please speak frankly, Captain. You need not fear to hurt me.

Captain. Then I can only remind you of the fate of Captain Nathan Hale.

André. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?

Captain. Yes, precisely similar.

André. But he was a spy and was hanged as one. You cannot think that will be my fate?

Captain. Yes, Major André.

André. It was against my will that I came within the American lines. I was, in a way, betrayed into the condition of an enemy in disguise. But I had no other motive than the service of my King — I was an involuntary impostor.

Captain. General Washington has all these points before him. They have been presented to the Court of Inquiry, as you know; and you, yourself, have been allowed to plead your case before them.

André. Then what have I to fear?

Captain. The fact that you came to make arrangements for the betrayal of our country.

André. But under a flag of truce, and sent for by one of your own officers.

Captain. 'Tis he who should be in your place today! 'Tis he who should be punished!

André. It is well for Arnold that he escaped to the *Vulture*.

Captain. Major André, there is not an officer in our army who would not consent to exchange you for Benedict Arnold.

André. It can't be done — General Clinton is a man of honor; he will protect General Arnold.

(*Pause.*)

Captain, if the worst should come to pass, will you send General Washington this message?

Captain. I will do anything for you that a soldier's honor will allow, Major André.

André. I have a mother and two sisters in England. I should like them to know that, according to the customs of war, I have done nothing dishonorable.

Captain. I assure you that General Washington will write them. Personally, he feels the greatest sympathy for you.

André. He has shown his kindness to me in many ways.

[*Enter André's* Servant *with a tray, which he places on the table.*]

Servant. Breakfast, Major André! General Washington sent it to you from his own table.

André. I appreciate His Excellency's kindness.

(*He sits and begins to eat. Enter* Colonel Hamilton *with papers. He is very grave. André rises; bows.*)

Colonel Hamilton —

Hamilton. Major André, I have been commissioned to report to you the finding of the Court of Inquiry.

(*André bows, but betrays no emotion. Hamilton continues.*)

Major André, the court finds that, according to the law and usages of nations, you are a spy, and should suffer death.

[*He pauses.*]

ANDRÉ. You do not say that General Washington has approved it.

HAMILTON. His Excellency does approve and has ordered your execution to take place tomorrow.

[*André merely glances at the order which Hamilton offers him. He is calm and erect. His Servant sobs. The Officers and Soldiers are deeply moved.*]

ANDRÉ. It is well — I hope that I may die bravely, as becomes a dutiful soldier.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

ACT I

Time: *1807; an afternoon in autumn.*

Place: *Officers' room at Fort Massac, on the Mississippi River, near New Orleans.*

Lieutenant Philip Nolan.
Aaron Burr.
General Morgan.
A Captain.
A Sergeant.
A Corporal.
An Aide.
Cynthia Nolan.
Florence Morgan.
First Girl.
Second Girl.
Third Girl.
Officers *and* Soldiers.

[*Several young* Officers *are seen talking together. Enter the* Captain.]

Captain. Where is Nolan?

Sergeant. Oh, you can easily guess that, captain!

Captain. With Burr again, I suppose?

Corporal. Burr has taken him down the river in his flat-boat.

Captain. I can't understand that! Nolan is only a lieutenant. Why did n't Burr invite the General?

Sergeant. That 's what we want to know.

Captain. Aaron Burr has been in New Orleans two weeks. He has been giving dinners, luncheons, excursions on the river, hunts up the bayou. Oh, you know all about it? Yes, the papers have been full of it! And who has been invited to everything? The General?

ALL. No!

CAPTAIN. We officers?

ALL. No, no!

CAPTAIN. No one but Nolan! Nolan every time!

CORPORAL (*looking off*). Sh! Here's Nolan now!

[*Enter* PHILIP NOLAN, *a dashing young fellow, manly and sincere.*]

NOLAN (*saluting*). Officers! Officers! Officers!

ALL (*coldly*). Lieutenant!

NOLAN. Never had such a splendid time in my life! I've been down the river with Mr. Burr, you know.

(*Silence.*)

Mr. Burr is the greatest man I ever knew! Why, New Orleans is going wild over him!

SERGEANT. You seem to think the whole world is wild over him.

NOLAN. It would be if it knew him as I do.

CAPTAIN. Since you are so intimate with him, suppose you tell us what he is here for.

NOLAN. I don't know anything about Mr. Burr's private affairs.

CAPTAIN. Well then, I'll tell you. They say he is trying to found an independent western empire, and put himself in as king or emperor, or something of that sort.

NOLAN. I don't believe it! Aaron Burr was a loyal soldier! He is a loyal citizen!

CORPORAL. If he is so loyal, what is he doing with an army back of him?

NOLAN. Do they say that, too?

ALL. Of course!

NOLAN. It is n't true! I don't believe one word of it! Have n't I been with him every day since he arrived? I've heard nothing about an army or an empire.

[*Enter an* AIDE.]

AIDE. Mr. Burr is asking for you, Lieutenant Nolan.

NOLAN. Mr. Burr! Show him in!

[*Exit Aide.*]

CAPTAIN. Come on, boys! The Emperor will want his pet alone.

[*Exit all but Nolan. Enter* AARON BURR.]

NOLAN. Mr. Burr! I am delighted! I did n't expect to see you so soon again, sir!

BURR. I have come to say good-bye, Philip.

NOLAN. Good-bye?

BURR. I have just received important dispatches. I must go at once. My flat-boat is at the landing, now.

NOLAN. I appreciate your coming. Knowing you has been the greatest thing in my life, Mr. Burr!

BURR. I have made no secret of my affection for you, Philip.

NOLAN. I do not feel worthy of it, sir.

BURR. You are unconscious of your abilities, my boy. You will make a great man if only you have a chance.

NOLAN. A chance! Why, sir, I am the youngest officer in the service! Don't you count that a good beginning?

BURR. It will take you nowhere—lead to nothing.

NOLAN. Lead to nothing — I don't understand —

BURR. I would speak plainly, Philip, but in strictest confidence.

NOLAN. Your words are sacred to me, sir.

BURR. You have the qualities of a leader, Philip, and you should be out in the world of men where you would be appreciated. You may spend your life in the service and die unknown.

PHILIP. But I will have served my country, sir.

BURR. There are two sides to that question, my boy. Suppose we walk outside. I have things of great importance to say to you; here, we may be overheard.

NOLAN. Come this way, sir.

[*They go. Enter* GENERAL MORGAN *with an* AIDE.]

GENERAL. Ask the Captain to come.

AIDE. Yes, General.

[*Exit. The General walks up and down anxiously. Enter the* CAPTAIN.]

GENERAL. Captain, I have just received dispatches from Washington concerning Aaron Burr. He is suspected of treason to his country.

CAPTAIN. Treason!

GENERAL. We are asked to watch him closely. See to it, Captain; have some one near him constantly. And when he leaves, you may yourself accompany him to New Orleans on one pretext or another.

CAPTAIN. His arrest has not been ordered, General?

GENERAL. No, but I am expecting that, any minute. The President is incensed with him. Report his every move at once.

CAPTAIN. I will watch him myself, General.

[*Exit. Enter* FLORENCE MORGAN, *a girl of seventeen.*]

FLORENCE. Father, just one moment, please! Some of my girl friends have come out from New Orleans and would like to see the fort.

GENERAL. Are you sure they are not spies sent by some enemy?

FLORENCE. Father! Why, one of them is Lieutenant Nolan's sister! She is visiting down here from the North.

GENERAL (*laughing*). Show them everything, Florence. Or, if you will wait a moment, I will show them around myself.

FLORENCE. Oh, that is splendid, father! We'll wait for you.

(*Exit General to his office. Enter* CYNTHIA NOLAN *and three other* GIRLS.]

It's all right, girls! You are to see everything! We are to wait for father here.

CYNTHIA. I wish Mr. Burr would go, so that Philip could join us.

FIRST GIRL (*looking off*). They are coming here — Mr. Burr and your brother, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. Let's hide until Mr. Burr has gone. Then we 'll all rush out on Phil.

GIRLS. Yes! yes!

[*They hide in room. Enter* BURR *and* NOLAN. *The Captain is seen walking up and down outside.*]

NOLAN. And that 's the way they treated you, sir!

BURR. Yes, Philip. After years of service in the war, I was cut off without even so much as a thank you.

NOLAN. It 's a disgrace to the country!

BURR. Do you blame me for my bitterness?

NOLAN. Blame you? Never, sir! I blame a service that would treat you so! And I blame a country that would have such a service!

[*The Captain pauses by the window, listening.*]

BURR. I wish that you would leave it, Philip.

NOLAN. I'd like to, sir! Your wrongs have made me hate the army, and almost hate the Government.

Burr. If you could come to me, I'd make a great man of you, Philip. I have certain plans for the future; plans I cannot tell you now. But any day I may send for you. Will you come?

Nolan. I 'd follow you to the ends of the earth, sir!

Burr. I'll count on you, then! And now, my boy, good-bye! You'll hear from me soon. Good-bye!

[*Exit. Philip follows to door and waves his cap. The Girls come forward, as the* Captain *enters. Enter the* General *from his office, followed by the other* Officers.]

Captain. Burr has just gone to his flat-boat, General.

[*Nolan comes forward.*]

General. Follow and take him prisoner! We have orders now for his arrest. Take a squad with you, Captain. Burr's flat-boat is well manned and armed, I hear.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Nolan. Aaron Burr — under arrest!

General. You were with him constantly, and perhaps aided him in his treachery. So, Lieutenant Nolan, I hereby order you under arrest. Sergeant, take the prisoner's arms. A court-martial will be held at once.

(*Nolan gives up his arms.*)

Officers, retire and prepare to open court. Sergeant, take in the prisoner.

(*Exit Officers to adjoining room. The Sergeant follows with Nolan. The* CAPTAIN *enters.*)

Well, Captain?

CAPTAIN. We were just in time, General. I put a strong guard over him on his boat.

GENERAL. That is well. Come — a court-martial is in session.

[*Exit General and Captain to adjoining room.*]

CYNTHIA (*sobbing*). Philip was always so proud of being a soldier! That Aaron Burr is the cause of this!

FLORENCE. I believe that, too, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA. He 's turned Phil's head completely.

FLORENCE. I think father realizes that, but I 'm sorry he said he hated the army and wished he were out of it.

CYNTHIA. Oh, I 'm sure Phil did n't mean that! He was excited — anyway, the General did n't hear him.

FLORENCE. No, but the Captain did.

CYNTHIA. It will kill mother if anything happens to Phil.

[*She weeps. Florence comforts her. The other Girls speak aside.*]

FIRST GIRL. I 'm afraid it will go hard with Phil.

SECOND GIRL. General Morgan is a stern old patriot.

THIRD GIRL. They say he hates a traitor as much as he loves the flag.

[*Enter the* SERGEANT *with* NOLAN *and a guard of* SOLDIERS. *Door to adjoining room is left open.*]

NOLAN (*angrily*). Why does n't he believe me! I told him I did n't know Burr's plans. Might as well have talked to a stone! That's your United States!

(*The* GENERAL *enters from the adjoining room. Hearing Nolan, he pauses on the threshold.*)

That for the United States! (*Snapping fingers.*) I wish I might never hear of the United States again!

CYNTHIA. Philip!

GENERAL (*from open door*). Those are strong words, Lieutenant.

[*He re-enters inner room, closing door.*]

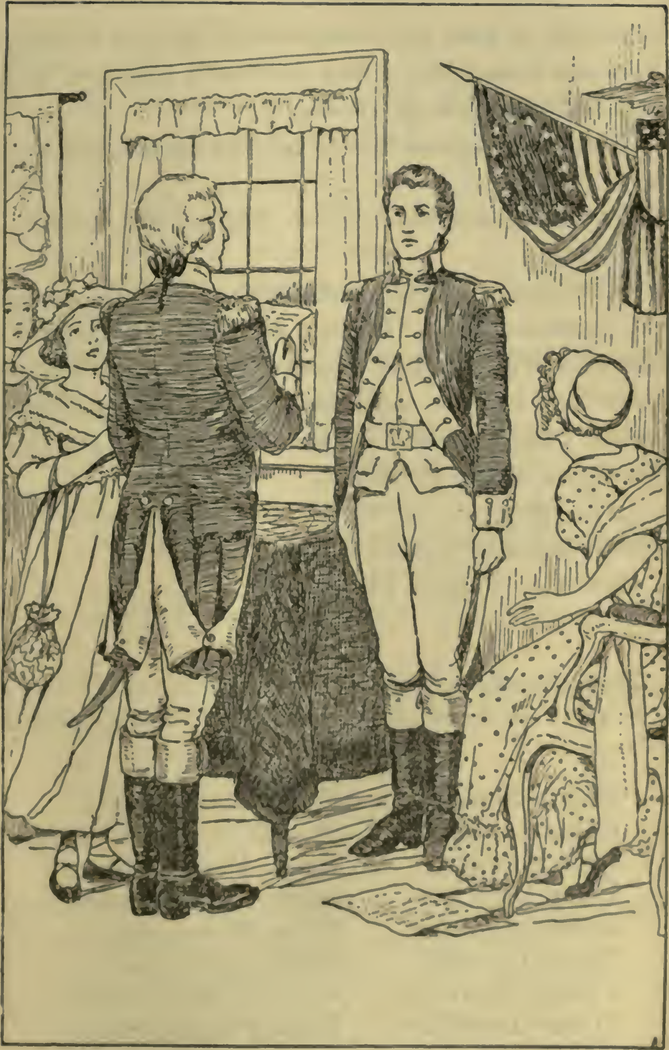
NOLAN (*defiantly*). I'd like to cudgel that Captain and the rest of them too, except the General. Every word I ever said in jest was brought up against me. They're all jealous of me — I've thought that for a long time. If Burr had paid them any attention —

CYNTHIA. Oh, but Philip, if only you had n't said you hated the army and wished —

NOLAN. I did n't really mean that, Cynthia. I was just indignant over Burr's wrongs.

[*Enter* GENERAL MORGAN *and* OFFICERS.]

GENERAL. Philip Nolan, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name United States again. The rest of your life will be spent on shipboard. You will never be allowed to land, nor



"PHILIP NOLAN, HEAR THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT!"

to see nor to hear any news from or of your country. You are henceforth a man *without* a country. You may bid your friends farewell.

Nolan. Say good-bye to mother for me, little sister.

Cynthia (*clinging to him*). Philip! My brother! My brother!

General. Sergeant, take the prisoner to the naval commander at Orleans. Make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship, pending the action of the President.

[*The Sergeant touches Nolan on the shoulder. Nolan turns to go with him.*]

Cynthia. Philip! Philip!

ACT II

Time: *ten years later.*

Place: *on board the "Levant," off the Windward Islands.*

Philip Nolan.
Captain Shaw.
Julius Pons.
First Officer.
Second Officer.
Third Officer.
Fourth Officer.
Fifth Officer.

First Midshipman.
Second Midshipman.
Third Midshipman.
Fourth Midshipman.
Fifth Midshipman.
Sixth Midshipman.
Seventh Midshipman.
Eighth Midshipman.

Officers, Midshipmen.

[*Some eight* MIDSHIPMEN *are seen on deck, looking out over the sea.*]

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. It's the *Warren*, boys!

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. She's outward bound — for a cruise of the Mediterranean, I say!

THIRD MIDSHIPMAN. She's casting anchor! That means mail from home, boys!

FOURTH MIDSHIPMAN (*calling*). Mail, middies! mail from home!

[*Enter* JULIUS PONS *and other* MIDSHIPMEN *from all parts of ship.*]

ALL. Mail! Mail! Hurrah!

FIFTH MIDSHIPMAN. They're sending off the boat, now!

SIXTH MIDSHIPMAN. It's piled up high with mail bags!

SEVENTH MIDSHIPMAN. It's our Christmas mail, boys!

EIGHTH MIDSHIPMAN. Aye! our Christmas mail, and presents!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah!

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. That makes it bad for our mess. You know Plain Buttons dines with us today.

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. Let's see — the Captain had him Monday; Mess A had him Tuesday: Mess B, Wednesday — yes, it's our turn today.

THIRD MIDSHIPMAN. Well, that means we can't talk about our letters from the States.

FOURTH MIDSHIPMAN. Or home, or the folks.

Fifth Midshipman. I 'd just as soon be dead as not talk about the home folks when the Christmas letters come.

Sixth Midshipman. Sh! Here comes Plain Buttons!

[*Enter* Nolan, *sad and dejected.*]

Nolan. Good morning, boys.

(*The Midshipmen salute him with respect.*)

I thought I heard some hurrahs. What is the excitement?

[*Pause. The Boys look at each other in embarrassment.*]

Julius. Our — our — it 's our mail from — from the *Warren*, Mr. Nolan.

Nolan. Ah!

[*Pause.*]

Seventh Midshipman. Fine weather, sir.

Nolan. Very.

Eighth Midshipman. I think we shall have fog tonight, sir.

Nolan. I should not be surprised.

[*Pause. Enter the* First Officer *with mail.*]

Officer (*giving letters and packages*). Simpson! Tanner! Wilson! E. Smith! Hunt! Brown! J. Smith! F. Smith! Here — and here — and here —

[*Gives mail to every one except Nolan and goes. The Boys open letters and packages.*]

First Midshipman (*showing a red silk handkerchief*). Look what mother sent me, boys!

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. Just look at this pincushion! Mother made it for me!

FOURTH MIDSHIPMAN. Look at these socks, will you! Father sent them!

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. Here 's a tidy for my rocking-chair!

MIDSHIPMEN. Rocking-chair! Ha, ha!

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. My grandmother made it! She saw Aaron Burr's flat-boat once. Guess she thinks a man-of-war is like that. Bless her dear old heart!

JULIUS. What became of Aaron Burr, anyway?

[*Nolan rises, showing excitement.*]

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. Why, don't you know? He was tried for treason and —

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN (*indicating Nolan*). Sh!

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. Oh! Ah — ah — fine day, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Very.

THIRD MIDSHIPMAN. I think we shall have fog tonight, sir.

NOLAN. I should not be surprised.

[*Nolan is left alone. The others talk aside.*]

JULIUS. What *did* become of Burr?

FIRST MIDSHIPMAN. He was cleared — got off scot free.

JULIUS. And poor Nolan there has n't been allowed to even hear anything about his home for ten years! It's a shame! I say he did n't really mean those words when he said them.

First Midshipman. Of course he did n't! I've seen him kiss the flag when he thought no one was looking.

Julius. You have!

(*He crosses to Nolan.*)

I say, Mr. Nolan, here's a fine shell I found yesterday.

Nolan. It is a rare specimen, Julius.

Julius. It's for your Christmas, sir.

Nolan. Thank you, Julius, thank you. Would n't you like me to help you with your mathematics, Julius?

Julius. Indeed I should, sir!

Nolan. Come to my stateroom whenever you can — today, if you wish.

Julius. But perhaps you'll be exchanged, sir. The *Warren* is outward bound.

Nolan. I have been exchanged seven times these last ten years, Julius. I have reason to believe there will be no more of that. I am on my homeward voyage, my boy. I'm sure of it!

Julius. Of course you'll be glad, sir.

Nolan. Glad! Would you be glad, youngster, if you had n't heard one word from home for ten years? Listen, my boy! — if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that might put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take life from you. Think of your home, boy, and write and talk about it. And no matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters or abuses you, never look at another flag. Remember, boy, that behind officers and government there is a Country herself — *your* Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. And stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother!

JULIUS. I will, sir! I will!

[*They talk aside. Enter several* OFFICERS.]

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN (*to Second Officer*). I 'd like to speak with you, sir.

SECOND OFFICER. What 's the trouble, Johnston?

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. You see this book, sir? It 's my Christmas present from home, sir.

SECOND OFFICER. Ah, yes — *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* That 's by Mr. Scott.

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. Might I ask Mr. Nolan to read it aloud, sir? He often reads to us, sir.

SECOND OFFICER. I wonder if there is anything in it about home? I can't remember a line of it.

(*To other Officers.*)

What about letting Nolan read this to the men? Do any of you know the poem?

THIRD OFFICER. It 's all magic and chivalry and happened ten thousand years ago. I don't see how there could be anything in it about the United States.

FOURTH OFFICER. There could n't be!

FIFTH OFFICER. It 's all right — go ahead!

SECOND OFFICER. Mr. Nolan, will you not read aloud to us? It is always a pleasure to hear you.

NOLAN. I shall be pleased. But I have never read this poem before — I fear I shall do it badly.

SECOND MIDSHIPMAN. Oh, that's all right, sir! You might just read parts from it here and there.

NOLAN. Then I'll open the book by chance.

(*Taking book and opening it in middle, he reads aloud.*)

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land?

(*Nolan chokes, and pauses a moment. The Officers and Men show embarrassment. Nolan proceeds with trembling voice.*)

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell —

[*Nolan stops with a sob; then throws the book into the sea. Enter the* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. Ah, Nolan, I was looking for you.

NOLAN. Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN. The *Warren* has brought a letter concerning you, Mr. Nolan.

[*He pauses.*]

NOLAN. Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN. Your transfer, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Transfer!—Again?

CAPTAIN. You are to be changed to the *Warren*, which is outward-bound for a two years' cruise. You will please get ready at once. I am sorry, Philip.

[*He grasps Nolan's hand and turns away to hide his emotion.*]

NOLAN (*going*). God pity me!

ACT III

TIME: *ten years later.*
PLACE: *on board the "Levant," Bay of Naples.*

PHILIP NOLAN.
CAPTAIN SHAW. JULIUS PONS.
COMMODORE PORTER. MRS. GRAFF.
AMERICAN LADIES, AMERICAN OFFICERS, ENGLISH OFFICERS, MUSICIANS.

[*In various groups on deck are seen the* LADIES *and* OFFICERS. *Enter* JULIUS PONS, *now an officer.*]

JULIUS. Shall I have the musicians come up now, Captain?

CAPTAIN. I am waiting for the *Mission's* officers. You sent them an invitation, did you not?

JULIUS. As soon as she had anchored.

[*Enter an* OFFICER.]

Officer. Captain, the officers of the *Mission* have just arrived, and with them is Philip Nolan.

Captain. Nolan!

Officer. Nolan. The *Mission* is homeward bound, so Nolan is transferred to us.

Captain. I'll be glad to see him, but it's going to be awkward to have him here tonight. I am afraid our guests may give him intelligence of home.

Officer. Is he to be kept apart from them, Captain?

Captain. I dislike doing that; it would pain him. And yet, he must not mingle with them. Our orders are very strict on that point.

Julius. We officers can talk with him in a friendly way, taking it turn about till the guests have gone.

Captain. It might be managed in that way without hurting him.

(*Enter* Nolan *with several* Officers.)

Welcome! Welcome! I'm glad to see you, Philip. It seems just yesterday you left us.

Nolan. Ten years ago this Christmas, Captain!

Captain. Well, gentlemen, I call this downright luck that we should all meet for Christmas again. There is an English ship in port; her officers are our guests tonight. The ladies are Americans who happen to be visiting now in Naples.

[*The Officers join the group.*]

Julius. Have you forgotten me, Mr. Nolan?

Nolan. What! Julius? Little Julius an officer?

CAPTAIN. An officer and a fine one. And I have some one else aboard you will be pleased to meet — Commodore Porter. You were on his ship during that naval battle.

NOLAN. Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN. We heard of your bravery, Nolan, and we were proud of you. Here comes the Commodore now to speak with you.

[*Enter* COMMODORE PORTER.]

COMMODORE. Nolan! This is an unexpected pleasure!

[*They shake hands. The Captain goes.*]

NOLAN. Any ship may be my home, Commodore.

COMMODORE. Well, it shall not be so always, Philip. I have myself written to the Secretary of War, asking for your pardon.

NOLAN. Commodore!

COMMODORE. We could never have won that battle without you. The odds were all against us. It was your courage that inspired the men. I said so too, in my dispatches. And I told them that I gave you my own sword as an honor that was due you. Where is that sword, Nolan? Why are you not wearing it?

NOLAN. I feel I have no right to a sword now, Commodore.

COMMODORE. Wear that sword, Nolan. No officer has a better right.

NOLAN. Do you expect to hear from Washington soon?

COMMODORE. By any mail, and I fully expect your pardon.

NOLAN. I hope for it! Ah, how I hope for it!

(*Ladies and Officers approach. Nolan faces* MRS. GRAFF. *Julius tries to step between them, but is too late.*)

Miss Morgan! I hope you have not forgotten me!

MRS. GRAFF. I am now Mrs. Graff, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Pardon me, what do you hear from — from home?

[*Pause.*]

MRS. GRAFF. Home! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!

[*She turns away. There is an awkward pause. Enter the* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. You speak Portuguese, don't you, Nolan?

NOLAN. A little, Captain.

CAPTAIN. The officer below would like you to interpret for him, if you will.

NOLAN. I'll do my best.

[*He goes.*]

CAPTAIN (*to all*). We have several slaves below, rescued them from a rascally schooner yesterday. And now they are making a great fuss, no one knows what about. We can't understand them, and they can't understand us. I think Nolan can quiet them.

(*Enter the* MUSICIANS; *they prepare to play. Enter* NOLAN.)

Well, Philip? What do they say?

NOLAN. They say they can never get home from Cape Palmas, where you are taking them; it is too far away — as far as Rio Janeiro. They say, "Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own houses, to our pickaninnies and wives!" One says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. Another says he has not heard a word of his wife and children for six months. And all of them are begging on their knees to be taken to their homes.

[*Nolan breaks down and covers his face with his hands. All are deeply affected.*]

CAPTAIN. Tell them yes, yes, yes! Tell them they shall go to the moon if they will! Tell them they shall go home — every one of them!

[*Nolan goes. The women are weeping. The men wipe the tears from their eyes.* NOLAN *reënters.*]

MRS. GRAFF. Philip, I want to answer you now.

CAPTAIN. No, Mrs. Graff! Remember our orders!

MRS. GRAFF. Ah, but I will! Philip, your mother is dead.

[*Nolan bows his head. Pause.*]

NOLAN. And — and my sister?

MRS. GRAFF. Praying hourly for your return.

[*Enter an* Officer *with a letter.*]

Officer. Dispatches from Washington, Commodore!

[*Commodore reads letter.*]

Commodore (*with hesitation*). This concerns you, Nolan — it's an answer to my request for your freedom.

[*He pauses.*]

Nolan. What is it? Speak, I pray you!

Commodore. The Department refuses to pardon you, Philip.

Nolan (*faintly*). Refuses —

Captain. It is cruel!

Nolan. Nay, it is justice.

[*He kisses the flag.*]